

DRUMMER

ISSUE 108

ZEUS

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MR. DRUMMER

CONTEST FINALS

**LARRY
TOWNSEND****RUN, LITTLE
LEATHER BOY!****LOVE AND PAIN**

BY THOMAS L. DAWSON

THE TROUGH

PART 2

BY ADOLPH

BEER-BELLIED BRUISERS

BY RICHARD A. WHITE

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DRUMMER

ISSUE 108



"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau

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OFF THE TOP

by FLEDERMAUS

Moving Again!

Desmodus, Inc. is moving again — but this time only about two blocks. Still, it is a disruption and it is across both postal zone and phone company dividing lines so virtually all numbers change. The PO Box (Box 11314, 94101) will remain unchanged. This is the preferred mailing address. However by the time you have this in your hot, surgical-glove covered hands our street address will have changed to: 285 Shipley, San Francisco CA, 94107; and our phone number will be: (415) 978-5377. We have purchased the building and expect to be there for quite some time. When you are in San Francisco stop by and examine the offerings in the Sandmutoxia Supply Co. Shop. We expect the new shop to be open in late August, but will be available for special requests well before then.

What Turns You On?

Uniforms, foreskins, spanking, handcuffs, rubber, hairy chests, ball squeezing, whips, boots, feet, foot fucking, branding irons, jockstraps, beards, wrestling, tit clamps, cops, buns, rape, cigars, firemen, mud, bondage, sailors, prison cells, suspension, sweat, 18 wheelers, interrogations, electricity, kidnapping, cowboys, horses, gut punching, beer bellies, daddies, shaving, burial, piss, tattoos, breath control, tits, dog training, knives, slime, enemas, straight jackets, castration, fire, bears, caning, diapers, snot, marines, flogging, forced labor, catheters, dildos, isolation, piercing, being exhibited, hot wax, boot licking, razors. . . Have I included a few of your

favorite things? A variety of special features planned to start over the next several issues should go even further towards keeping it up and cumming for you. Body Parts will be a photo spread highlighting a particular anatomical feature in its infinite variation. We will also include a ballot for you to tell us which one you like best. Eventually we'll publish a composite of your ideal man.

Fetish Beat will be a composite feature of news, how-to, fiction, photos and art (similar in composition to "Drummer Daddies"). Each issue will focus on one special turn-on (or a set of related ones). Each of these features will also include special "Tough Customer" sections in addition to the regular TC feature. The Fetish Beat schedule will be:

Drummer.....	Deadline
#110-Spanking.....	Sep.20
#111-Tattoos.....	Oct.1
#112-Boots.....	Nov.1
#113-Hair & Shaving.....	Dec. 1

Get your special Fetish Beat Tough Customer photos, letters to the editor, club events, etc. in to us by the deadlines given above. Do it!

You Asked For It—we'll try to show it to you. What features in a photo—or drawing—really turn you on? Let us know and we'll try to show it to you. I announced this service in *Drummer 100* but we had only one request—and no opportunity yet to fill that one. Our new offices will include space, lighting, etc. for photos to be taken. So let us know what YOU want to see, what kind of men, in what kind of positions, with what kind of clothing, props, etc. Also, if you are going to be in San Francisco and would

like to be photographed for *Drummer*, let us know. Send info on yourself and a couple of snapshots.

Crossroads, Where Leathermen Meet! Once upon a time BS (Before Stonewall) the bars and other places where one went to meet a man in leather were few and far between, and you already had to be an initiate to find them. Then, along with Gay coming out in general, there was a coming out into leather, too. Leather bars proliferated and any good bar guide coded their listing so the traveler knew where to go. Now, in the Age of AIDS, and of proliferating gay social organizations that are an alternative to the bar scene, the number of bars of all kinds is declining.

Major cities that a few years ago had several bars well attended by leathermen now have only one or two. But the gay guides still list several, and often not the REAL ones. Finding where to go is again becoming a problem. Traveling leathermen still would like to know where is the best place in town to go to meet others who share their interest. Whether they are seeking someone to beat their ass/an ass to beat, or just looking for a place to have a relaxing beer with men who share their interests, finding the right place can make the difference between an enjoyable evening with new friends and a dull night of tv in a motel room.

To help with this problem we are starting a new page of ads titled Crossroads, Where Leathermen Meet! These small ads are available for a very low price and are being

made available only to bars and other meeting places that have been recommended to us by a leather or S/M club, or by a known member of the community. Where do leathermen meet in YOUR community? If you are big enough to have a bar that is totally leather great, if not which of the "general purpose" establishments is the best? Let us know about it and talk to the owner and recommend they let other leathermen know by advertising on the Crossroads page.

Audio Sadism!

Speaking of bars there is one other item I have to get off my chest. I go to bars to meet people and socialize. Even if my primary purpose was cruising I would like to talk to them about interests, safety, etc. BEFORE I take them away. In most bars these days talk is impossible. A new supermaster known as the disk jockey rules supreme and subjects patrons to his audio tortures. I am not complaining about his choice of music, but about the VOLUME! WHY is it always so damned loud? I have been told that more drinks are sold when music is loud. I guess if you can't talk you might spend more time drinking, but only for so long. Most people I know have solved the problem as I have — by cutting down the time spent in bars. I go to bars when I travel for the reasons outlined above. I go to local bars to take visiting friends or for special events—and each time the music volume drives me out long before I would otherwise leave. I hope we get letters, and I'd love to hear from a few bar owners/managers! □

CAUTION: Every decision a person makes, including the decision to get out of bed in the morning, has some degree of risk associated with it. We strongly believe that each competent adult must set for themselves the level of risk he or she is willing to accept. Some avoid crossing streets in heavy traffic—others stunt-ride motorcycles without a helmet. However, to intelligently confront and accept risk, a person must understand the dangers.

While *Drummer* hopes to educate its

readers on a wide variety of topics, its main purpose is to entertain! Works of fiction presented in this magazine are just that — fiction! They are not in any way intended to suggest or describe activities that anyone should—or often could—actually do. They are meant for entertainment only. In other than fictional pieces, we will emphasize safe sex with respect to contagious diseases and safe and sane behavior with respect to all activities and will try to point out all activities which deviate from generally recog-

nized safe-sex — as well as safe-and-sane — play activities. However, Desmodus, Inc., its officers and stockholders, the editors and staff of *Drummer*, columnists, authors, artists and other contributors to this publication and other organs of Desmodus, Inc. cannot be held responsible for accidents, injuries or other misfortunes that result from proper or improper application of information imparted or ideas generated by materials in *Drummer*, or from other Desmodus, Inc. products. □

MALECALL

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO DRUMMER MALECALL, PO BOX 11314, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94101-1314

Scott Tucker Cover #1

Ed: In my editorial in 106 I mentioned the controversy in Atlanta over the use of a photo of Scott Tucker on the cover of *Etcetera*, the local event guide. Here is a copy of Scott's response to the publication: —AFD

Some folks took offense when the editors of *Etcetera* chose to run a photo of me in full leather on the cover of the May 15 issue. I held the title of International Mr. Leather for one year, and passed it on the next winner at the end of May. But I've been a gay activist and a writer far longer than I've been into leather, and I'm a firm defender of free speech and free expression.

To my knowledge, no one has denied the first Amendment right of *Etcetera* to publish whatever the editors please, but a certain Robert Izzi wrote a letter to the editor urging closer conformity to "good taste!" Instead of leather, Izzi prefers "something fashionable"—but not so grossly fashionable that it might "titillate teeny boppers, which the punk-leather look plainly does. Izzi seems to prefer a gay crowd Dressed For Success, the men in tasteful business suits or casual preppy wear, and the women in tasteful skirts.

I don't live my life in leather, and I sometimes dress as an aging preppy or young exec. And I'm telling you that anything you or I choose to wear is drag, whether leather or lace. By drag I mean any costume we choose to fit our mood or the boss we work for. There are times when all of us are slaves to "good taste," but when I put on leather I spread my peacock plumage—and good taste be damned.

Izzi writes to the editor, "Be relevant and topical. Get us good press." Sweetheart, your nostalgia for that flash-frozen decade of the Fifties is too obvious. Relevancy and topicality is the last thing you want. What you want instead is to convince straight folks that we are eager to conform. Who doubts that we can dress like business executives or Collegians for Christ?

Well, even the era of Eisenhower and McCarthy was all shook up by Elvis the Pelvis and Marlon Brando, both of them dressed at times in outlaw leather. I find it quite relevant and topical that folks like Izzi are still offended by leather three decades later. Izzi urges us to "grow up." This is dubious advice coming from someone childish enough to sign a letter to the editor with a copyright sign: "©Robert Izzi 1987."

The greatest danger facing the gay

movement today is not a dinosaur like Jerry Falwell or even AIDS. It is our own lack of courage to fight the good fight. By defending diversity we also defend democracy. I'm an old-fashioned All-American radical who believes our Revolution has to be won each and every new generation. That includes defending the right of workers, women, blacks, Hispanics, gays, leatherguys, drag queens, and others to live full and free lives in public and private.

No, Robert Izzi, this fight is not always in "good taste," but I commend the editors of *Etcetera* for having the guts to put a leather guy on the cover at a time when censorship crusades are growing to be "something fashionable." Some of us will march to a different drummer even when Washington is populated with geriatric trend-setters like Ronald Reagan.

Join us for the National March on Washington for Lesbians and Gay Rights in October. Wear drag, wear leather, wear tuxedos and polo shirts or nothing at all but be there for the most important fashion statement of the year.

Scott Tucker, IML '86
Philadelphia, PA



Scott Tucker Cover #2

Several months ago, while browsing in a local bookstore I saw your handsome face staring through me from the cover. I thought, my god he's one of the most beautiful men I've ever felt and seen. I stared at the magazine several minutes. You were projecting so strongly I didn't buy the magazine that day but I couldn't

get you out of my mind. So I went back several times just to look at you. Then a month or so later I bought *Drummer* and read about International Mr. Leather. I didn't know of any personal inclinations to leather in myself until then, so thanks for helping me awaken to myself that way. I am a black male 33, interested in art, metaphysics, sports. I wanted to let you know that you really touched me at some level I don't fully understand yet you have also appeared to me several times in dreams. No I don't expect you to explain why I like you so much without having ever met you. Anyway, thank you for allowing me to express what I needed to.

D.R.
Long Beach, CA

Scott Tucker #3

Thank you! Your article in the May 12 issue of the *Advocate* is an insightful essay on the leather/sm culture — Kudos to you!

Perhaps we found the article so stimulating since your philosophy seems to parallel that which we share as lovers and as relatively new arrivals in the Leather community. We are taking a very measured and careful approach to learning and enjoying as much as we possibly can with each step further into this arena. From learning the ropes (so to speak) from the bottom up to reading and discussing articles such as yours (not to mention the excellent and provocative column that you have been writing for *Drummer*) we are taking this latest step in our "coming out" very seriously. Indeed, we feel fortunate to have come to the point in our lives where the mysteries of Leather/SM and their attendant philosophies are there for our examination and education.

With only slightly more than a year of dedicated effort we feel that we have made great strides. Your writings and the chance to meet you briefly at a leather contest in San Diego a few months ago serve to assure us that our goal of being active, wise, and healthy leathermen is the correct one.

Thank you for being an example of the high quality men who are taking leadership roles as the often maligned leather community makes major contributions to the betterment of all people, gay and straight, SM and S & M (stand and model). Fund raising and education—both so necessary in the fight against AIDS, have been important in our community for many years and you and your peers are directly responsible for their success.

B.T. and T.C.
San Diego, CA

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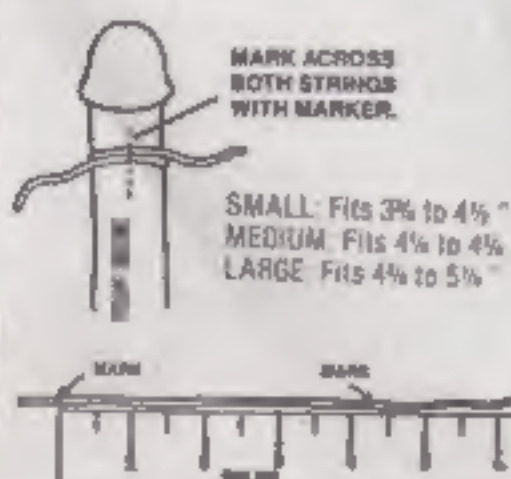
R.K., Seattle

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C.C., New York

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FETISH BEAT

One Fetish that seems appropriate for *Drummer* that somehow has never gotten covered in your pages is that of facial hair. I'm a fan of face fur, particularly if it's on a hot Daddy Bear! Please do the beard & 'stache fans in your readership a favor and do a feature on face fur! One of the prime reasons I buy *Drummer* is that you show far more furry and bearded men than the usual skin mags — another example of *Drummer's* absolute superiority!!

G.M.
Claremont, CA

Please include more pictures of piercing. Larry Townsend wrote an article and you had a nice picture of a nose piercing on your front cover. You need articles on piercing and pictures—need slave pictures with piercing. You overlook this.

R.B.
Chicago, IL

I'd nominate CIGARS for a future theme but since you give me a cigar smoker or two in each issue it isn't a priority. But I feel sometimes that you try to remember all us stogie-men with each issue. Instead I'd like to see an issue devoted to uniforms — including examinations of why we turn on to uniforms (especially those of our oppressors), what is a uniform, uniform codes, AUA, historical uniforms and origins of uniforms.

T.S.
New York City

In the past, there have been some great special issues on Leather, Western, Daddies, Rites of Manhood, S&M, Foreskins, etc. All have been great, but there's one I've been waiting for and have yet to see. How about a CORPORAL PUNISHMENT issue? There are so many instances in your letters and fiction referring to corporal punishment, and your Dear Sir section is loaded with ads from men looking to give and get spankings, beltings, canings, paddlings, strapings, even bare-back whippings.

There are several somewhat inferior publications dealing with this subject, but NOBODY DOES IT LIKE DRUMMER! Your tops and bottoms would love it, as would your daddies and sons and just about everyone else.

Bill & Mack
San Antonio, TX

Why don't you ever do a photo layout of some of these hunks as boxers? I clipped the Drum section from issue 100. I really think it says a lot. I'm curious if, or how many, other readers you have who might also enjoy seeing a layout of this very "macho" sport.

J.M.
Spencer, WV



Boxing is obviously of interest to other readers: This is one in boxer drag at Chicago Hellfire Club's Inferno XV. For an intimate look at the men and events of Inferno XV, get the new photo book jointly published by Zeus and Drummer. (\$12.00 + \$1.50 S&H from Desmodus, Inc., PO Box 11314, SF, CA 94101. Cal. residents add 6 1/2% sales tax.) Photo by Zeus Studios.

Ed.: Facial hair, piercings, cigars, uniforms and corporal punishment are just some of the things that make Drummer special. They have appeared often in the past and will continue to appear frequently in the future. We will only very rarely devote an entire issue to just one subject, but we will soon be starting special features on particular subjects within issues. See more about this in this issue's "Off the Top." Send in your contributions.

Sticks & Stones / Whips & Chains

At this time I would like to take the opportunity to respond to a letter that was featured in issue 105 titled "Men Of Dungeons" I think someone should clarify a few items mentioned, and I would like to be one of them.

First off, M.O.D. is not the only nor the strongest S/M club in the South. The South has a lot of very good clubs that all practice SAFE & SANE S/M. I was fortunate enough to attend the Disciples of DeSade warehouse party, Discipline II, last November, where a good many clubs participated. Quite a few of the Men of Dungeons attended. I myself witnessed a member of M.O.D. whipping one of his slaves on the rotating rack, spun him, the slave passed out, and the Top kept right on with the whipping not knowing the slave

had passed out. Some of the members of the Disciples had to cut the slave down, then asked them to leave. I don't know about other Tops, but I pay more attention to my bottoms than that.

Secondly, it was stated that M.O.D. was not mentioned in issue 103. Obviously, the person who wrote the letter never read the issue. I saw M.O.D. mentioned as well as everyone else. I have also attended one of M.O.D.'s "sizzling" parties, and boy was it! I learned to take the metal bottom off the votive candle before heating it and sticking it to the bottom's body. Apparently no one explained it to the M.O.D. squad.

I have no loyalty to either club, however, I don't feel it right for anyone to make bogus statements, which the letter was full of. Thank you for letting me express my feelings as well as those of others. You guys are doing a great job with the magazine. Keep up the good work.

RF / Dallas

In the Malecall column of 105 two items appear which address the Texas coverage in 103. More specifically, these letters were from R. B. and S. C. of Dallas. While respecting their affiliation and friendship with M. O. D., and rather obvious loyalty to same . . . let's be serious! To describe their club as "the only true S/M club in Dallas," and "the strongest S/M club in Dallas and the South," is pretentious. Surely, anyone thoroughly acquainted with the S/M scene, knows that other true S/M clubs throughout the south do function. During these turbulent times, it is the responsibility of each club to promote safe and sane S/M practices, in an effort to unite our brothers who share the same interests. If indeed this is our goal, and we feel ourselves to be a brotherhood, then there is no need for any club to feel inferior or superior to each other.

Mike S., Secretary,
Disciples of DeSade
Dallas, TX

Ed.: I most definitely agree with this last statement! I should emphasize that the two letters in 105 were from individuals, not official communications from M.O.D.

—AFD

REAL "Guts and Courage"

Thank you for forwarding the enclosed letter to M. P. whose letter appeared in 103.

AIDS is a great horror. This is a holocaust we're dealing with, just as real as if our asses were being hauled off the way Hitler did in WWII. We all "have" AIDS whether we've been infected, diagnosed or not as it has invaded our community.

We're supposed to be tough guys, we Drummer men. Tops or bottoms, we've got to be rough enough to dish it out or take it. I know it ain't easy and it sure as hell is not fun, but I challenge each of you to seek out and make a buddy of some guy in our community who has been diagnosed. It takes real guts and courage to pursue the sort of sexual adventures we delight in. It's a privilege one earns to be a part of this manly community. Let's consider it our dues to pay for this privilege by assuming the duty to be there for at least one of our stricken brothers.

Our detractors delight in our plight. They rejoice if we renounce our sexuality. Defy them and stand up and face the enemy. Earn your colors of Manhood by assuming your personal responsibility to at least one guy who could be yourself.

I have seen a brother through the horror from beginning to the very end. I held him in my arms when he died. If you'd like to write me for ideas on how you can involve yourself or face what you must write me in care of this column. I'm presently involved in establishing an AIDS hospice and would be glad to hear from any of you with ideas.

J.F.S.
Iowa

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CHUCK RENSLOW INTERNATIONAL MR LEATHER INC



EXCERPTED
FROM:

Run, Little.

BY LARRY

I did not return to the castle the next night. Instead, I lay awake thinking about it, almost getting up several times before I finally became sleepy enough that the impulse weakened. The silly fears of ghosts and Ludwig's haunting malevolence declined during the daylight hours, though evening's unsated lusts did not evaporate as easily.

Dressed and wearing shorts that neither bound me nor permitted any unaccustomed looseness, I still found the bursting pressures of restrained erectile tissues driving me nearly wild. It was as if the presence of the castle itself created some awful need that communicated itself directly to my genitals.

To further increase my difficulties, Kurt arrived at the cottage on the morning of the second day after my experience in the dungeon. He was to conduct the first tour of the season through the castle, and he wore the traditional *lederhosen*—the short leather pants—as part of his costume. His long muscular legs

Leather Boy



TOWNSEND

Zane 87

were tanned to a golden copper-color and completely hairless. It was difficult not to stare at him.

He sat on the porch with Alfred, sipping beer and waiting for the sightseers to arrive. They had taken the only two chairs so when I came out to join them I automatically seated myself on the upper step. From that position I looked straight into the apex of Kurt's widespread crotch. Fortunately he paid little attention to me, involving himself in a very animated conversation with the older man. As they spoke in German, I was excluded from their exchange, thus becoming the recipient of only an occasional glance.

Beneath his Bavarian lederhosen, Kurt was completely nude! I suspected I could see every stitch of clothing: the black leather shorts, the light yellow shirt, woolen socks that reached almost to the knee, black, square-toe shoes. There was nothing else. His arms bulged bare and powerful through short, turned-up sleeves.

His muscular chest impressed its contours against the shirt, nipples showing darkly through the light material. But most disturbing was the heavy distension within the shadows where his shorts curved away from the wall of thigh. I could see the rounded knob of cockhead, a single dark, beet-red orb against his wrinkled scrotum. Black hair blended with the darkness, filling the minute remainders of space that his massive sex failed to occupy.

Christ, I'm so fuckin' horny I'm sitting here like Tom, the Pepping Queen! But, shit! That body . . . handsome, arrogant face . . . Cock must be ten pounds soft . . . uncircumcised, too. None'a that barbaric crap we go through, cutting the skin back till all the symmetry's gone. Kurt, baby, if I could get you in the sack . . . or if you wanted to get me . . . anyplace, man . . . anyplace!

The two of them were getting into a very heated argument by this time, waving their arms and almost shouting. As Kurt shifted in response to his shoulder movements, he rolled his thigh against the opening, cutting off my view. All I could see was the hard-flexed physique, the sharp, commanding angles of his face. I must have grinned, because I remembered the remark Jerry had made several times, whenever we saw an especially good-looking guy: *He's all right, I suppose, if you dig Greek gods.*

Alfred glanced at me unexpectedly, caught me off guard and said something in a softer tone to Kurt. Both of them stopped then, and the younger man grinned at me. "Sorry," he said in heavily accented English. "The . . . the old . . . skinflint, he won't pay me what I'm worth," he managed.

There's not that much money in the world, baby . . . not near enough. Why don't you go on strike?" I suggested.

Kurt nodded, and Alfred stood up with a grunt. I had a feeling Kurt had not accurately translated the subject of their discussion. I had no knowledge of German and no way to even guess what they might have been saying, though I suddenly began to wonder . . . Were they talking about me? Were they discussing some plans for . . . Shit! Wishful thinking.

The bus with the tourists arrived a little while later, and having nothing better to do I trailed along as Kurt herded them through the castle. *Herded tour! Jesus, how I hate 'em. And here I am, listening to all this crap just because I want to drool a little longer over this stud I'll never get . . . probably's got a string of chicks from here to Tegernsee. Cock like that, with his looks and build . . . get anything he wants . . .*

As the tour group completed viewing the upstairs I began to feel the heat build in the pit of my stomach. Kurt had not taken them through the dungeon yet, and I was afraid he might be going to skip it. Almost as an afterthought, though, he gathered them into a group as they reached the bottom of the stairs. *Big flock of banjo-assed broads, middle-aged bankers and their snotty kids. That one pair's been arguing ever since they got here, and Brunnhilde over there's having trouble with her girdle.*

The group contained some Americans or other English-speaking people, so Kurt made his explanations in both German and English. I couldn't see anyone in the crowd who interested me in the least, and had it not been for Kurt, I would long since have given up. Now, however, he opened the door to the dungeon and started leading them down. As I followed at the very end, I experienced some of the same thrill I had known the first time. Except now, with the motley gathering distributed about the vault and giggling at the equipment, I felt a very real sense of annoyance. They were intruders! They had no business here, and they were scoffing at things they couldn't possibly understand. *Fuck 'em! Screw the whole fat-assed lot!*

I watched the play of muscle about Kurt's jaw as he spoke, seeking some indication of his interest, I suppose. If there was any, I failed to detect it. His voice was flat and emotionless, almost bored. He had repeated the same spiel so many times, he mouthed the words without half hearing them. Still, standing in the dungeon, his lush masculinity displayed against the background of moldering stone, he became all the more exciting. My attention focused on him, and him alone. The others became less

than nothing—fuzzy, shapeless specters hovering about the fringes of my vision. They were superfluous, phantoms of an unreal world that existed outside the castle walls.

Kurt had been standing on the ledge beside the fireplace while he gave his talk. When he had finished, he jumped down and stepped to one side, lighting a cigarette as he allowed the tourists to poke around the equipment. It disgusted me, revolted my sense of propriety to watch them . . . ignorant, stupid cattle! I slipped away, up the stairs and back to Alfred's cottage.

I'm insane, I told myself, absolutely stark-raving apeshit! I'm as demented as Mad Ludwig. It had been a week since I accompanied Kurt's first batch of tourists, and since then I had returned to the dungeon every night. Seeing him there, I suppose, had triggered my compulsive needs beyond the power of fear—fear either of ghosts or the loss of my own reason. Every night I had waited for Alfred to fall asleep. I had stolen into his room, snatched the keys, and entered the castle. Every time I ended up running away from the unknown powers of darkness; but it never stopped me from going back. The urgency in my balls was more than enough to sustain my courage and drive me into that underground vault, to make me lie on the stone . . . or string myself up on the rack.

I really am out of my mind! I'd have to bet Christ, if some shrink ever caught me doing this he'd kick my ass into some tank on the funnyfarm, and I'd never get out! I fumbled the key into the padlock and tried to hold the gate high enough on its hinges that it wouldn't squeak. I made my way up the now-familiar incline, into the castle and toward the basement stairs. The original fire had finally burned through the enormous log, but someone—Alfred? I didn't know—kept replacing the wood. The room had never gotten really cold again, and there was always enough light to see without need of lantern or flashlight.

I stripped as I always did, standing naked before the embers as I briefly considered the various alternatives. I could use the rack, the stone table, or the inclined board with its collection of chains and pulleys. The only thing I hadn't tried was the mechanism over the pit. I was afraid of this, because I retained just enough sanity to realize that I could trap myself in it and be left hanging until Kurt or Alfred came through with the tourists. I decided on the stone platform again. I selected the straps I would use and placed them on top.

The familiar wild, uncontrollable passions took hold of me. The grip of leather restraints about my ankles projected me on an upward spiral of imagination. I strained against them, stretched full-length across the stone as I maneuvered my left hand into its circle of leather and slipped the buckle closed. I lay back, let my right hand touch the circlet I had no way to utilize. Instead I grasped the chain that fastened it to the base and writhed against the simulated imprisonment. I arched my back, saw the glowing sheen of sweat across my belly, the result of my exertions in fastening the band about my wrist. I could see my cock, hard and so aroused that its swollen core pulsed in painful outline against the taut-stretched sheath. It flopped and trembled with my pretended struggles, striking my thigh, falling back to slap my stomach. It rose higher then, projecting at an angle above the fiery tangle of hair.

I closed my eyes, seemed to see the young men from Ludwig's gallery; could almost feel the warmth of their hands across my chest, my groin. The ache in my balls was commanding me to grasp my prick, to move my hand along its length and thereby release the awful pressure. I let go of a chain, reluctant to permit a lessening of the gloriously wild sensation of restraint. Yet I had to answer the urgency of my organs. *I can come more than once . . . three times, at least . . . three times. No need to fear this first will end the thrill . . .*

I started to move my hand . . . and couldn't. Something warm and solid had seized me and before I could twist my head around to look I felt the leather band go around my wrist! I wanted to scream in terror, but the same emotion froze my vocal apparatus. Nor could I really see who—or what—it was. There was a blurry form at the very end of my visual field, a man . . . naked it seemed,

though I could not be certain yet. He must have been kneeling so that his head remained barely level with the stone. I was helpless—grabbed so quickly I had no time to struggle, secured as I had dreamed of being secured. Exciting as the thought should have been, I knew only a momentary horror as awesome, fantastic visions of spirits and specters fled through my brain.

Finally, I managed to cry out, "What are you doing?" I croaked "Who is it?"

I saw the man raise up, experiencing another fleeting jolt of fear as the hooded figure came into view. Completely covering his head was a tight leather casing. Except for cutouts at the eyes and mouth, two small holes at the nostrils and larger ones over the ears, no part of his head or face was exposed. Other than this, he wore only a set of wide leather bands about his wrists and another at his waist. He moved more into my field of vision and I knew it had to be Kurt. The same sharply-defined musculature I had seen beneath his tourist costume was now bare and fully displayed.

"Kurt!" I gasped

He struck me sharply across the stomach with a leather strap. "Speak when spoken to!" came a muffled voice from inside the hood. He had moved further toward the end of the block, standing opposite my groin as he gazed down at me. I could see him only to the waist, because the stone was so wide and so high it was impossible to angle my vision any lower. My heart was still thundering against my ribs, and the frightening aspect of that cut-out face did not depress my tingling fear. It was Kurt, thought, I knew it without doubt, and the deep guttural voice had confirmed it. That, at least, was some assurance. Yet I didn't know him very well, and under the circumstances it was impossible to predict what he might do to me. The option was entirely his, of course. I was complete helpless.

He grasped my flaccid cock, flicked it contemptuously. "Why are you looking at me?" he demanded. Again the strap fell across me, this time striking my thighs so the very edge grazed my sac. I tried to pull away, but was able to move less than a hair's breadth. It did awaken my awareness of the restraints on my ankles, however, and this seemed to supply the necessary stimulus to make my prick fill out. I could feel its warmth lying against my stomach, the nudging of crown as it inched toward my navel.

"So, here you like to lie and beat-off," growled my mentor. "Maybe dreaming of how it would be." He leaned over me, the feel of his hand depressing my groin, crushing my cock against the balls, hurting me. The other moved to my pecs, squeezed the nipples, twisted them until I moaned. "Can't take the real thing? Can't stand up to a little pain?"

"Yes, sir," I whispered

"Yes, sir—what?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir, I can take it, sir."

His hand increased its pressure on one testicle while the other moved between my legs, exerting an awful force against my balls and prostate. One finger slipped inside my asshole, making me try to jump away. He chuckled softly and went to the far end of the slab. After a few moments I felt the tension lessen about my ankles as he freed the lower ends of the chains. Laughing cruelly then, he hauled on them as he bolted past me and took a stance above my head. The chains had al-

ready pulled my legs straight up in the air

They now forced me into a doubled position, knees directly over my face, feet touching the stone above my head. I heard the click of fasteners as he locked me into the new position.

"Now," he muttered, "a little lesson in discipline." Even contorted by the oval slit, his mouth was unmistakably twisted into a sneering grin. The violet-blue of his eyes traveled across their openings as he carefully examined my captive form. His hands moved over my shoulders, down the length of my body, setting me on fire with the cloying gentleness that momentarily screened his former harshness. Occasionally, though, his fingers tested the tautness of my skin, seeking any place where I might be less solid than he would have liked.

Within the curve of my belly he found purchase for his fingers. The awkward position had denied my muscles the ability to flex. He squeezed them, twisted and exerted such force that I could

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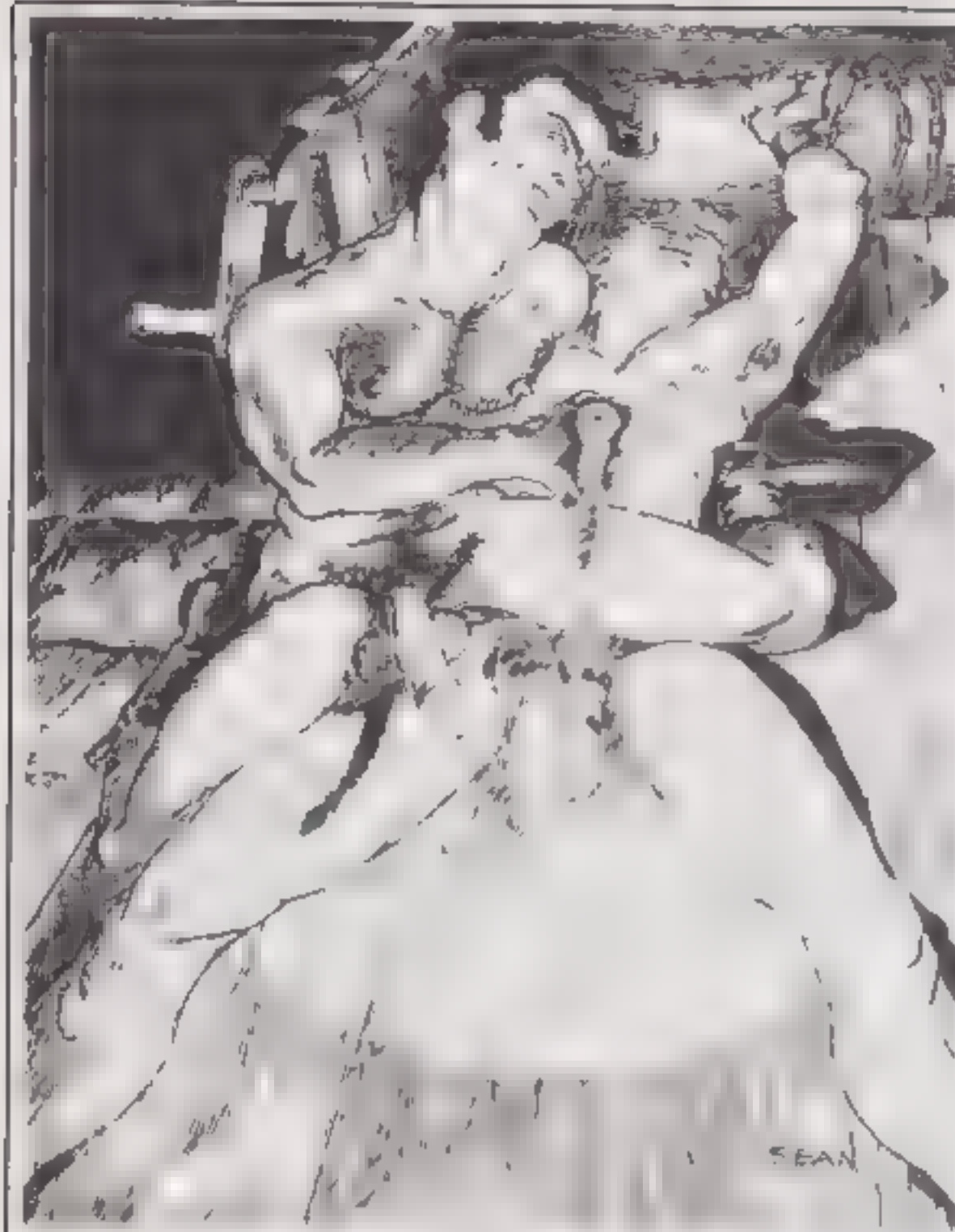
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Nearly 20 years ago, in answer to an ad he was running in the *Advocate*, I wrote to Larry Townsend outlining a story idea set in a German castle. Larry incorporated the idea into his next novel, *Run Little Leather Boy*. A few years later, when he began his own publishing business, he published my version of the same story, "Schwartz Schloss," in *Leatherman's Workbook 2*, and illustrated it with this drawing by Sean. "Schwartz Schloss" was my first published fiction and thus has a special place in my heart. *Run Little Leather Boy*, out of print for many years, has now been reprinted by Larry. He has allowed us to reprint his version of my plot idea in *Drummer*. *Leatherman's Workbook 2* has also been out of print for many years, but "Schwartz Schloss" is included in *The Fledermaus Anthology*, a collection of my stories that Larry published several years ago and which is still available from Sandmutopia Supply Co. \$11.95+\$1.50 S&H.

—F. Erdemaus

tested the tautness of my skin, seeking any place where I might be less solid than he would have liked.

Within the curve of my belly he found purchase for his fingers. The awkward position had denied my muscles the ability to flex. He squeezed them, twisted and exerted such force that I could not hold back the groaning response. I saw the hard sinews of his biceps move against each other, the long wide vein drive more firmly against the skin. He laughed again, taking up his position below my ass. His left hand stroked the double loop of leather, then reached down to pat the tightly stretched skin of my buttocks.

"You cried out," he whispered. "You made a sound, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"A sound you were told not to make?"

"Yes, sir."

I tried to look away from him, because I knew this was part of it. But it seemed there was nowhere else to cast my gaze. I avoided his face, but I was so unnerved by his sudden appearance, by the uncertainty of my own position, that I could not simply close my eyes or force myself to look toward the ceiling. Instead I watched the play of strength across his chest and stomach, saw the muscle-hard power as he reached for me again. This time he lifted my balls and held them above the inverted curve of my ass. I had been pulled so sharply backward, the entire lower end of my back was raised above the stone. The leather loops were cutting into my ankles because of the tension.

He strapped me soundly, how many times I could not begin to remember. As the leather came down against me I felt his other hand moving more firmly around my sex, fingers circling both cock and balls, crushing them. I could feel the stinging rain of blows as he muttered a series of accusations. "You came here uninvited, didn't you? You dared to use the King's equipment without permission! You're no better than a thief!"

With each phrase, the strap fell sharply against my flesh, and the strain of keeping silent forced tears to roll down either side of

my face. Still the swollen strength of my erection had never slackened. His grip upon it must have assured him on this score, because he continued to whip me far beyond any previous point of tolerance or willing acceptance. "This is what you were dreaming about, wasn't it?" he insisted.

"Yes, sir," I gasped.

"I want that ass burning hot," he told me.

Suddenly he stopped, almost leaped the length of table and once again manipulated the chains connecting my ankle restraints. I held a fleeting hope he was going to lower them. Instead he tightened them still further, I was now pulled so completely into a doubled-over position that my cock was flaying the air above my eyes. I could see the wetness about its tip, the terrible effects of internal pressures that made the veins stand out, blue and gnarled against the queuing bulk.

I saw Kurt climb back upon the stone, felt the brush of his legs across my ass as he stood against me, peering down through the narrow passage between my legs. From the motion of his arm I knew he was stroking his cock, though I still couldn't see it. I wondered if it were really as big as I had fantasized, as its flaccid form had promised. Only half hard it formed an enormous tubular mass. The loose folds of skin about its head were drawn back enough to show the purple-redness underneath. He was holding the shaft so it pointed directly toward me, and only a heartbeat before he started I comprehended his intent. I clamped my eyes shut just before the first trickling droplets sprayed across me. I could feel the hot drops of moisture striking my chest and face, my nose and eyelids.

After a moment it seemed to stop, and I wondered if he had come. Maybe it had been semen that had splattered against me. I was afraid to look, but I could feel the heat of his body still in place against me. Another moment and the full flood burst upon me. Like a steaming shower, his piss struck the backs of my legs, ran between them and down the inner arch of stomach and chest. I felt the gathering pool on my throat, the fullness overflowing and trickling down the sides of my neck. He kept going for a couple of

minutes or more, finally pulling back to direct the last of it against my ass, down the crevice and into my asshole

I chanced looking up, saw him towering above me while his hands moved busily against his groin. Before his piss had a chance to cool on my skin, the hard blunt crown was shoving at the gate of my anus. It was still wet from his shower, and the tremendous mass began to enter me on the coated track of his own making. The pain was sudden and jarring, but his was not the first cock I'd ever taken. Still, every modicum of penetration brought a fresh wave of agony. His prick was unusually big, and entering as it did I was completely helpless to make any determination. The pain grew, compounding itself until it was all I could do not to beg him, plead with him to stop. I thought of Jim, then, realizing this was exactly the same as I had done to him or almost exactly. I had entered him without proper lubricant, and had he shouted for me to stop, it would have done no good. Neither did I think there was anything I could say or do to inhibit his terrible, agonizing possession.

His whole weight was suddenly bearing down against the upturned surface, forcing my spine to support him. The stone was etching my shoulders, pressing deep replicas of its pattern into me. His relentless passion continued to drive the searing bolt into me even further, until his balls were plastered against my ass, his black hairy groin grinding on my prostate. His arms reached out and seized my ankles while he started slamming his hips in a frightful jarring rhythm. I knew there was a point where the agony must turn to heated desire, but it was not immediately obtained. The long extension of his prick was striking some inner point, seeming to catch on a hidden obstacle before he shoved it past and deeper.

Finally, when I was almost numb from the effort of holding back my protest, I felt the misery start to drain. Like water when the plug is pulled, the pain flowed out of me. In its wake, clouds of warmth seeped in to fill the void. His monstrous iron had

suddenly become a source of pleasurable sensation . . . and more. It was the proof of his dominance—the orb and scepter two orbs and a plunging scepter. I felt my own organs churning as the blood rushed back to make my cock as hard and sensitive as it had been before. His lunging impalement made me whimper, though now from ecstatic bliss instead of pain. Abruptly, almost angrily, he tore the leather hood from his head and cast it roughly onto the floor.

I watched him rise above me, his hands moving to grasp the backs of my thighs as he hammered his loins against my ass. Between my legs I was able to glimpse the wide dark extension every time he lifted it. I saw it disappear, sliding into me time and again while his body flexed in sweaty passion. The long mane of unruly black hair fell across his brow, and his proud, aristocratic features were contorted by his desperate efforts. Then his face tilted backward, jaw set firmly, teeth exposed between parted lips. A long wavering sigh broke through them, and his head fell forward as if his neck had snapped. His cock plunged to its fullest depth and he held it there while searing spasms made it pulse within my tight enclosure.

His legs were trembling, his entire body quaking by the time he pulled away. His rigid cock slipped out of me and he stood for another moment, leaning his weight on hands that gripped the battered cheeks of my ass. I had not yet come, so his use had served to drive me into a state of dreadful tense expectancy. I wanted him to grasp my prick and make the few short motions that would bring it off. I almost asked him, but at the last moment I dared a glance at his face. The deep blue eyes were boring into me, watching me with an expression of intense, commanding lust. He wasn't finished, not by a long shot.

Kurt backed away and I saw him stoop to retrieve his strap. Quickly I averted my gaze. Not soon enough. He whipped me soundly, this time working lower so the leather impacted against the inverted surface of my back. When he stopped I was glowing



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once again, red heat rising from taut, burning skin.

Kurt hopped onto the floor. He had been wearing boots, I'd noticed, heavy hobnailed things of the kind I'd seen used by mountain climbers. These made a sharp clapping sound as they struck the stone. He moved to the head of my slab. Seconds later, my legs fell free, trailing the cold heavy chains across my body. Relief flooded through my lower back. The chill numbness began to leave my feet in sparkling tingles of returning circulation. I thought he might be going to free me, though I really wished he'd bring me off before he did.

That was not his intent, however. Quickly he grabbed my feet, pressed them together and looped the ends of chain about the ankles. He pulled it tight and secured it with a pair of clips. My feet were now tightly secured, weighted by the heavy steel. After this, he freed one hand, moved it to touch the other and joined them in a similar manner. He then detached the final chain so I was bound hand and foot, but no longer attached to the stone.

He moved to my side and lifted me onto one shoulder. Staggering under the weight, he bore me to the pit where rusty links of chain extended from above the ceiling into the deep black hole. Deftly, he clamped the bonds about my wrists to these and set my feet on the edge of stone flooring. I was now awkwardly balanced between this and the dangling links. If I tried to move at all, the vertical column would swing and I would be hanging by the leather bands about my wrists. Already the pressure was making them cut into me. I had momentarily lost sight of Kurt as he had moved quickly away from me. I twisted enough to see him, the motion making the long chain swing so that I nearly topped into the chasm. But it would have made little difference. Kurt was turning a winch. The mechanism creaked and I was gradually pulled upward until my feet slid off the floor. The black, seemingly bottomless pit yawned beneath me, and I was hanging with my head a yard or so higher than Kurt's.

He looked up at me, grinned and turned away. He started speaking, softly, as if to some third person, mumbling something in German that I could barely hear and naturally could not understand. It puzzled me until I heard an answer; another moment after this before I located the source. Alfred! The older man had appeared seemingly from nowhere, though he must have been in the chamber all along. He was dressed as he always was, in somewhat baggy pants and shirt. I tried to see where he might have been . . . where Kurt had been hiding, for that matter. I was sure he could not have come down the stairs after I was on the stone. Where could he have been? I kicked enough to make my body turn. There was an opening in the stone wall to my left. It must have been some kind of hidden passageway.

How many times had one or both of them hidden there to watch me, I wondered. Each time I had left the cottage I had assured myself that Alfred slept, but I had judged this by his snoring. Could he have been pretending? Was there some secret passage that allowed him to get back to bed before I could leave the castle? At least the reason for Bert's sending me here was explained. The rest would fall into place later, I was sure.

Both of them turned to watch me. After another brief exchange, Alfred settled himself on a corner of the stone bench and Kurt returned to work the winch. This time he lowered me so that my feet sank slowly beneath the level of the floor. I could feel any ice chill begin to grip me as the stones cut off the fire's heat. "You are no longer hard," growled Kurt.

I looked down at my cock, saw it was dropping to one side, barely retaining a suggestion of its former expansion. "Why is it soft?" he demanded.

"I don't know, sir," I replied.

He set the mechanism so that I stayed in place, my legs beneath floor level, my groin barely above it. He took a small leather strap, this attached to a long length of rawhide. He snapped the band about my cock and balls so that it fit tightly. His own sex had grown slightly softer, though its powerful bulk was still hard enough to arch away from his groin. He stroked himself as he started pulling on the rawhide lead, making my body sway from

side to side in an ever-increasing arc. My legs were striking the sides, finally, and the pressure about my genitals increased as his use of them brought my prick back to life. I felt expanded tissues driving against the ring. My own weight was pulling on the straps around my wrists, and I realized I had been flexing my arms in an effort to lessen the effect. Suddenly I relaxed, allowing myself to hang in limp suspension.

Kurt must have been waiting for me to do this, for he stopped his tugging at the rawhide. He worked the winch again to raise me so my feet were just slightly below the floor. Then he pulled me toward him, again using the rawhide lead. As my toes touched stone, I once more held myself in the ungainly backward pose, feet on the floor, arms fettered to the chains above my head.

Kurt took my cock in his hand, held it and used it to draw me closer to him. His eyes were staring into mine, and this time he did not command me to look away. Even so, his was an expression that took me a moment to define. It was more than lust, less than the bestial intensity I had seen before. "Kiss me," he whispered suddenly.

This was a command I had never been given before . . . not by any master in the London leather cult. I obeyed him, of course, feeling his arms go around my waist as he held me clear of the pit, lifting me several inches off the floor. His tongue drove my teeth apart, and his face tilted sideways, lips locking into mine. It was a strange, unimaginable sensation. I was still suspended, my arms stretched far above my head. I was being pulled into the hard muscle-heat of his body, while I had no contact whatever with the ground. My feet were still secured together, so my legs offered little space between them. Still, he managed to sink his shaft so it lodged under my crotch. His crushing grip flattened my own prick between our bellies, my balls driven on top of his cock and forced to either side of it. The constriction of my cockband emphasized the hardness, and out of this arose a debilitating storm of lustful passage.

He lowered me after a while and freed my feet. My hands remained bound, but they were now in front of me, free to move in any direction. The loop about my genitals had become so painful I snapped it off, which Kurt noticed and ignored. We stood a short distance from the stone table, where Alfred still sat watching us. He muttered something in German, at which Kurt made a motion with his hand, indicating to me that I should kneel.

I sank slowly to my knees before him, waiting for permission to take his cock. Silently, he stood with feet spread wide apart, his huge blunt fingers stroking the extension. Then he motioned me into it, seizing the back of my head when my lips enclosed the tip. He pressed my face tightly into his groin and started moving against me. "Come when I do," he muttered.

My hands closed about my sex, finally alleviating the terrible aching anxiety that had stemmed from my inability to touch it. My fingers felt cold at first, gradually warming as I stroked the shaft, timing my motions to the hard-driving lunge of the master's hips. I was kneeling on the hard, rough stones, sucking the monstrous cock of this ventable stranger . . . and yet I felt a peculiar urge of affection for him. I tried to disregard it, push it from my mind. But the awareness remained. It seemed out of place . . . so much so I could hardly credit it, certainly found it impossible to explain. The only reality was the pounding of his loins against my face and the knowledge that I had discovered what I had been sent to Bavaria to find. What else I might have found I wasn't sure . . . wasn't sure I could identify it . . . wasn't sure I wanted to. The lunging, driving penis seemed an expression of solely physical aspect . . . and as such I took it willingly, with passion and pleasure. But there was more involved than this. I had sensed it for just the few seconds when Kurt had ordered me to kiss him. The awareness lay in my mind, behind the other thoughts. For the moment, my possession of his sex made any extraneous considerations unlikely.

But I had sensed it. When lust with its overwhelming force was gone I tried to recognize it . . . to deny it when its form seemed clearest. □

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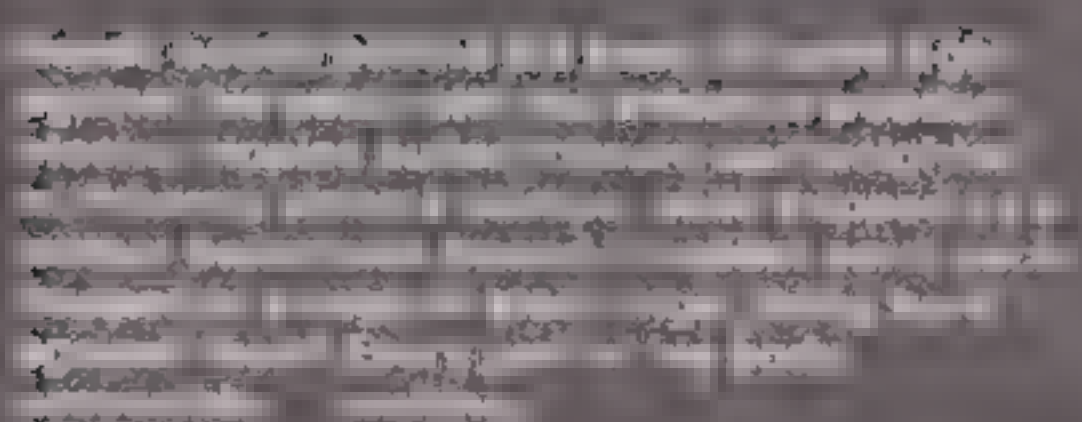
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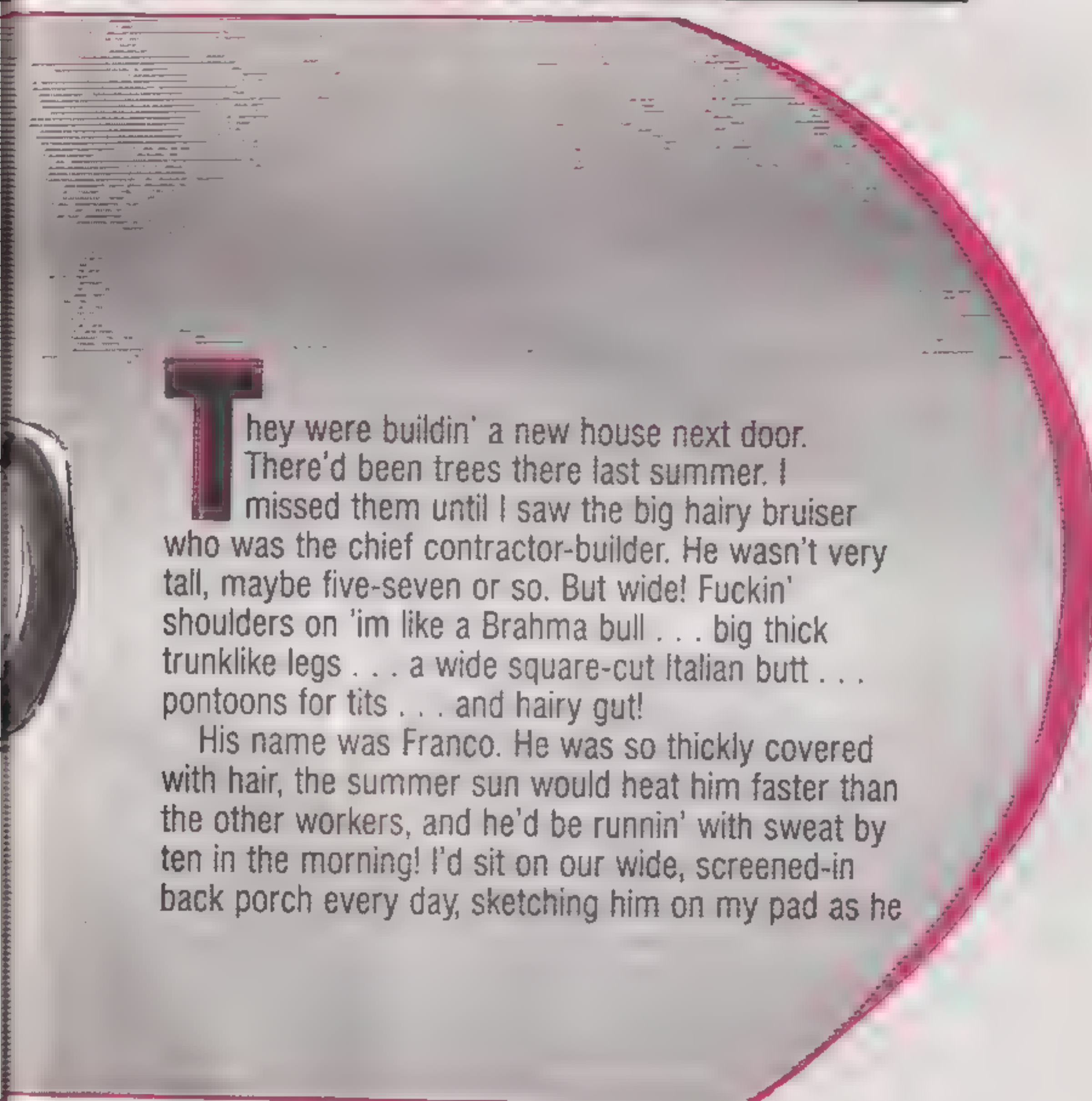




BEER-BELLIE



D BRUIISERS



They were buildin' a new house next door. There'd been trees there last summer. I missed them until I saw the big hairy bruiser who was the chief contractor-builder. He wasn't very tall, maybe five-seven or so. But wide! Fuckin' shoulders on 'im like a Brahma bull . . . big thick trunklike legs . . . a wide square-cut Italian butt . . . pontoons for tits . . . and hairy gut!

His name was Franco. He was so thickly covered with hair, the summer sun would heat him faster than the other workers, and he'd be runnin' with sweat by ten in the morning! I'd sit on our wide, screened-in back porch every day, sketching him on my pad as he

*Story and Illustration
by Richard A. White*

worked. He hadda notice I was watching everything he did. He wore a work-shirt with cut-off sleeves. It was always totally unbuttoned. When he'd hammer or saw, the muscles on his arms and shoulders would ripple and swell. His belly would shimmy a little, with fur an' sweat shining on him.

He'd chug beer all day to cool off, then toss the empties off the framework onto the ground. At the end of the day, they'd collect the empties and be proud of the amount they'd drunk. The beer showed on him . . . but good! His deep, fur-covered navel was almost lost in the dense jungle of man-bush. His deep-set Mediterranean eyes were always squinting in the sun, so I never got to see his eyes from where I sat. But I could sense he'd glance over at me sometimes.

They'd piss in the newly built basement structure of cinder blocks. There was a huge pile of sand they'd use all the time—the same sand pile they'd use to mix with concrete. I chuckled to myself, thinkin' how the prospective owners would feel, knowin' how much dried beer-piss was lurking in their walls. I could dimly see into the cellar windows, since there was no glass yet. I'd taken to wearing sunglasses . . . that way they couldn't tell where my eyes were. With the morning sun shining on my pad, the sunglasses seemed to make sense.

Franco would always wait until everyone else was done . . . then he'd piss in the sand. He had a fat cock, and it was cut . . . unusual for an Italian. He'd always force a loud fart out as he pissed, making the others groan and fake gagging noises, while Franco would sigh "AAAAAAHHHHHHHHH." Then he'd laugh and wave the fumes away. "Good fuckin' beer!" he'd bellow. I guess he waited to piss alone so the others wouldn't see what a small cock he had.

After a few weeks, they got used to me sittin' and watchin' and sketchin'. One day two of the crew walked over to see what I was doing all day. They made approving comments . . . and they could tell who was who in the drawings. They also noticed how many Franco was in! They kidded Franco about it. They said, "Hey, Hercules . . . go see how Michelangelo did ya!" Finally he came over. It was about five o'clock. He hulked across the yard and up the steps real slow. He almost seemed nervous walkin' over to me.

He shyly buttoned his sweat-filled shirt and looked down at my pad. "Yer good . . . real good . . . you go tuh school fer dat?" I said yes, running starved eyes all over him, hidden behind my sunglasses. He asked if he could take one . . . I let him have his pick. The others were tootin' their car horns . . . headin' out for the day. He waved them on and stood lookin' at the sketches. He shook his head and smiled. "Do I really look dat big? I mean I gotta little belly . . . but it looks real big in dese." I smiled and reassured him, "I always emphasize what I like to look at."

He looked surprised. "You like big bellies?" I nodded and smiled. I suddenly saw his eyes for the first time. They were fuckin' bright green! Man, was he somethin'? He had little smile wrinkles around his eyes from all that sun. Up close he looked a little older . . . maybe thirty or so. There were five or six little tiny gray hairs on each sideburn. His skin had that Roman walnut sheen that had me salivatn' to lick 'im.

"Well if you like bellies . . . you picked a good one!" He slapped his gut and chuckled softly, "Lotsa bucks tuh make that gut . . . lotsa beer." I reached over and patted it and smiled at him. He seemed to blush a little. I took off my sunglasses so's he could see the admirin' stare I was givin' 'im. He glanced back at the sketch, shyly avoidin' my eyes. His gentleness with me was so different from how he was with the bozos on the construction crew. I was really touched by his shyness.

"I guess yuh get tuh see lotsa naked wimmens when yer drawin' at school, huh?" he asked. He looked up at my face to see my reaction, grinnin' a little. I nodded that I did. "Better watcherself . . . lotsa faggots in art school," he said, almost askin' more than he was tellin' me about faggots.

I agreed and said, "Yeah, we gottem . . . they're okay people . . . so what, if they wanna give yuh a little head?" He still stared at me, fascinated, but holdin' back a little. "You done that . . . you lettem

suck yer cock?" he whispers, almost shocked.

"Sure . . ." I said, leaning closer to him as if we were exchangein' secrets, "it takes another guy to know where it feels good on yer cock, y'know?"

He thought a second, glancin' at the sketch again, "I guess . . . I just never done it . . . people'd think I was . . ."

I cut him off, "So who's to know? . . . Nobody knows if some dude licks my lead in the woods. Just him an' me, y'know?"

He was intrigued, now . . . braver. He asked, "You ever do it to him? I mean suck the dude off like he done you?" I nodded proudly, without shame. He grinned a little.

I said, "Sure . . . why not if he's hot and I like 'im . . . why not return the favor?"

"What if he just wants tuh get blown . . . wit'out returnin' the favor?" Franco asked.

"Depends on how much I like him . . . if I like him a lot. I say to him . . . let's go fer a walk in the woods . . . pick some berries," Franco chuckled again, looked around to see if the crew had all left. "They're gone," I assured him. He turned to look at me.

"They got berries around here?" he asked sottly.

"Sure, I said! . . . up that hill. C'mon."

We climbed over the wooded rise behind our house in nothin' flat! Man, he was ready! I found a thick clump of bushes and trees. I walked over to him and opened his sweat-sopped shirt. The day's work made him smell ripe . . . the funky aroma clung to the hairs on his heavin' chest. As I got his shirt fully opened and feasted my eyes on his big hairy body, I saw a wet spot formin' on his cock . . . an' it was gettin' fuckin' hard! It twitched and throbbed under his filthy jeans . . . no underwear. The cock-helmet was outlined on the worn fly. He wanted it bad, ol' Franco did.

I got down on my knees and opened his fly and set his rock-hard horn free. It flopped out and pointed straight up into the air. It was shiny-wet with dribbling juices. He held me gently by the neck and spread his legs to kick off his jeans. The dank lumes from his ass-crack was like a chocolate sauce over the smell of nearby blueberries. I looked up at his ripplin' boulders for tits. They flexed up big as he clenched me close to his steamin' stenchd cock. I slid his hog down my gullet in one quick gulp. He gasped and hugged me tight.

I buried my face in the mangy muff around his balls and lathered that ol' sausage like it was my last meal. He ground his balls into my face and his big ox-legs bucked around as I nursed on his dong. "Oooooooo . . . yeah . . . that feels so fuckin' good . . . no one's ever felt so good on my cock . . . You know yer stuff . . . What a fuckin' sensation . . . Suck me good . . . yeeeeaaa-ahhhhh," Franco rubbed my head and I burrowed my face into the fold of his belly, smellin' and suckin' and lickin' this hot fucker.

His belly muscles swelled as he heaved his cock into my mouth. I ran my hands over the matted rug of hair that covered his abdominal muscles. It took my whole arm to cover his belly . . . the beast was huge! His balls slapped me under the chin as he stoked my mouth-furnace with his ram-rod. I ran my hands behind him and copped feels of his meaty globes. The fur on them was slick and silky and sweat-wet. I ran a finger under his crack into his fuck-hole. He pulled my hand away gently. "No, no. Don't do dat . . . not de ass . . . just suck me, OK?" I went back to suckin' his hard-on and gestured for him to lie back in the bushes. When he spread himself on the ground, I could see the bushy black secret path between his ass-cheeks. It squeezed closed as I looked at it. I dove for his cock again, runnin' both hands over it and dribblin' lotsa spit all over it. I slid hands and mouth up and down his shaft like a steam engine. He was thrashin' 'em around and lovin' it!

I stroked his cock with my fists and slid my tongue under his balls. I chewed the fat throbbing underside of his cock, covered with a carpet of piss, sweat and hair. I licked and stroked him into a frenzy and then quickly slid my tongue between his man-cheeks. He hissed and bucked and squeezed his moose-thighs around my head. His cock got even thicker, swellin' with blood

an' cum. His shit-chute was tight and puckered, but my tongue probe slid in, covered with spit. I still hammered his cock and dove my tongue in as far as could. He went fuckin' crazy! He lifted his butt up and opened his thighs so I could bury my face in his tur-pie.

He shoved his butt up and down, an' when I sucked his hole he let it open for my tongue. I could feel his cock gettin' ready to blow, so I swallowed it real quick. I slid a finger into his butt-ring and sucked cock like a vacuum cleaner... his balls swelled up and hugged his cock-root. Then he blew... he whooped and bucked and pulled my head into his crotch. Load after load exploded outta this stud like he'd never cum before! He told me later it was the first time he'd cum in a mouth. His cream was sweet from all the beer he drank. Some clear-tasting piss dribbled out.

He whispered that he hadda piss. I still nursed him an nodded he should go ahead. I sucked the piss-hole real hard, irritating it and teasing the piss out. All that recycled beer built up! It gushed down my throat as Franco gasped and sighed... not believing how great it felt. "Jesus... Jesus... Jesus... you're wild baby... real wild... fuckin' feels great... drink me suck it all!"

I did. It felt like gallons pouring into me, and trying to swallow his piss and his cock at the same time made my ears block. All I could hear was the sounds of my own slurpin' an' swallowin'... man, did he love it! My finger was still tightly clenched by his boiling butt-hole, and he suddenly realized it was up inside him. He grinned at me, spent, and whispered, "Sneaky sumbitch... ya got in there after all... feels kinda good, y'know." I slid my finger slowly in and out of him, still inhalin' his meat. Meanin' and rollin' around, he was in heaven.

I rubbed his big belly with my other hand, soothin' him and indulgin' myself with all this prime grade! His shit-hole gripped me tight and his hard-on still throbbed in my throat. As I

finger-fucked him, he got hot again, and his stomach muscles filled with air as he heaved and gasped. I machine-gunned his slab with my mouth and felt the blood risin' in him again. His asshole gripped my knuckles like a hairy vice. He hammered into my tongue with his tool, ready to blow again. I shoved two fingers into him and it sent him over the edge. He rose up off the ground and exploded another load, thinner than the first but more violent. He screamed and I almost had my fingers torn off by his man-hole.

I pulled my mouth off him and let the last spurts fling onto his belly hairs. His cock was ragin' and angry red from bein' worked over twice. Thick white oysters globbed into his navel and I dove for the prizes! I sucked his belly clean, runnin' my cheeks over it until I tingled. The scummy rivers that had speckled his belly went right down my throat. I remember that rubbin' my face down into his belly I felt safe, and satisfied... it was that feelin' I took to bed that night. My face still tingled raw from his belly hairs, and my lips still tasted him. I would see lots of Franco that summer.

The following summer, the house was done. They hadn't sold it yet, but the phone company was gonna put in wires for the new line. In our neighborhood, the street lights along our dirt road were attached to the wooden telephone poles, in those days. There was a large metal box, way up high. I looked up one afternoon and there he stood. Like a mythical hero, painted on vaulted ceiling and hovering overhead in glory, he hung by his leather lineman's belt. He was half Mexican and half Italian, he told me later. His name was Mario.

I stopped dead in my tracks and stared up the leg of his cutoff shorts. A dark meat knob was barely visible, pokin' around as he worked. His shirt was tucked into his back pocket, and a dark-tanned gut rolled a little bit over the belt of his shorts. Just enough for me to imagine wrappin' my arms around him and fuckin' his big buffalo butt! He noticed, after a few minutes, that I was staring up at him. He finished his work and started to climb

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down. His body was thick and well muscled, from years of scalin' those poles. Not a weightlifter's body with health-spa abs . . . this was a man's body that carved itself from years of labor!

"Hya," he said in a hoarse raspy voice that was part whisper, part growl. "You gonna be movin' in here?"

I shook my head as I watched him wipe the sweat off his wet chest-curls. "No," I said, I live next door . . . right there." I had my tightest jeans on and he couldn't NOT notice the bone that was tearin' at my fly.

"Oh . . . well these lines are ready for the new owners." He

paused, still wipin' his creamy brown body. He grinned at me, saw my cock and stared into my eyes, "You suck dick, kid?"

I grinned, "Sure . . . and suck ass, too."

He glanced down at my cock. "Think you're bad enough to make my ass happy?" Mano asked

I took the T-shirt from him and buried my face in it. He chuckled. I said, "I can make it hum . . . long as I can play with that chunky gut of yours, too." Mano patted his belly, smilin' like a man who knows what he's got and knows it's good meat!

"My ass gets real sore ndin' 'round in that truck all day. How

"bout I sit on yer tongue an' you can soothe it for me?"

I looked at the truck, "Too small to fuck in."

He tugged at my belt and said, "Climb in . . . that motor inn down the hill ain't far . . . I'm done for the day anyway . . . what time you gotta get back?"

I shrugged, "Whatever." It was summer and no one'd worry if I disappeared for a few hours.

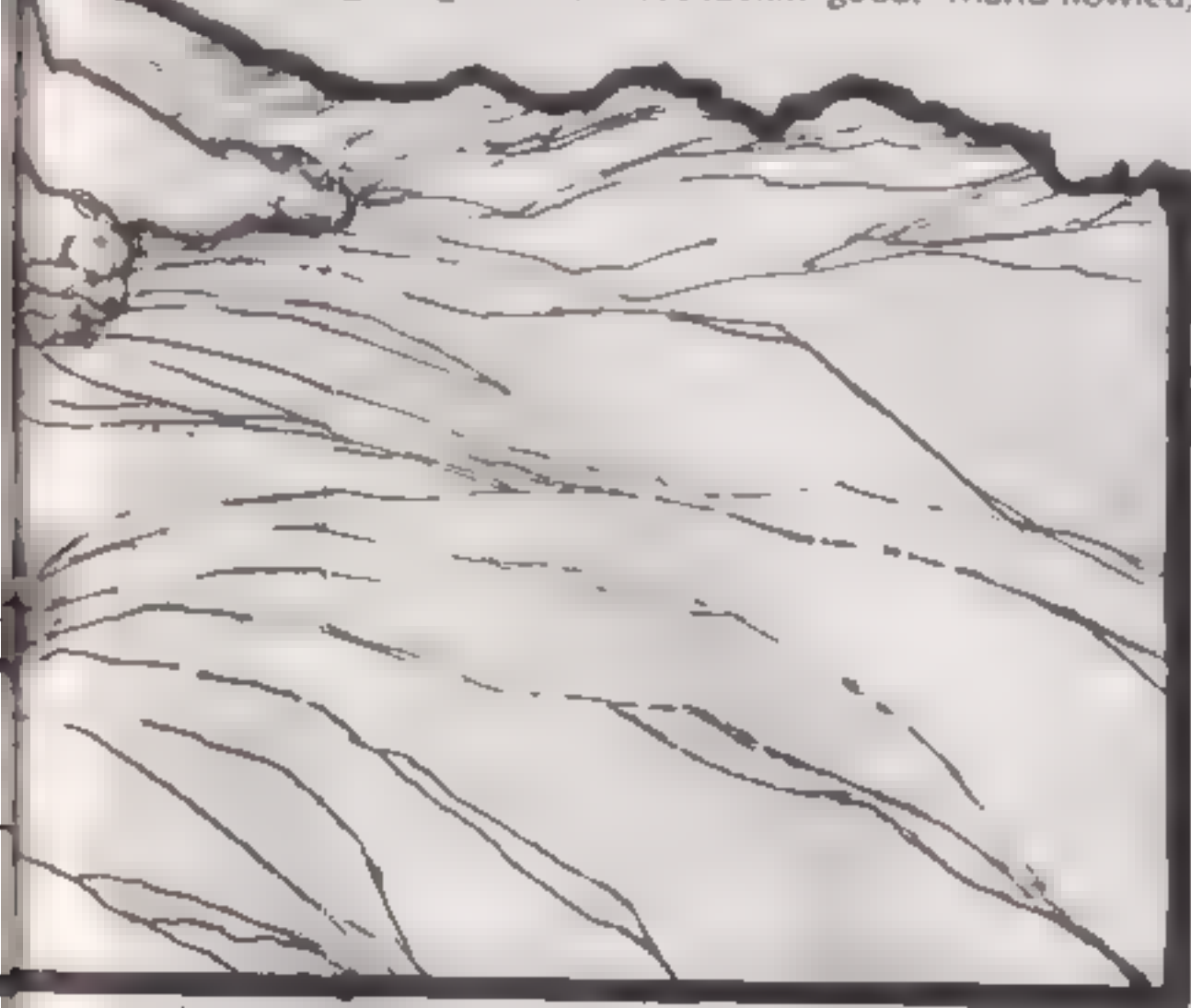
I lay stripped on the bed, watchin' Mario slowly peel his sweaty clothes off. His cheesy uncut rod was hard but it curved down a little. One long snaking vein throbbed along the top of the shaft and disappeared under the hooded head. His left ball was huge compared to his right one, and it hung so low that his ballsac looked like a stretched-out leather satchel with a plum and an orange in it! He saw I was starin' at it and said, "Lotsa cum buildin' up in there . . . you like eatin' fuck foam?" He crawled on top of me and buried me in his arms and chest.

His belly hairs rubbed my smooth skin and got me hard, fast! He shoved his tongue into my lips and slid to the back of my mouth. He whirled his tongue around in my mouth like an electric fan, suckin' an' spittin' saliva into me. "That's what I wantcha to do to my asshole . . . got it?" Mario asked.

I grinned, "Put that hairy pit over my face an' I'll clean it out for ya," I whispered. He squatted over my face with that bloated ballsac danglin' in my nose. I spread his cheeks and twirled my tongue into a hard wet digit. He sucked it up into his roaring red raunch-hole and shimmied over me.

"Yeeaaaahhh, get in there . . . that's real good . . . soak me up with yer spit, make my ass fulla yer juice, man . . . eat it."

I ran my hands all over his rippling gut while he rode my tongue like a kid on a wet pogo stick. His cock was letting a long runny rope of sperm drip down, coating my forehead. He leaned over me and let his cock rub into my hair. I slid back the foreskin and let the plump purple head flop out. I hugged his belly, sucked his shit-hole and stroked his cream-filled hog all at once. He was hot! I sucked hard at his crankshaft, makin' sparks fly up his hole! "Jee-ZUSSS! Do it . . . do it . . . rim the shit out of me, man, it's been too long . . . goddam! That's fuckin' good." Mario howled,



buckin' around. He slapped his shutter over my face like a rag shinin' his shoes. Whatta fuckin' meal he was!

His big gut heaved and sweat ran over his navel in rivers. Hairs on his belly became black ringlets of juice and fur. His loaves were coated with my spit now, and I rubbed my face all over his hairy ass-cheeks. "I'm ready, babe . . . time to slip that fat piece o' yers up my butt," Mario whispered.

He rolled off me and got on his elbows and knees. "I'm goodn' wet an' open . . . hit bottom wit' it!" he murmured into the sheets. I slid into him and he fucked himself with my dick! He slammed

his ass back at me and that fuckin' hole chomped at my root!

I grabbed him around the gut and rode! He hammered his haunches back and forth as he tightened all the deep muscles under his gut. I matched him, stroke for stroke and my thick eight-incher plowed into his bristly hairy pork-pit. His bloated balls slapped back at my cum-makers and swung them up to my ass-hole! This fucker was powerful and hungry! "Yeahh . . . that's what I needed . . . some good stokin' at my hole . . . fuck me! . . . but don'tchoo cum yet . . . we gotta ways to go . . . I pounded away into his fudge pit, huggin' tight to that armored belly of his.

"AAAAAaaaaaaahhhhh!" Mario yelled. He shot a load while my cock wuz hangin' his prostate. It splattered onto his belly and cock hairs, drippin' long syrupy ribbons of sperm. I slid out of his asshole and scooted between his legs to eat the seedy spunk on his big belly. I licked over me, like cleanin' the underbelly of a bull! He gasped for air, creamy whitewash still streamin' outa his bloated hog. I licked his belly and cock-bush clean.

I slipped his cock into my mouth and cleaned off all the jelly under his foreskin. I rubbed my face into his belly, still soaked with spit, until my face felt like a frosted doughnut. My favorite meal cum cheese on a bulky roll! When he was cleaned and soaked with saliva, he rolled over, grabbed a safe and slipped it onto his still-roaring hard-on, layin' face-up. "OK, darlin' . . . yer turn to blast a load . . . climb on!" Mario grinned, his fat nine inches wavin' in the air. This stud hadn't had any in a while. He was gonna take all he could get! I spit on his oozing organ and let myself slide down on it. That cock curved right up into my fuckin' lungs! I gripped his tummy-turf and swayed on his horn. I held him by his belly and slowly rode him. He pulled at my cock, nice and easy.

"Gimme that puddin' . . . all over me, babe . . . blast me with it, y'hear?" Mario hissed. He knew what he wanted! I hoped I'd shoot a good load . . . no tellin' how it's gonna be 'til it gets shoots.

I rode this bison-belly brute real hard! His cock bush was so dense that it made a wet cushion for my ass when I'd hit bottom of his shaft. I leaned forward so he could get a good grip on my cock. Sweat was streamin' all over the black wool on his belly. His big mitts rolled around the spit-covered head of my cock. I could feel his meat bloating inside of me again. I knew he could fill that beef-balloon twice with cum! He rode me right off the bed, and I held tight to his belly. He came hard . . . humpin' an' thumpin' deep in my guts.

"Yaaaaahhhhh . . . gooooo fuckin' . . . Jesus fuckin' Christ I'm cummmmmmmnnnnnn!" His belly swelled in my arms as blast after blast filled the rubber inside me.

I sat up and he slid his hands over my cock. He stroked my cock and humped ass until my rod burned to blow . . . I shot my long-overdue load all over him. Splatters of prick plaster lobbed onto his big hairy gut and tits. Thank God . . . I gave him the load he craved. He grinned and smeared it into his hairs. A puddle formed in his navel.

"Okay, babe . . . ease off my cock . . . were gonna put that load here, too," Mario whispered. I eased off his gourd and he peeled the rubber off, spillin' seed-soup all over the spunk I just shot on him. His belly was like a hairy cake with crystal icing.

"Okay babe . . . eat her daddy clean! . . . go tuh town," Mario purred. I lapped two flavors of cum off his belly, working the foam outta his navel with tongue-suckin' frenzy! I licked and sucked my way all the way up to the fur pelt on his chest, where the hairs had jellied with sperm. Then Mario pulled my face up to his and washed into me with kisses and tenderness. "You're a runt . . . but yer a man's man, babe." I beamed at him. As he drove me home, I drained another load out his nuts, nestling my left cheek into his belly, sliding over the silky hairs there. Summer-night's sweat had built up a cache of that navel-funk I love so well!

We took many more night rides that summer. Mario could become all kinds of different people, in and out of bed. The time was filled with Mario's stories and laughter. I grew up a lot under Mario and on top of Mario! I'm prayin' they build a new house on the other side of us!

REPORT

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CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

The New York Times in a special by W.E. Schmidt reports that when Atlanta emergency room physicians at the south Georgia hospital saw the welts and deep purple bruises covering the thighs and buttocks of 12-year-old Brian Miller, they notified county officials about a possible case of child abuse.

But the county social worker who came to the hospital learned that the sixth grader had not been beaten at home. The bruises came from a spanking for misbehaving in gym class. The teacher had used a wooden paddle — a spanking so severe that the social worker told the boy's father that if he had beaten his son that way, he could go to jail.

The Millers and the American Civil Liberties Union are now in Federal District Court, plaintiffs in a lawsuit against the

Board of Education in Toombs County, in rural southeast Georgia. They contend that the punishment their son received was excessive, brutal and severe, allegations school officials deny.

The Millers' lawsuit is among the latest and most dramatic in a series of challenges by parents, lawmakers, educators and others to the longstanding authority of public school officials in 41 states to administer corporal punishment, a staple of school discipline that still enjoys popular support among teachers and many parents, especially across the rural South and Midwest.

Although corporal punishment is not used as frequently as it once was, Federal surveys estimate that such punishment is meted out across the country some 3 million times a year, most often against boys in ele-

mentary school, by teachers or administrators wielding wooden paddles they employ to whack students across the buttocks.

Dr. Irwin A. Hyman, a psychologist who directs the National Center for the Study of Corporal Punishment at Temple University, estimates that one incident in 20 produces bleeding, severe bruises or other kinds of physical trauma that characterize criminal child abuse. And Dr. Hyman said that studies he had conducted over 10 years suggested that even students who did not show lasting physical damage were often the victims of emotional scars that produced headaches, nightmares and vomiting.

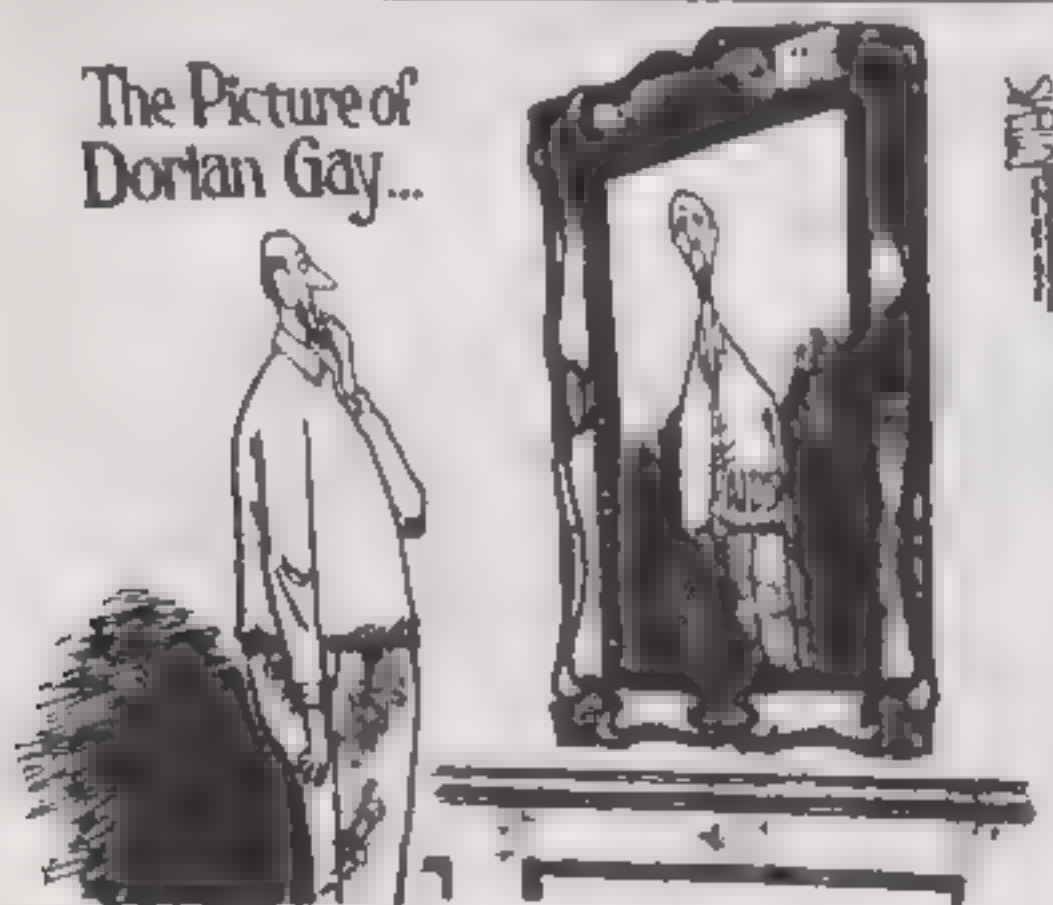
But many parents, educators and school administrators, some of whom grew up with corporal punishment and point

to their own experience as proof that it does no lasting harm, defend the practice. They say it is essential to maintaining discipline and order in schools.

Many opponents of the practice argue that corporal punishment does not improve educational performance, but rather fuels a cycle of violence among its young victims.

Good children also worry about getting paddled," said Dr. Gootman, a professor at the College of Education at the University of Georgia. "Their worrying saps energy from their thinking and learning."

In Moody, Ala., a parent has been charged with second degree assault after she beat a teacher over the head with the same paddle the teacher had used earlier that day to spank her 7-year-old son.



CARTOON NOT FUNNY

According to the *Update of Southern California*, there is no love lost between San Diego gay and lesbian activists and *The San Diego Union*, a daily newspaper in the border town.

On June 6, the Union's young cartoonist, Steve Kelly, ran a cartoon which left the city's homosexual population smoldering with rage. The car-

toon was entitled "The Picture of Dorian Gray," and showed a man labeled "AIDS" looking at himself in a picture frame.

Kelly is a young cartoonist the Union plucked right out of college. Hauck, leader of the protest, said that Kelly is generally "a pretty good cartoonist, but he's way off base on this issue."

THE WEDDING: A DEFINITION

After discussions with people nationwide, Couples, Inc. has prepared a statement explaining the intent and purpose of *The Wedding*. J. Carey Junkin, Representative to the National Steering Committee for the March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights, explained the reason for the statement "is to clearly indicate the intent of the concerns that have been expressed by some members of our community. In particular, we want to emphasize that we are not defining relationships. We are not even suggesting that our relationships be made to conform to the non-gay definition of families."

The slogan for *The Wedding* is "Love Makes a Family. Nothing Else, Nothing Less."

The Wedding is an officially sponsored event of the March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights. It is intended to emphasize the March demand for legal recognition of lesbian and gay relationships. That les-

bian and gay domestic partners be entitled to the same rights and privileges as married heterosexual couples.

Junkin explained, "The Wedding is not going to be a wedding. It is called that because we are not allowed to have one. It is going to be a demonstration for our civil rights with full legal and social recognition of our on-going relationships. It will also be a very important and moving event for the individual couples."

The Wedding, scheduled for 2 pm on October 10, will include a non-sectarian union ceremony celebrating the committed on-going relationships of hundreds and perhaps thousands of same-sex couples. To obtain additional information or to send suggestions about the March on Washington, write MOW Committee, PO Box 7781, Washington, DC or call 202-783-1828. For information concerning *The Wedding*, contact Couples, Inc., PO Box 13323, Los Angeles, CA 90013-0323.

GERMAN RIGHTISTS ON THE MARCH

The West German state of Bavaria, known for its conservatism, is pushing for an extreme package of AIDS legislation which would mandate the testing of "certain" immigrants.

The state's interior minister told reporters that all Turks, Yugoslavs and eastern Europeans would be tested when they apply for a residence permit. He added that Africans, Asians, Australians, and North and South Americans would also have to be tested if they intended to stay in Bavaria for more than three months.

The Bavarian government has also submitted a bill to the West German national parliament in Bonn calling for compulsory testing of all citizens. Bonn, however, has turned an unsympathetic ear to the ultra-conservative bleatings from the south.

CONFUSING FIGURES

A Media General-Associated Press poll found little support for banning pornography, although many respondents preferred that x-rated material be

restricted in some ways. Only 29% felt that pornography was harmful to adults, compared to 64% who did not. 47% felt that magazines showing sex relations should be allowed under cover, and 8% felt that they should be allowed without restrictions, as opposed to 41% who felt they should be banned. 60% favored the sale or rental of explicit videotapes, but 49% favored banning x-rated theaters in their communities. 81% admitted looking at a magazine that showed nudity, 61% an x-rated videotape.

ELECTRONIC ENTRAPMENT?

Electronic tracking devices are being used by postal inspectors to find buyers of child pornography, according to the *Oregonian*. Called "Project Looking Glass," the plan involves sending solicitation letters to possible buyers, and then sending catalogs to those who respond. Those ordering are sent a package with child pornography and a tracking device that activates when the package is opened. Buyers are then arrested.

RETROVIR (AZT)

According to an article by Marc Rubinstein, MD in *The Volunteer*, the GMHC Newsletter, Retrovir (initially called AZT) has emerged as the first experimental drug to make a clear difference in the clinical course of patients with AIDS. The most frequent side effects nausea and anemia, although occasionally severe, can usually be managed by reduced dosage and transfusion when needed. Even at a lower dosage, beneficial effects can still be observed. Experience has shown that post-PCP AIDS patients on Retrovir have a significantly decreased rate of recurrence of opportunistic infections.

Until recently, the only approved use was for such patients. The indications for the administration of Retrovir have been expanded to include patients with advanced ARC and a T4 helper cell count below 200. Controlled trials are now being started to see what effect the drug has in people who are well but are HIV positive. One might ask, if considerations of price and supply be put aside

why not make the drug freely available? There are good reasons to continue some limitation on availability until more is known. Firstly, we all know of many people with mild ARC or people who are well but test HIV positive who have shown no signs of deterioration or progression to AIDS. Under these circumstances, is there justification for giving these patients a drug which is both toxic and of which the long-term side effects are not known? After all, the decision to start the drug implies a decision to take it for the rest of one's life, or until something better comes along. Secondly, Retrovir is not a benign drug. Hematologic side effects (blood-cell count abnormalities) occur in as many as 30% of those treated, and medical supervision must be on a regular basis.

Some patients have also expressed the fear that if they are in relatively stable condition now and start AZT, will this prevent them from being treated early with a newer drug? No one can answer this, but such considerations reflect the uncertainties and fears of all



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THE TROUGH

PART 2

by Adolf

GET YOUR ASS ABOARD AND GET TO WORK," a bellowing voice commanded. "Man them oars, man the sheets—get your asses to work!"

Jim jumped aboard the long boat, throwing his sea bag blindly into the boat and scrambled to grab an oar and became as invisible as possible.

"Avast there, lad," the voice demanded, "come up here and assist me in getting these scum bags off and away." Jim, head down, was not aware it was he being called and made no move toward the harsh voice.

A scorching lash across his shoulders caused him to scream out and spring to his feet toward the perpetrator of the pain.

He hit the man, a fluffy, minor piece of humanity, flinging him overboard! The man was out of it before he hit the water. Jim stopped—suddenly aware that he, too, could soon be dead!

"Well, well, well," a calm, controlled voice floated across Jim's ears. "What have we here?" the voice asked in almost nonchalance. "Take command of this boat and move us to yonder vessel," the smooth voice commanded.

Jim sprang to the stern of his craft, his naked body oozing sweat; rivulets running down his lean body; droplets dripping from the end of his distended cock. He took command—having no time in the confusion to identify the commanding voice.

Swiftly he took the boat to the side of the transport anchored in the outlying harbor.

"Prisoners first," a voice shouted down at the bobbing craft, and Jim and several other men scrambled to the bow to gather their gear and move up the ramp. Quickly they scrambled aboard.

"All right, you scum, assist the Captain and crew aboard," the voice cried.

Jim quickly moved toward the railing and awaited the arrival of the men from the long boat.

The first man to step aboard was the most handsome man Jim had ever seen in his life. Tall, towering over Jim's own six feet, the man was a giant. His skin must have been a basic pure white, but had been tanned to an absolute golden radiance. He had the awesomeness of a golden-tinged thunder cloud.

Coming aboard he made eye contact with Jim and took the offered hand. It was unnecessary. The giant moved with the grace and determination of an animal-athlete.

Wearing only skin-tight white shorts and a captain's hat, the man was in charge simply by being present!

His chest and body were covered with a silky down of golden fuzz. The shorts, cut low, revealed the heavy bush of hair leading down from his chest, across his stomach and into the area of his ass and mounds and around to coat his groin and spread out into the area between his legs.

Jim, standing naked, vulnerable and suddenly hot could not, in any way prevent the sudden stiffening of his rod. It jutted out from him like a pole. Then, to make matters worse, his pulsing rod continued to harden and rise until it pointed straight up, almost touching his belly button. His huge nuts slowly churned their way up—tight against the stiff rod, supporting the shaft, ready to lend support for whatever the hot piece of meat may need, or want to do. Jim's nuts always enjoyed something exciting!

Once aboard, the Captain stopped in front of Jim. Not saying a word, he watched the physical phenomenon taking place.

Jim, standing at attention, back straight, shoulders back and cock certainly at attention suddenly slumped, and taking several deep breaths—attempted to gain control of his raging cock and churning balls.

The Captain halted. He simply grabbed the tube of flesh with one hand and the churning balls with the other and began to squeeze both slowly, but without letup. And Jim found a new threshold of excitement. At first, he was relieved, then he was uncomfortable and then he was in slight pain, then in considerable discomfort and then he received flashes of pain, then sudden blasts of agony and then his resistance collapsed into screaming demands for mercy. Just as he threw his head back for the ultimate animal cry, the Captain whispered softly, "One sound and I'll chop off everything." The gulp of air Jim ingested at that moment was incredible. Every ounce of pain, every moment of fear for the safety of his manhood was sucked back into him as he forced the air back into his lungs, and the impending scream which he swallowed with it.

The Captain was not affected one way or the other and slowly released his vice-like grip on Jim's flesh. Mulling the flaccid tube of meat and churning balls slowly between his massive hands, he examined them for some while. Then he dropped them, slapped the hell out of Jim's balls, causing him to recoil in agony. Then the Captain turned to an officer and gave the simple instruction,

"Him," then disappeared into the bowels of the ship.

"You fucker!" Jim moaned. "I'll get you, you cocksucking bitch," he wheezed as he gasped for breath and squeezed his pounding nuts, trying to relieve the pounding pain blasting from between his legs.

"YOU THERE, YOU! Up and to the Captain's quarters, NOW, on the double!" The sailor prodded Jim with his staff as Jim gulped down the last of his dinner.

With vengeance in his heart, Jim made his way toward the Captain's quarters at the stern of the ship.

Strangely, there was no light slanting through the louvered doors. A puzzled wrinkle appeared on Jim's brow as he knocked softly on the door.

"Come."

Stepping inside the cabin, Jim stopped in amazement. There were lights, but only candle lights, soft, flickering, glowing. But the sight that caused Jim's breath to catch in his throat was the sight of the Captain suspended, spread-eagled on his back in a massive wooden "X" frame. His huge body glowed in the soft light.

His nips were clenched with tight alligator clips and strung up with a heavy chrome chain which pulled the pink, firm dimples of flesh up and away from his chest.

Between his legs, the Captain's cock was stretched up and out, tied with leather thongs reaching up over a pulley in the overhead and then down, with a heavy weight attached, stretching the flesh in a hard manner. Around his balls, Jim saw a leather ball stretch of at least six inches and the amazing nuts were glowing pink from the pressure of the nut separator snapped between them. A cord was fastened to the ring at the base of his nuts, stretching them away from his body.

The Captain was breathing heavily, straining to control his discomfort, in anticipation of coming events.

"Your nuts, give me your nuts," he gasped, looking at Jim's naked body.

Quickly Jim moved toward the head of the handsome hunk, his balls and cock level with the massive, handsome head. The Captain's head was supported by a small support between the two uppermost members of the "X" frame.

Slowly, Jim spread his legs and moved his stiff cock and balls over the forehead and onto the mouth of the young Captain.

In one instant the Captain vacuumed Jim's nuts deep into his throat and Jim collapsed over the man in delicious agony as he felt his balls consumed down the broad, thick neck.

Immediately several members of the crew appeared, buck naked, each carrying a rack of candles. Arranging themselves around the Captain, they began to lift the burning candles and slowly began to drip the hot wax onto his body.

Jim felt his arms stretched out and quickly bound at the wrists, elbows and shoulders. His nuts were so far down the throat of the Captain that Jim was resting on his knees, literally thrusting his nuts into the man's mouth as far as possible in order to relieve the incredible stretching of his nuts so deep into the recess.

The wax began to fall more quickly as the men rested candles along the torso of the writhing Captain. Slowly, they worked their way up his body to the massive chest, then onto the nips. Then—to Jim's shock—they began dripping the hot, searing wax onto his own cock. First the tender lips at the end, then across the length of the top, then one of the men lifted the shaft, throbbing with pain and passion, and let the hot wax drip down the underside and onto his balls, then down to the Captain's lips, chin and throat.

And the Captain reacted!

Jim felt the low rumble of a groan rattle around his compressed nuts, felt the nut-cracking contractions of the Captain's throat muscles as Jim's nuts were caught in a human vice. Jim threw back his head in a screaming cry of pain/passion from having his nuts swallowed.

"I'm cumming, cumming, CUMMMMMING," Jim yelled, as he felt the loss of control.

The crewman working him over knew exactly how to prevent this! Quickly he opened the wide slit of Jim's cock and—using a

heated metal syringe, minus needle—injecting a stream of steaming wax directly into the stretched opening of Jim's cock. Thanks to Jim's hardness, the blunt end of the syringe formed a perfect, tight fit against the end of Jim's cock, and there was no chance of a leak.

The crewman was aware of several inherent problems with this procedure: the first being that the wax in the syringe would not stay liquid for long; the second was the fact that the wax would also not stay liquid inside Jim's cock—regardless how hot that cock may be. He also knew the solution to the problem was to simply seal the end of the syringe tight against the lips of Jim's cock, press the piston of the syringe down and not stop—no matter what—until all the wax was injected!

And that is exactly what he did.

Jim felt the first blast of wax enter his body with a shudder. His cock grew considerably larger and harder as blood rushed forth to cool this invader, but the wax continued to flow and the heated cock was unable to maintain control. The wax continued down the inside of his tender, sensitive chute all the way, until Jim could feel the heat between his legs, finally coming to a stop just short of his asshole. But the volume of wax did not stop and once the territory within Jim's body had been defined, the flood of wax simply stretched the abused flesh to the degree necessary to accommodate the entire load of liquid torture. Quickly, the crewman withdrew the syringe and clamped shut the lips of Jim's cock—delighting in feeling the slow hardening of wax inside the magnificent ten-inch piece of man-flesh. He knew he had been successful; now to observe the action . . .

The temperature of Jim's cock had been raised several dozen degrees. The heat radiated not only throughout his cock and the area between his legs felt ready to burst into flames. The fever raced down into his nut sack and into his compressed nuts deep in the Captain's throat.

As the wax began to solidify, Jim felt the white, boiling, searing, solid shaft of wax embedded in the entire length of his semi-exploding, throbbing, tortured, wax-encrusted cock!

He tried to scream, but the cry stuck in his throat. His breath jerked in his chest; his chest, shoulders and stomach convulsed into spasms and shudders. He thrust his hips forward in a vain attempt to get free, nearly castrating himself from the Captain's clamping mouth. The additional pain caused him nearly to shit on the Captain, but he dropped back onto the vice-like mouth, his head forward, still unable to breathe and nearly unconscious. The blackness of pain engulfed him upward from his embroiled shaft, twisting into his testicles, his aching nuts still trapped in the Captain's throat.

Slowly, the blackness faded, then returned, then—finally getting a deep breath—the blackness winked out and the flash of pain blasted into the base of his brain like a bullet. He screamed oh, god, how screams shuddered and ripped from his throat.

From the very depths of his chest, even from his crushed nuts, the cries vibrated throughout his body. His wax-engorged shaft was literally vibrating with heat, passion and pain. The crewman formed a loose fist around the shaft and slowly began jacking it, the wax crumbling away as the skin slid into wrinkles with the back and forth motion.

Jim felt the wax rod, rigid and solid but still flaming hot and moving inside his dick with each stroke. The crewman was careful not to bend the shaft while stroking the meat back and forth. To break the rod inside Jim's plumbing would be equal to breaking a glass rod inside him—disaster!

Slowly, he worked the throbbing meat as Jim began to squirm, his breath becoming short and jagged. He felt the cum building to critical, the pressure of clear, cooling lube juice building behind the wax shaft. Finally, it began seeping around the wax and gushing out the end of Jim's cock.

The crewman loosened his grip and—using the lube flowing from Jim—slid his hands lightly over the flesh. Back and forth faster and faster—Jim's balls were ready to explode. The pressure against the base of the wax shaft became almost unbearable, and Jim could not help pulsing his shaft continuously.

Suddenly, he felt it: the wax rod began to move. Jim contracted the muscles between his legs, like he was squeezing off the last of a piss, and the wax rod moved a little more. He groaned with relief, and the Captain released his balls to watch the action taking place above him.

Jim was afraid to stand for fear of breaking the rod, and he moved back, giving the Captain a birds-eye view of the activity. Sweat poured off Jim's body, running in rivers across the undulating muscles — down the spin and across his mounds — drops dripping off the end of his nose on to the Captain.

His entire body was gleaming and straining in the effort to eject the hot shaft from his trembling piece. In something like a dream, he watched as the clear fluid—that wonderful, healing crystal fluid—flooded from his shaft as he gently squeezed the wax rod out of his body. Everyone in the room was watching, getting harder and harder, and the Captain gasped when he saw how much wax had been injected down Jim's tender tunnel.

Jim's cock pulsed again and again, never stopping as the wax continued to exude slowly and sensuously from the depths between his legs. Jim felt the contours of the wax shaft gently massage along the inside of his tender tube, the wax having hardened with all the peaks and valleys and crevasses along the inside of his dick.

Jim felt it coming: like nothing he had ever felt in his life. The clear fluid gushed forth like a fountain, propelling the wax rod out faster and faster. The crewmember stopped jacking him.

"Give it to me and take me," the Captain ordered.

Jim lifted himself up as the last of the wax rod popped from the end of his dick and rammed the hot meat into the Captain's mouth. Simultaneously, he leaned forward and sucked the Captain's meat, deep-throating the rod to its base.

Both men shuddered, issuing low growls of approval. Then the arched, strained backs and quick thrusts, and finally the gasping voice as they pitched over the top. Jim ejaculated solid chunks of

marble—never had he had such a load blast from his balls—gathering between his legs, pressurizing itself in the prostate until it formed a wad hard as a canon ball, then blasting down the long, sensual tunnel of his screaming hot prod, spewing from the end of his male-meat like pieces of marble shrapnel.

"UUUHHGG," the oath came from the Captain as the blast from Jim's cock hit deep in his throat. He writhed and gagged over the enormous load, while spewing his nectar into Jim in long streams.

Both men pulsed and thrust as they felt the milking action taking place around the two cocks. Jim collapsed across the broad, hard muscled body of the Captain. The Captain, still holding Jim's cock, sucked the nuts back into his mouth and slowly munched on both while Jim groaned, twisting his hips and making slight hip thrusts and withdrawals. He whined, a tight-voiced, painful whimper at the assault on his delicate and super-sensitive flesh. This custom of such serious after-play had become an important part of Jim's passionate-painful learning process and he found he liked it. He liked it very much, painful and pleasurable as it may be.

Strong arms and hands enfolded him and lifted his exhausted body. Jim felt like a rag doll, every atom in his body totally spent.

"You did very well," the Captain whispered. Jim's answer was an increased suction on the meat he held in his mouth.

"Oh yeah, yes, yes, oh, easy man wait—the showers, the showers," groaned the Captain, extracting his ponderous dong from Jim's mouth with a loud pop!

Slowly, the two men made their way toward the warm shower room. Then, drying each other, they lay back on the bed, kissed gently and drifted off, wrapped in each other's arms. Jim slept peacefully, knowing that tomorrow he would be put ashore at the new compound.

(To be continued)

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ROUGH STUFF

by SCOTT TUCKER

Leather Contests . . . Leather Community

When guys in leather strut their stuff in contests all over the country, a lot more than ego, muscle, and cowhide goes on display. All the strengths and weaknesses of the leather community also show up, and the spectacle always has a bright and dark side. There are rarely the kinds of intrigues and cat-fights you see in backstage musicals, where the hero or heroine overcomes hard times and scheming rivals and emerges on opening night as the rising star. Drama in leather contests is more low-key, and most leather titleholders don't overestimate their stardom.

But there can be real joy and sorrow among leather contestants all the same, and every contest brings out both the generosity and mean spirit which exists in the audience as well as in the larger leather community.

In a full year of travel and judging contests, I was aware of a number of handsome, intelligent guys who were angry or heartbroken when they did not take the title of Mr. (Fill in the blank) Leather. After a contest, someone usually spreads a rumor that the judging was "political," or even that a certain judge was fucking with a certain contestant. And the winning contestants often step off the stage into a mine-field of gossip and factionalism. I've seen the best and worst of the leather community from coast to coast, and it is time to clear the air about what contests should mean and what winners should be.

Given the fact that many leather folk are great travelers and that the leather world can be tightly-knit, it is also true that a judge and a contestant may have shared a bed at some point in the past. But only an ongoing sexual relationship with a contestant should disqualify a judge. And after a contest, of course, judges and contestants may do as they please. There seems to be one notorious case of a judge who

fucked with a contestant on the eve of a major contest, but the blast of disapproval was swift from all quarters, and I know of nothing similar in my personal experience.

As for politics—well, that's a curious word in this context. I've been an activist since my teens, and I usually reserve the word *politics* for a principled debate on public policy, or an outright struggle between social groups. In all honesty, I can say I encountered very little "political" bias or manipulation at the contests I've entered or judged. On two occasions, the organizers of contests dropped mild hints that they would prefer a contestant from their own region to win, but I'd say this inflamed the independence of the judges.

Knowing when to talk sweet and when to talk tough is something every leather titleholder either knows from the start or learns quickly. Numerous strangers, friendly and unfriendly alike, have conflicting expectations of leather titleholders, and make conflicting demands. If you carry such a title and have no strong sense of identity, you will be a certified multiple schizophrenic in the space of a few months.

I remember riding on a float in a Gay Pride parade, dressed in nothing but boots, a chest harness, and a leather jock, when we passed a group of hell, fire and damnation fundamentalists with banners proclaiming "AIDS IS THE WRATH OF GOD."

I did the proper thing, which was to bend over and give them my fullest moon. A few outraged leather guys felt my act was beneath the dignity of my title, and to them my message was roughly the same: Kiss my ass. Mocking fundamentalists suits my personal dignity just fine, and was one way of speaking my mind. Leather titleholders are often advertised as "representing the leather community," but the truth is that nobody but a few judges elected us. We would be as boring as politicians if we

ceased to be individuals and ran public relations campaigns instead. If leather folk are not a community of strong individuals, then we are nothing but conformists in cowhide.

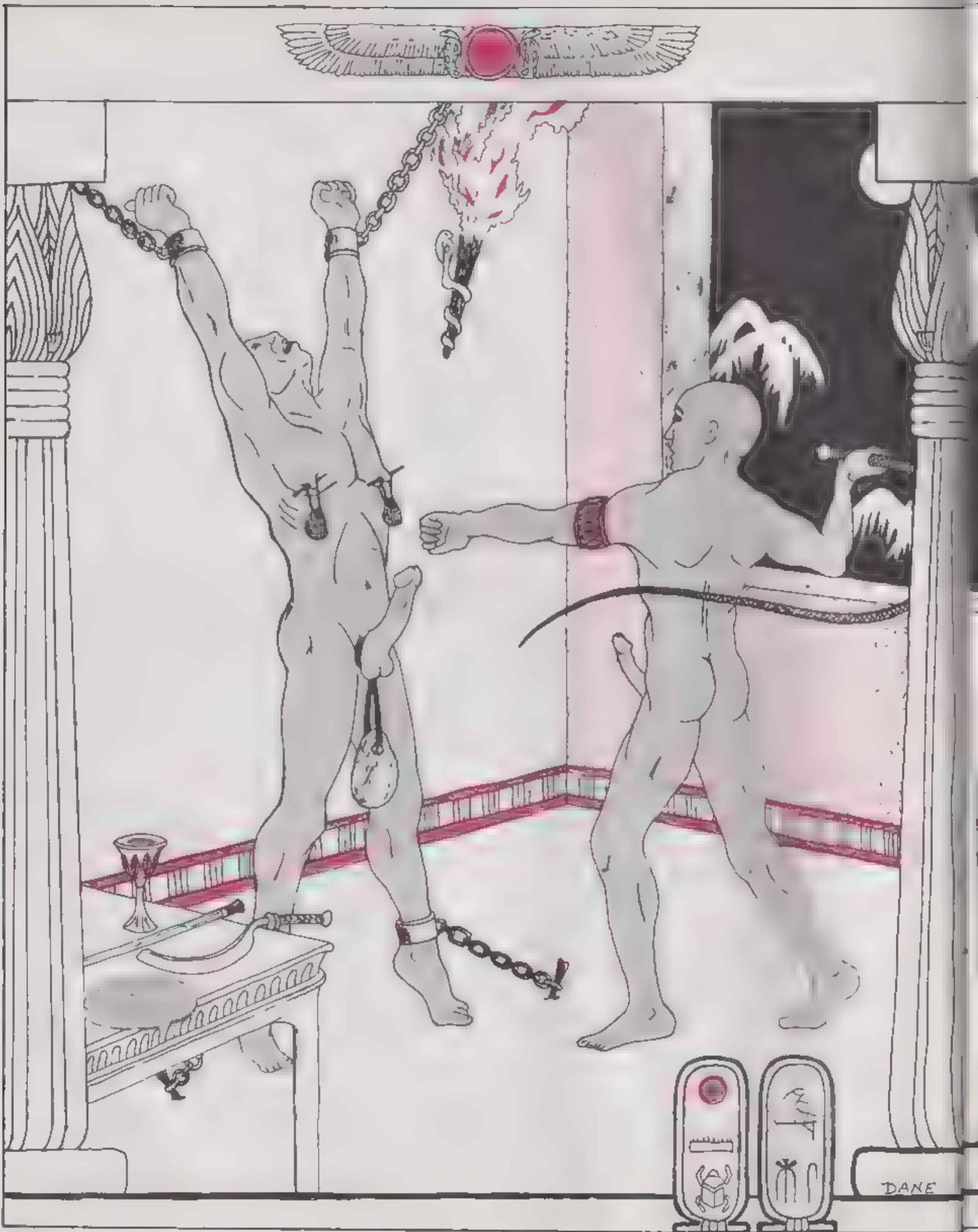
Word travels fast in the leather world—faster from coast to coast, it seems, than small town scandals over a backyard fence. What leather guys spend on jet flights and long-distance calls in one year might equal the annual state budget of Rhode Island—a modest fortune, at least. Although I did not play the part of a sex toy and party boy, I have been known to enjoy sex, parties, and even sex-parties. During one Dungeon Party in Seattle, I was tied to a swing and whipped, and jerked off with a pretty leatherboy later in the evening. The next day I took a jet back to Philadelphia, and a day later I got a long-distance call informing me that I'd been observed in a *sling* at that very party, giving guided group tours of my own Grand Canyon. Once again, a few folks were righteously indignant that I had acted beneath the dignity of my title. Though I find nothing undignified about fisting (as long as it is done safely), truth was duller than fiction in this case. Fisting is a form of anal yoga I've rarely tried and never mastered, and the idea of fisting with strangers in public tempts me as much as the buns of Ronald or the breasts of Nancy.

Leatherfolk often become movie screens on which the general public projects its fantasies and fears. When the fantasies are projected from a Hollywood director like Friedkin in the movie *Cruising*, sadomasochism is glibly equated with murder, and the fantasy is stereotyped. To a lesser degree, the same projection occurs within the leather community. Titleholders are alternately idolized or demonized; on Monday they can do no wrong, on Tuesday they can do no right; minor events become major sagas. Some of this can be simply explained. "Most men

live lives of quiet desperation," as Thoreau said, and most folks are desperate for drama. Admiration, envy, and simple boredom are the mothers of invention. If a titleholder raises money for AIDS, he becomes Mother Theresa; if he's had a bad day and shows it, he's Kaddafi. During the year I held my title, there were times I thought I had been cloned, because my double was out there living a life of heroic sexual adventure and great drama, great virtue and great vice.

Patrick Toner, who held the IML title the year before me, was a dynamic fund-raiser and helped organize the San Francisco Gay Pride parade in 1986. Political disputes arose (as always) concerning the parade, and one person wrote a letter to a gay paper dismissing Toner as "a beauty queen." A small but revealing example of the way in which titles become lightning rods for both praise and blame! Rather than debate principles and politics, Patrick's leather title served as a convenient club for his critic to grab. Beauty queens may sit on floats, but should not sit on parade committees; beauty queens should keep their legs spread and their mouths shut—this must have been the logic of that remark.

Leather contests should be celebrations of community, first and foremost. Contestants who don't win should not feel too humbled; people in everyday life are the best judges of character and beauty, the only judges who finally count. You don't need a title to be a good lover or to do a wealth of good in the world. And contestants who win should not feel too proud: contests are largely a matter of chance, and the winners may do better on stage than in life. Much depends on the good or bad taste of judges, and on their good or bad moods. Contests should be a play of reality and fantasy, of ego and community. Beyond that, it is probably best to bury our illusions. □



LOVE and PAIN

BY
THOMAS L.
DAWSON

Prologue

It came to pass in 1501 B. C. that Egypt's ruler died leaving two claimants to the throne: his power-hungry daughter of twenty-three by his first marriage, and the promising young Thutmose, nine, by his second. The priests decreed that the daughter, Hatshepsut, should rule as regent until her half-brother should reach 18. During these years Hatshepsut moved cleverly to consolidate her power and with each year was less inclined to relinquish it. Young Thutmose meanwhile matured into a magnificent young specimen, known for his intelligence, his beauty and his athletic prowess.

Part of Hatshepsut's scheme was the assignment of her handsome counselor and confidant, Senmut, to supervise the education of her young half-brother, thus giving her future control.

Gradually she saw her plan warped. The princeling, orphaned at nine, found in kind Senmut a surrogate father of surpassing qualities. Likewise, Senmut found in the lad an intelligence and beauty so arresting that his role as mentor came to outweigh his commitment to the Queen.

Hatshepsut became alarmed as she observed this growing attachment and soon began to conceive a ruthless solution.

So it was that Thutmose approached the time of his coronation having reached a splendid physical maturity if not yet an emotional one. Under the loving tutelage of Senmut, he was wise beyond his years, yet innocent of love's strange ways and of his own budding character.

This, then, was the state of affairs when the Queen, daring to wait no longer, struck!

Night of Revelation

Young Thutmose lay on his cushions, sleepless, staring numbly at the painted ceiling. For two days he had not slept, nor had many in the palace. Horror and suspicion ruled. There was certainly no sleep for those whose chambers were within earshot of the dreaded tower where Senmut was being interrogated under severe torture by the High Priests. The pitiable sounds carried all too well through the night.

Thutmose still could not believe it true, despite the reports of the Queen's spies. Was it possible that good Senmut was indeed

author of a conspiracy to poison the Queen and seize the throne for his protegee, young Thutmose? It made no sense: he was to be crowned in any event two moons hence. Still, were it true, he loved Senmut the more for it! He tossed his dark head from side to side as if to expel the image of what was happening even now in the tower.

Toward dawn, as he dozed from exhaustion, a quiet rapping came at his door. It was a messenger reporting that, despite terrible and prolonged torture noble Senmut still would neither



confess nor name those in league with him. Further, the High Priest had decreed that the useless questioning cease and that Senmut be sentenced to ritual crucifixion and thus paraded through the streets.

Thutmose shuddered. He had heard of this cruel execution, a death reserved for traitors. It involved a single great pole on which was mounted a giant bronze phallus larger than that of a bull, symbolic of the legendary organ of Menes, god-king and first pharaoh of all Egypt. The condemned was brought naked before the statue of Ra in the small court of the temple and there spread-eagle facing the sun god and flogged severely with sacred whips, then removed to the inner sanctum and, with deliberate slowness, agonizingly impaled on the huge anointed phallus in a ceremony closed to all save select Priests who chanted the praises of Ra and the sins of the condemned.

It was said that this dreadful procedure required from sunset until dawn, at which time the victim's hands were stretched taut above his head and nailed to the great pole, a single bronze spike serving for both hands, and a second for the feet. Thus he was paraded publicly, during which spectacle the victims writhed uncontrollably in a vain attempt to dislodge the hideous device. But no matter how the tortured body arched away from the pole, tight-stretched limbs prevented relief. The effect of this attempt to escape the impalement was a final humiliation, for the movements of the skewered figure suggested a grotesque travesty of sexual pleasure as the gleaming shaft was briefly exposed as the tortured anus pulled away, then was re-swallowed anew by the writhing body.

Thutmose shuddered again, cursed quietly, and swore that Senmut would not die thus. Mind racing, he paced the chamber like an animal. Then he beckoned the messenger and instructed him to tell the High Priest that he, Thutmose, as a last resort, would assume further questioning himself. He knew he could not save Senmut; to do so would condemn himself. But he could at least spare him crucifixion and impalement with a quick and merciful death. Thutmose hurriedly sacrificed at his personal altar, threw on his great cloak against the night chill, then sped along the dark sandstone corridors to the tower, taking the steep steps three at a time in long-legged strides.

At the tower room door the guard knelt, touching his forehead to the floor. Thutmose instructed him to tell the priests that all were to leave. He would question the prisoner alone. The inquisitors grimly filed out, bowing low as they passed the young prince. Thutmose then entered . . . and gasped!

Beloved Senmut hung spread-eagle in chains, feet barely touching the floor, head slumped on his chest, thick dark hair all but obscuring his fine features. He was naked. His smooth skin was criss-crossed with whip marks. His genitals had been bound with thin leather straps from which dangled heavy stones. Through each tender nipple were driven sharpened sticks, each supporting a small woven sack into which had been dropped small bronze weights to increase the pain.

Thutmose was stunned. Multiple reactions fought in him. He had come to kill his friend in mercy. What he saw filled him with rage, compassion, astonishment, horror and love. Worst of all he felt a bewildering excitement he'd never felt before. It overrode the other seething emotions. He could feel it in his loins and he was astonished and ashamed. Like a creature trapped by the gaze of a serpent he stood thunderstruck, feeling himself first the serpent, then the victim.

His impulse was to cut Senmut down at once, anoint his aching wounds, caress his tear-streaked face, and somehow spirit him away. His logical young mind knew however that he must take Senmut's life swiftly, mercifully. But something stopped him. It surged through his body like lightning through the sky. The feeling was terrible . . . no, wonderful! It sent shivers down his spine.

He must act, he thought. Why did he hesitate? He felt faint as he realized that his cock was shamefully rising beneath his cloak and sought out the chair facing the suspended man. He sat staring for a very long time. His breath coming in shallow gasps, perspiration shone across his forehead. He felt both sick and excited

compassionate and fascinated. His eyes stood wide, jaw slack.

At last Senmut's lids flickered open and his gaze sought out that of his young prince. Thutmose saw before him both pain and pleading so intense he could not bear it and quickly averted his eyes. His gaze fell upon the table where lay a dozen implements of torture, some devices for torments he could not fathom. Suddenly an idea sprung to mind. If he, Thutmose, could extract the necessary information from Senmut he might then argue for a quick and dignified death!

Trembling, he rose and drew close to the silent figure and in a low hoarse whisper beseeched Senmut to confess to him. Senmut did not move and Thutmose's gaze fell to rest on the welts across the victim's shoulders; somehow he wanted to feel their heat on the tip of his tongue; they seemed to him quite beautiful in the flickering light from the brazier. Senmut stirred, and in a voice barely audible, murmured that he was indeed innocent and could name no others lest guiltless men die.

Thutmose was silent. He returned slowly to the chair, emotion overwhelming him. He fought a losing battle with the urgent and turbulent excitement in him; it was unsuppressible, compelling. He pressed hard against his stilted mast through the fabric of the cloak. He felt great shame . . . and great pleasure. He stared transfixed at the chained, naked figure before him, at the bright whip marks, at the tormented genitals and pierced nipples. He felt transported!

At last, like a sleepwalker he went slowly to the table where lay the grim instruments. He stared at them long and hard, expressionless, eyes glazed. Then, with a hand that trembled slightly, he reached out and selected a long black scourge made of braided snake skin. He held it a long while, examining its full length. His chest rose and fell rapidly. Senmut, despite his pain, sensed the tumult in the young prince. His half-closed eyes now widened with fear.

Thutmose at last moved slowly to a position directly before the bound figure and for a moment their eyes met and held. Then Senmut dropped his gaze, his head sagging to his chest. For a long moment there was silence. Then young Thutmose whispered hoarsely "I shall save you now!"

The first powerful blow cut across Senmut's chest just above the tortured nipples. He tensed violently, lifting his chains, head jerked far back as a gasp broke from his lips. Thutmose gasped as well, sucking in great gulps of air, his mouth half open.

He stood for a moment, eyes brimming, cock swollen, looking at the lowered whip. Then he stared at the scarlet circle with which he had wrapped his mentor's naked body. In faltering steps he moved slowly to the table, dragging the scourge behind him. A minute passed, then two. Senmut hung motionless now, eyes closed.

After a time, as if in a trance, the prince came to stand squarely before Senmut, paused, then raising his free hand to the fibula which held his cloak in place, he slowly drew it out, letting both cloak and pin fall to the floor. He was naked now except for the brief linen skirt in which he slept. Then this, too, he pulled off, leaving only his leather sandals held by thongs that criss-crossed up his powerful calves.

The prince reached out slowly and touched the brilliant welt he'd made on the victim's flesh. Then, drawing a deep breath, he began to flog the helpless body before him, savagely. Circling slowly around the victim he lashed out at the jerking, moaning figure more than twenty times, not in rapid impassioned strokes but with deliberateness; waiting and watching with sparkling eyes as long as several minutes between blows. He was aware of nothing save the body before him. He emitted a little cry of pleasure with each stroke, the sound mingling with Senmut's gasps of pain.

At last, breathing heavily, Thutmose ceased the whipping and moved to the table, leaning against it for support, sweat trickling down his handsome features and over his glistening chest. He stared with disbelief at the lacerated figure. Then, very slowly he moved forward, drawing close to the tear-stained face of the victim who, sensing his nearness, half opened his eyes and saw

sensing his nearness, half-opened his eyes and saw that the young prince's mouth was atremble. Thutmose, with infinite slowness, lifted his lips to those of the bound figure. Their mouths clung as if at a long-sought destination. The prince's fingers slipped slowly across Senmut's flesh, caressing the welts and toying with the agonized nipples, tormenting them further. Senmut's groans confirmed Thutmose's intoxication and his tongue pressed lightly through the victim's parted lips.

Suddenly there was pounding at the door. Thutmose leapt back, snatched into reality as from a dream. He was instantly aware of his throbbing erection and saw that Senmut was equally engorged. Quickly, he threw his cloak about his shoulders and demanded loudly who dared interrupt. "A message, highness, a message most urgent" cried the voice, and as he spoke there appeared beneath the door a sheet of folded parchment.

Taking it quickly to the brazier, Thutmose read its contents, then read it again, his face betraying bewilderment. A clique of nobles had confronted the queen, pressed her to confess her plot. Senmut was innocent! All the events of the night whirled in his head. He could not grasp all that was happening to him. The Queen had agreed to retire to Thebes, passing the scepter to her half-brother. Thutmose stared at the message in stupor. He was Pharaoh! Senmut was innocent!

Then his gaze fell on Senmut and his hand unconsciously to his demanding cock. He stood long thus, then slowly lay the paper on the fire and watched it turn to ash. Almost numbly now, he let the cloak slip to the floor and moved to the table of torture implements, staring at them very long, selecting at last a many-thonged short whip made from the pizzle of a bull. It was scarcely longer than a wide handspan. Moving to face Senmut he stood before him now, naked, cock pulsing, his gleaming chest heaving. Though Senmut's eyes remained lowered his powerful organ thrust arrogantly forward. Thutmose touched it lightly, caressing the huge head, stroking his own rigid mast with his other hand.

Then, leaning forward, he kissed Senmut full on the lips. After a brief moment he withdrew his mouth and commenced delicately whipping Senmut's sensitive penis and bound balls. He continued, like a cat amusing itself with a captive mouse, until his own passion built and the strokes came with greater speed and severity. From time to time he stopped, caressed the flogged cock, kissed Senmut deeply, then returned to the punishment of his captive's bound mast.

As Thutmose slashed harder and faster the weights dangling from the victim's balls danced in circles and Senmut, head thrown back, gasped and moaned, his body arching upward in pain. Inflamed by desires he could not understand, Thutmose wielded the stinging thongs ferociously now shifting his attention from the vulnerable cock to the tender nipples, slashing harshly first at one and then the other.

Without warning, Senmut's cock exploded, jetting forth strands of thick fluid across the naked flesh of his tormentor. Abruptly the whipping ceased and Thutmose moved close, taking Senmut's chin in one hand and his own straining cock in his other. He kissed the older man deeply and forcefully and, anointing his right hand with Senmut's milky fluids, moved his hand along the length of his own hungry organ but twice. He paused, gasped, and came like a cataract onto the naked flesh of his mentor, his knees sagging, a cry escaping his throat.

Epilogue

The records which remain show that in 1478 B.C., Queen Hatshepsut was indeed banished to Thebes, Senmut restored to great favor, and that Thutmose III ascended the throne late in his 18th year. It is also written that after the coronation it was the young Pharaoh's custom to withdraw, together with faithful Senmut, one day each month at full moon to the Sacred Caves in the Valley of The Kings where none would follow. It was said that there they meditated and fasted, the better to devote themselves to the service of the people. This selfless devotion earned them much praise. □

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MR. DRUM

The Mr. Drummer 1987 finals got off to a start on Wednesday June 24 with a cocktail reception for contestants, sponsors, judges, staff and the press at Club DV8's elegant River Room. On Thursday morning work began as producer Anthony Bruno took charge beginning planning for the show. In the afternoon the nine contestants worked individually with Anthony and with the Drummer Boys rehearsing their fantasy skits. Meanwhile Mikal Bales of Zeus Studios, assisted by Scott Answer, conducted individual photo sessions with each contestant.

Then Mackenzie Poe, the Drummer staff member in charge of shepherding this hunky flock of contestants through their weekend schedule, bussed them back to the San Franciscan Hotel headquarters for the contest, where each regional Mr. Drummer met with the five judges for an individual question and answer session. The Judges: Dom "Etienne" Orejudos, Henry Romanowski, Mr. New York Leather 1984, Steve Maidhof, President of the National Leather Association, Mike Murray, Mr. Drummer 1986, and Luke Daniel, Mr. Drummer 1982 and International Mr. Leather 1982, enjoyed this chance to get to know the contestants as individuals. Special thanks to Luke Daniel who stepped in as the fifth judge at the last minute when an emergency kept Ron Acker in Texas.

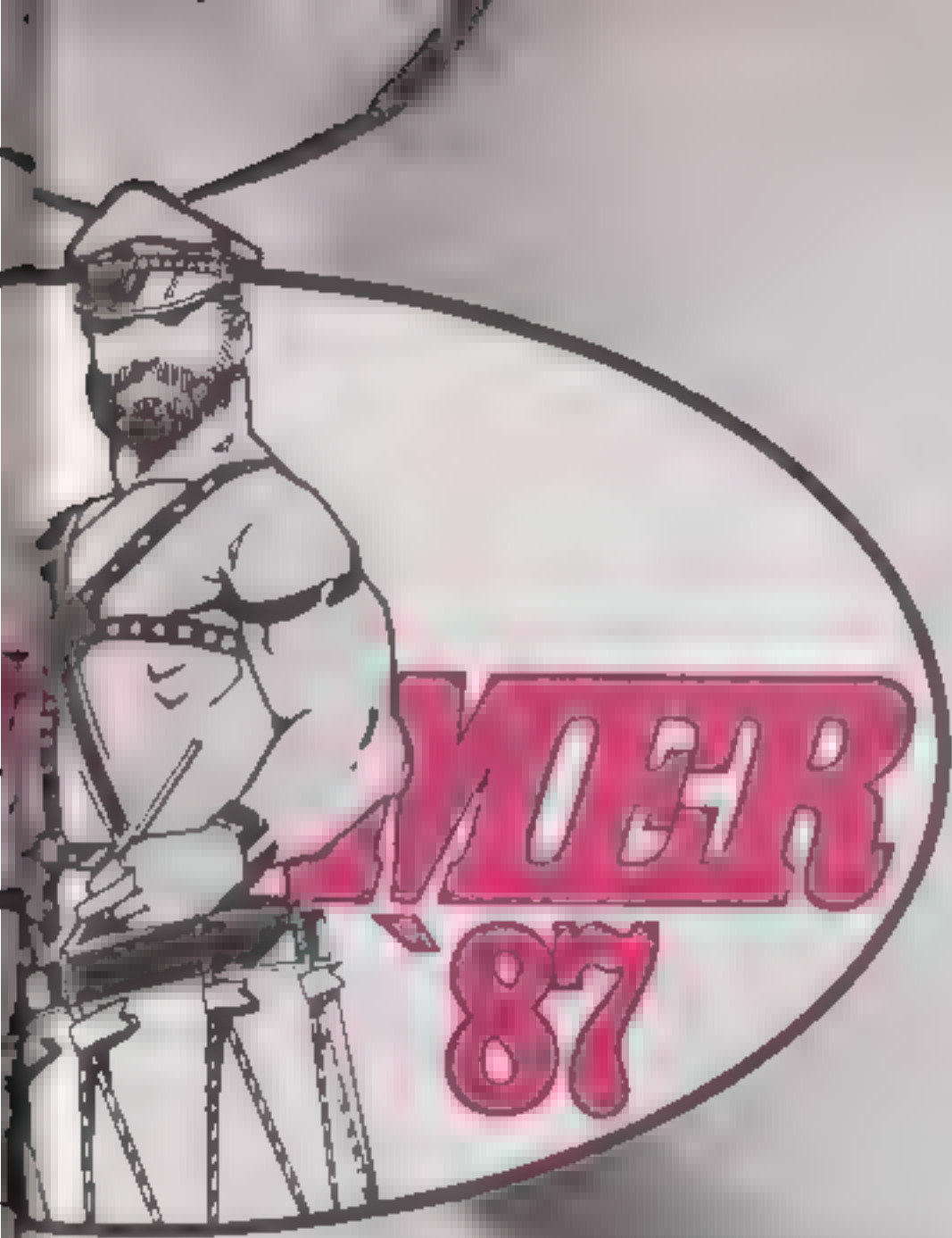
Then everyone did a quick change for an evening of appearances. First to a cocktail party hosted by Vern Stewart and Navigator Travel. We were joined at the party by local leather VIPs as well as by the International Mr. and Ms. Leather title holders. Vern and the others at Navigator, and at the San Franciscan, did an excellent job of serving the Mr. Drummer contestants and others who used their services in conjunction with the contest. We had not a single complaint! And the contestants all said the rooms were excellent. They seemed to spend a good deal of time comparing the sizes of their bathtubs and speculating on the kinds of games that could be and possibly were played in them.

Next the group moved on to the Power House where Allan Selby of Mr. S Leather and the AIDS Emergency fund of San Francisco was again presenting a Fetish and Fantasy Night with S. M. performances/demonstrations by all of the Bay area S. M. organizations. Allan had asked me to demonstrate the violet wand and I'd asked Mike Murray to assist. He'd asked if I would have to tie him up. I said, "no, I don't have to," but from the disappointed look on his face I quickly, and most willingly, amended that to "but I will!" Mike definitely enjoyed getting his tits, crotch and ass massaged with electrical sparks, and the crowd enjoyed watching, and listening, to him enjoy it. Judy Tallwing McCarthy then joined us and she also got her first violet wand massage, to the delight of everyone. Judy included.

Then it was on to the San Francisco Eagle where the city's inimitable Mr. Marcus was MC'ing the monthly Bare Chest contest and Mr. Drummer 1984, Sonny Kine, was serving as one of the judges. Marcus introduced the contestants to the packed house and then called Mike Murray up to smile for the audience from both ends. Peter Morrison entered, and won, the bare chest contest.

Mikal Bales of Zeus Studios, serving as Master of Ceremonies for the





evening, assisted by his "boy" Scott Answer, guided the contestants through their four separate appearances: in "street or cruising" attire, in jock straps, in their individual fantasies, and in "leather" (image costume International Ms Leather, Judy Tallwing McCarthy and her runners-up Shadow Morton and Rainbeau made a special appearance and both Judy and IML Tom Karash, gave short speeches

After explaining the judging procedures, I alerted chubby chasers in the audience to pay attention and warned everyone else to avert their eyes for a few seconds so I could strip off my Sheriff's uniform and Italian T-shirt for the auction. During the Jock Strap competition each of the contestants stripped off autographed jockey or other shorts to add to the clothing collection for the auction and while ballots were being counted Anthony Bruno, Sonny Kine, Judy Tallwing McCarthy and Shadow Morton bared their tops as well. Because the show ran a little late the auction which was supposed to be held immediately following the contest, was postponed and the shirts and shorts were auctioned as a part of the Leather Daddy's contest at the San Francisco Eagle. Alan Seiby reported that they went for an average of \$45 each and all sold to provide well over a thousand dollars for the AIDS Emergency Fund.

The DrummerBoys circulated the Ballot Boots to collect the audience vote and the Tally Master summarized the judges work sheets.

Then Mr Drummer 1987 was announced.

Friday was packed solid with more rehearsals then a quick break to relax and change before the contest. The show started off with a spectacular parade of male flesh, all of which had previously appeared in the pages of Drummer. As each of the men appeared he stripped "the shirt off his back" to be auctioned off later for the AIDS Emergency Fund. Participating were all of the judges and Tally Master, Fred Katz, International Mr. Leather 1987 Thomas Karash, IML runners up Michel Rousse and Ken Gordon, Mr. San Francisco Leather 1987 Bill Johanson, IML 1983 Dr. Coulter Thomas, soon to be Drummer columnist Jay Baldwin, Performer Chris Burns, and Zeus models Scott Answer and Harke Wase, Patrick Toner, IML 1985 and Sonny Cline, Mr. Drummer 1984 missed the initial parade but stripped off their shirts for the audience later in the evening.

In addition to the contestant's fantasy trips the audience was entertained by Bruno, a Los Angeles based gay comedian, and by Dick Carson and Chris Burns. Dick, a widely recognized expert with a bull whip, was joined by DrummerBoy Mark Tully for a mock flogging that sent chills down the spines of those who are not into whips and hardening thrusts into the cocks of those of us who are. (Mark, by the way, will be featured on the cover of the next issue of Drummer.) Chris Burns and his lover, and Drummer associate Editor, Jim Ed Thompson, has prepared an erotic martial arts performance that would have made last years spectacular look simple. But Jim Ed was ill and Chris, a master showman, went on alone and gave, what many who have followed his career for years agree was, one of his most erotic and breathtaking performances ever.



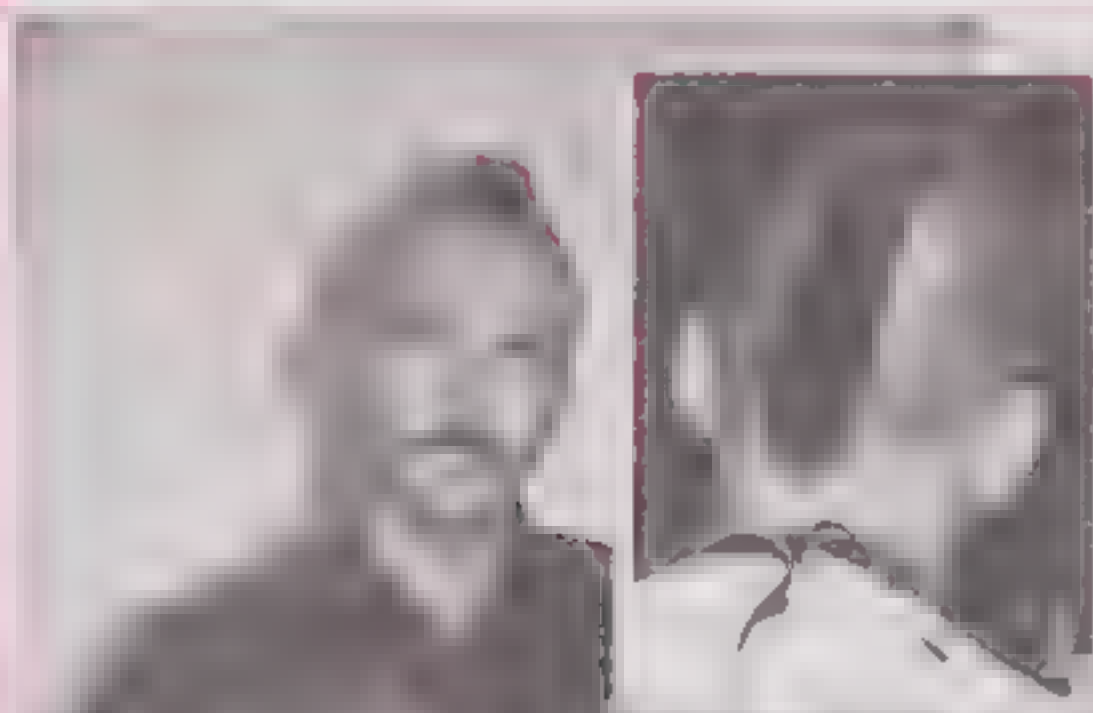


Photo Captions

- 1 Mr. Drummer 1988 Mike Murray
- 2 Mike's mohawk
- 3 Desmodus Inc. President, Andrew V. Charles
- 4 Mike Murray moons the audience for Mr. Marcus at the SF Eagle
- 5 Mika Bales Master of Ceremonies
- 6 Contestants in lock
- 7 Peter Morrison
- 8 Mark Alexander
- 9 The International Mr. Leather winners, Rainbeau Marsh, Mr. Arthy, and Shadow Morton
- 10 Mika Bales takes a break
- 11 Andy Tawing takes the shirt off her back and front
- 12 Whipmaster Dick Carlson
- 13 Male Entertainment Network video taping the contest
- 14 Mr. First Runner up, Michel Rousse
- 15 The spectacular Chris Burns
- 16 Drummer staff members Ken Lacey and Richard Simon
- 17 Mr. European Drummer's lumpy buns—or should that be scenes?
- 18 Mark Tully being hogged
- 19 Judge Luke Daniel Mr. Drummer and International Mr. Leather 1987
- 20 Colt Thomas International Mr. Leather 1983
- 21 Guy Baldwin soon to be Drummer columnist on leather SM relationships
- 22 Harker Wade Zeus model
- 23 Chris Burns Associate Producer of the contest
- 24 Judge Henry Romannowski
- 25 Judge Dom Oreinos the artist Etienne
- 26 Bill Johanson Mr. San Francisco Leather 1987
- 27 Scott Answer Zeus model and Mikal Bales boy

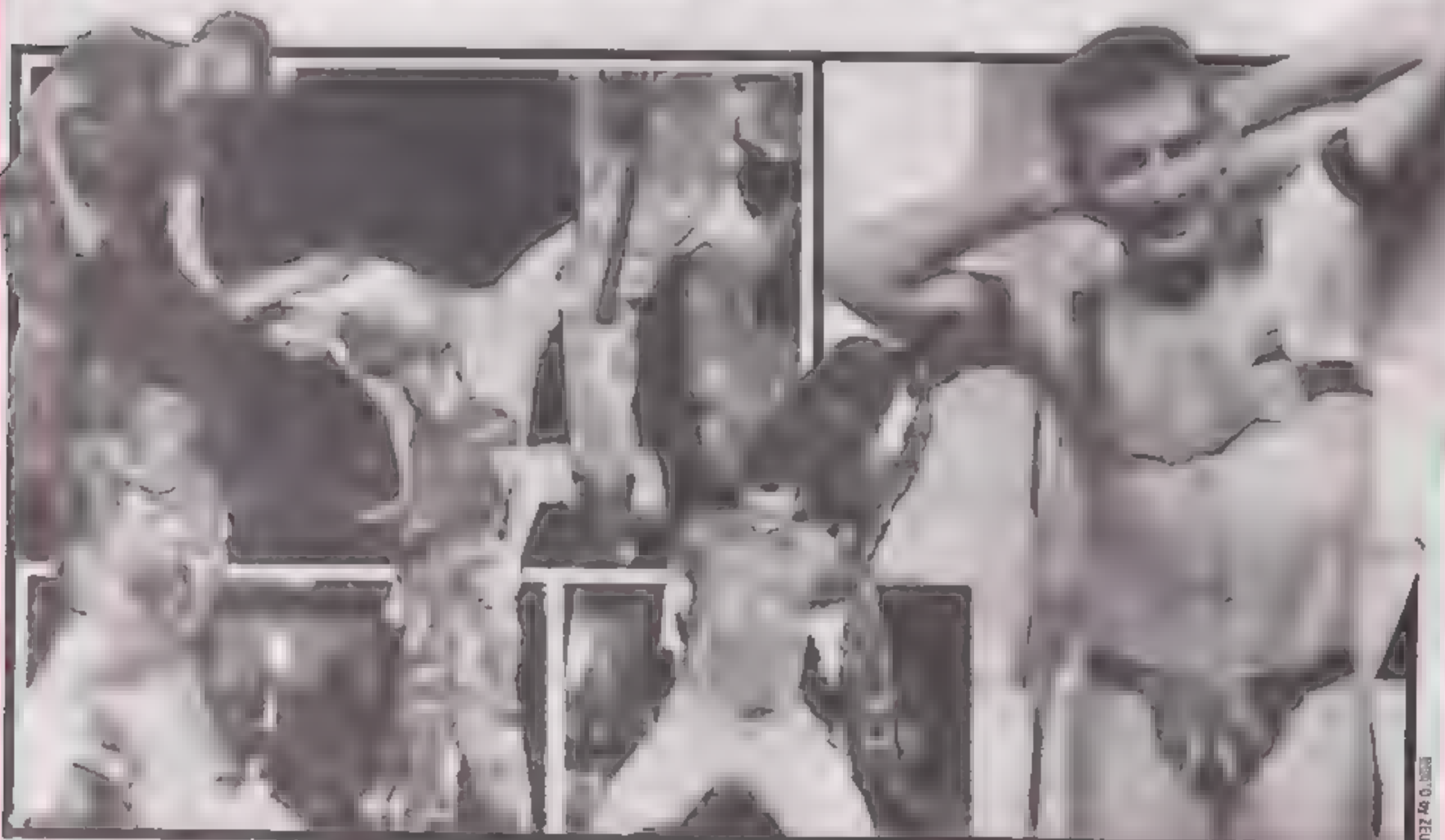






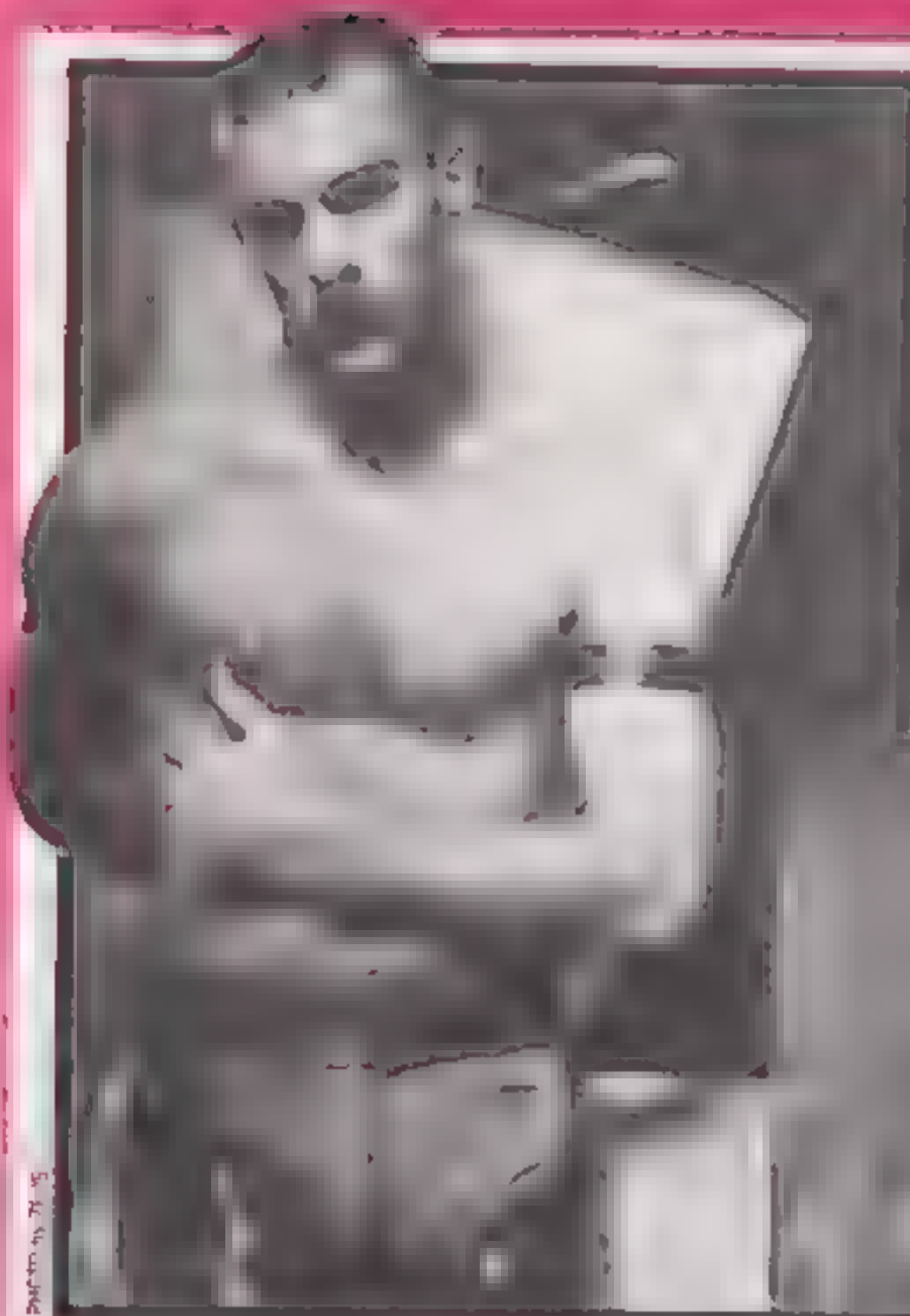
Mr. Northern California Drummer, Pete Pettine is a San Francisco man. Pete
 he has in his fantasy two soldiers attacked a leather boy. his
 and his boy push the soldiers as

shown above he leads them off stage with coarseness. One of his first
 activities as Mr. N. California Drummer is to organize the gays for travel to
 Washington for the March.



Mr. Midwest Drummer, Dan Morris is from Cincinnati, Ohio. His fantasy
 focused in a 1940 theme with gay men being carted off to concentration
 camps. This is not a fantasy we may hope for, but the sight of the two soldiers

abusing his hairy-chested body was most enjoyable. The fantasy ended with the
 voice of a newly elected president closing the camps and apologizing for the
 injustice that had been done.



Mr. Southeastern Drummer, Thom Brand is a bartender from Cape Canaveral, Florida. He is 25, 6' and 160 lbs. He was particularly impressive in uniform as a

cop pulling a leatherman through his paces in his fantasy. Thom has now moved to San Francisco and is seriously considering the young s-



Mr. European Drummer, Stefan Livarno currently resides in Seattle. The 30 year old Scotsman is 5'8" and 160 lbs. A citizen of the Netherlands, Stefan speaks six languages and travels to Europe frequently. His fantasy was a dream in which he was approached by a huge black man in leather. They engaged in a variety of

safe sex activities including simultaneously penetrating a life size inflatable. You can currently see Stefan in better greeting card stores on a new line of cards from West-Graphics.



Mr. Southwest Drummer, Jim Morrow is administrative assistant to the executives of a corporation in Dallas. Jumbo is 33, 6' and 155 lbs. He is a native Texan who grew up on a ranch using a saddle and a anal as props. He told his

fantasy a true story about himself and a ranch hand who teased a lot, then finally delivered. Jumbo is a member of the Rodeo Cowboy Association of America but in certain there are lots of broncs and pigs who'd like to be ridden by him.



Mr. Northwest Drummer, Dennis Brann is from Tacoma, Washington, where he has been active in the gay courts system. Dennis is 36, 5' 10" and 162 lbs. He is fairly new to the leather scene but learning all he can. His fantasy was a "hot" one

with a western theme in which DrummerBoy Mark Tally was tied to a sawhorse and branded on the ass, then carried offstage slung over a shoulder.

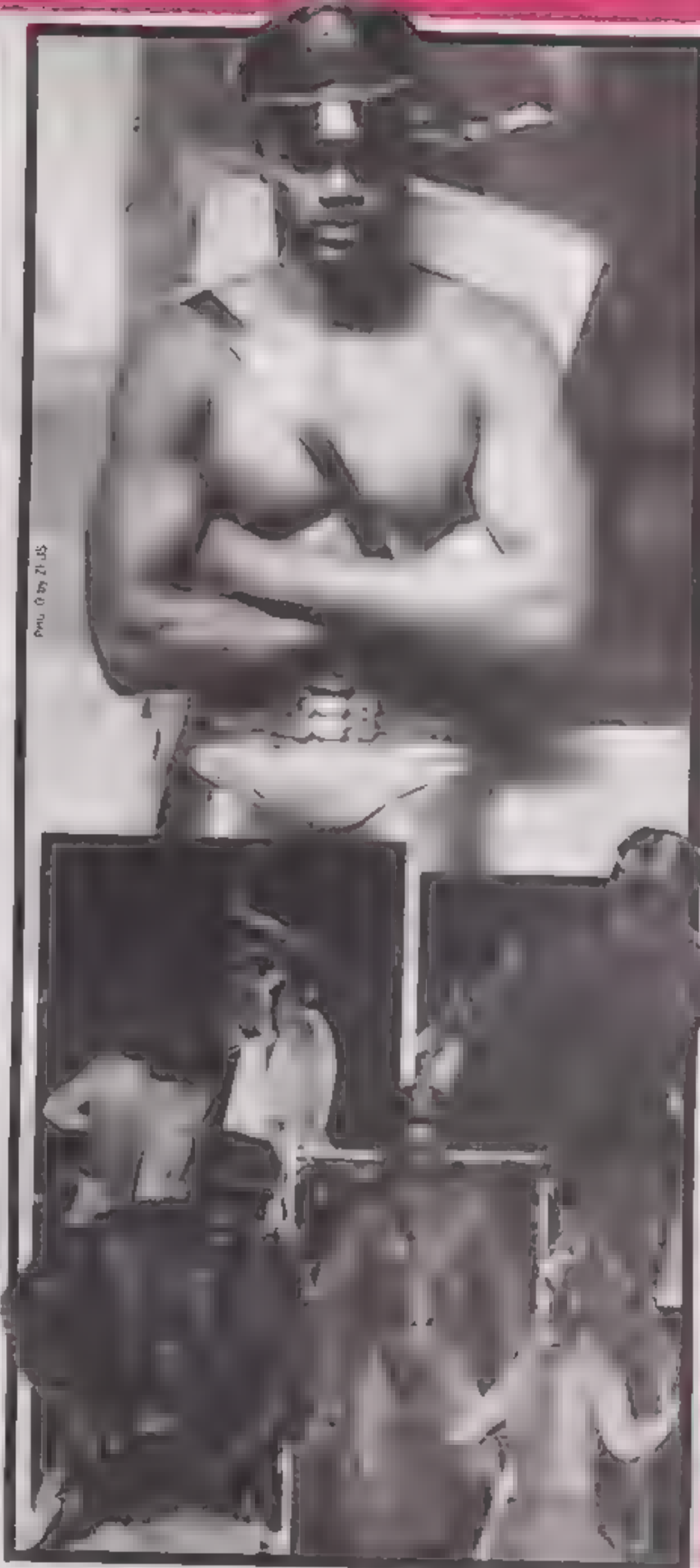
PHOTO BY ZEE'S



FIRST RUNNER-UP MR. DRUMMER 1987

Mr. Carolina's Drummer, Michael Shareck, is a corporate executive from Nashville, Tennessee. Michael's fantasy has everyone declaring, "Breakfast will never be the same." Michael began the beautifully choreographed performance by massaging honey onto his hairy chest and deep throating a banana. Then he went on to fisting a grapefruit and jerking off an ear of corn. The final climax (definitely the correct word, came as he sat on the ear of corn and shuddered in ecstasy. He was voted First Runner-up to Mr. Drummer 1987.

PHOTO BY ZEE'S



SECOND RUNNER-UP MR. DRUMMER 1987

Mr. New England Drummer, Mitch Davis, is a physical education teacher from Boston. He is 27, 6'5", and 215 lbs. For his fantasy he rose from a manhole on stage amid three highway construction workers. A specter in black hides his own and his leathers, he subdued and was worshiped by each of the three, then he descended back into the depths. Mitch was voted Second Runner up to Mr. Drummer 1987.



Photo by J. S.



MR. DRUMMER 1987

Mr. Southern California Drummer, Mark Alexander, is a 32 year old bodybuilder from Venice Beach, California. In his fantasy, performed against a backdrop of a men's room wall, Mark is at the urinal when approached by his over Peter Morrison, as a cop. The cop is quickly, and willingly, subdued, stripped to the waist, and made to worship the family jewels that sprout from Mark's lev's, but not before he was made to apply a condom to the very real, looking piece of latex. The climax was definitely reached when a skillfully concealed squeeze bulb and hose sprayed milky white fluid all over Peter's spectacular chest.







PHOTO BY
ROBERT PRUZAN

PHOTO BY A. F. DODGE

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Only San Francisco Precision Whip Drill Team

PHOTO by ROBERT PRIZAN

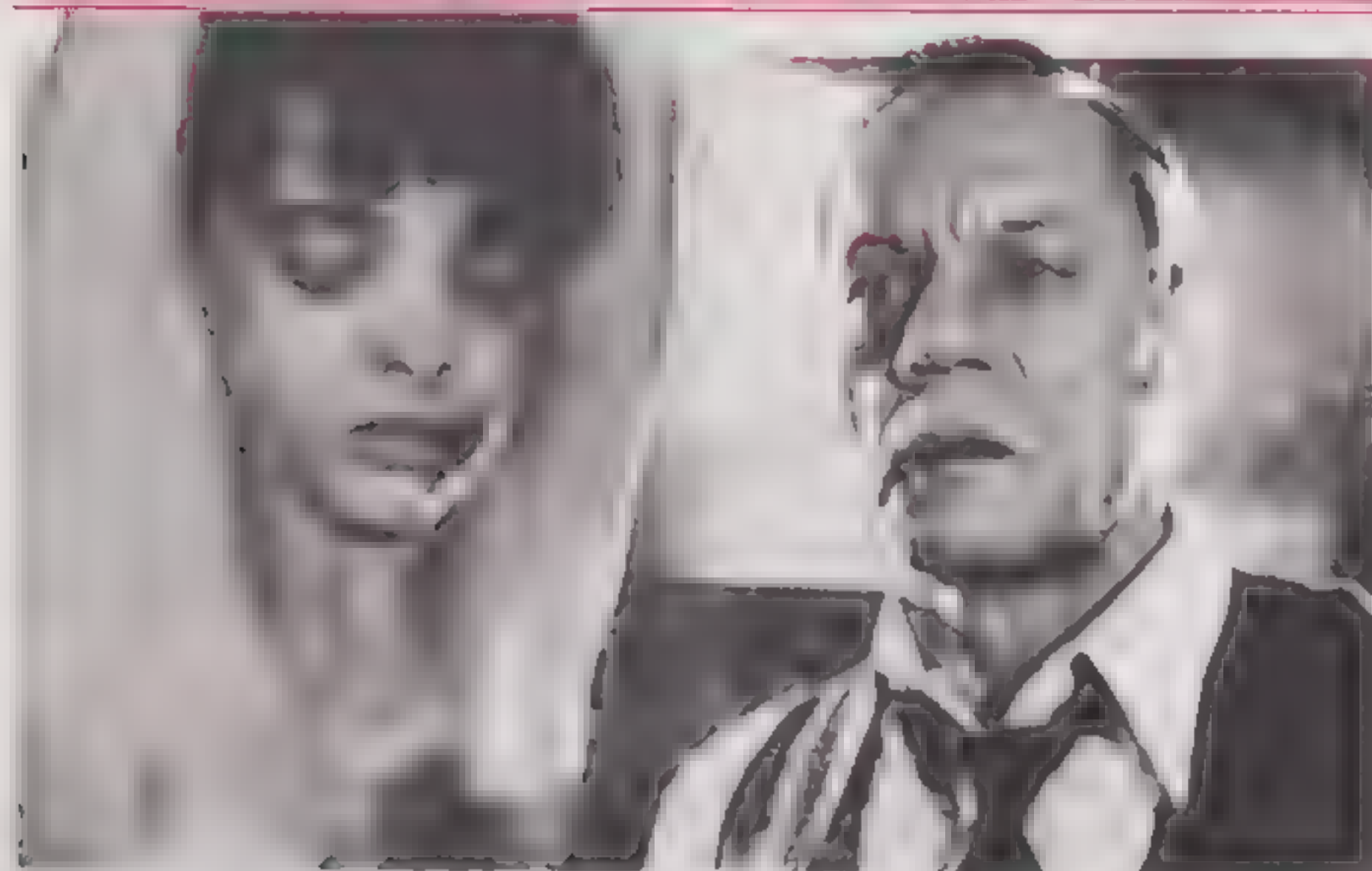
Saturday was a day of relative leisure. If such a term can be applied to the hectic pace of Gay Pride Weekend in San Francisco. Then on Sunday the Mr Drummer contestants joined the ML and IMSL winners as well as many current and former leather title holders on the South of Market float sponsored by Up Your Alley productions, the San Francisco Eagle and the Powerhouse. The float was just one of the elements in the Leather/SM section of the parade which included delegations from several bay area leather/SM organizations including The 15 Association, The Society of Janus, and the One and Only San Francisco Precision Whip Drill Team. Jay Marstan and all of her "whispers" are to be congratulated on this last named group. I wish I'd had enough time to practice the routine so I could have joined them. Maybe next year!

Andy and I want to thank everyone who went to make this year's contest a success: The contestants, their sponsors, and the Judges, Production Staff, Anthony Bruno, B. J. Bradford, Chris Burns, and J. J. Zanger DrummerBoys, Lee Baldwin, Talbot Buttrick, Rod Lance, Adam Patterson, Mark Tully, Bernard Turner, A. G. Woods, and Peter Woods, all prize donors, especially Mack's Leathers of Vancouver who gave a \$500 gift certificate, and Dom Orejudos who gave an original Etienne drawing and all of the others mentioned above who helped in so many ways.

Mark Alexander, Mr Drummer 1987, and his lover, Peter Morrison, are available for appearances and/or erotic performances for groups and individuals. They may be contacted at 217 Horizon, Venice Beach, CA 90291, 312/472-8268. Though he has passed the title on to another, Mike Murray is still interested in doing what he can for the Leather community and will be happy to assist with fund raisers, etc. He may be contacted in care of Drummer. The regional winners are also willing to assist with fund raisers, etc. You may contact them through their sponsoring organizations or through Drummer Travel funds are limited for all of these men, but enthusiasm is high.

Next year we hope you will all be able to join us for the celebration of Leather/SM that is the Mr. Drummer Finals and Gay Pride Weekend in San Francisco! □

—Fledermaus



THE PAIN IN SPAIN

The eleventh San Francisco International Lesbian and Gay Film Festival was high in quality but low on leather. After countless hours of jealous lesbians, noble drag queens and future Spielbergs showing how much fun they could have with the cameras they got for Christmas, one outstanding film made it all worthwhile.

Tras el Cristal (officially *In a Glass Cage*, but more literally and double entendrily *Behind the Glass*) is a graphic, realistic horror film that's heavy on psychological S/M as well as physical torture leading to death.

In the opening scene a naked boy, beaten and bloody, is hanging by his wrists. Klaus (Geunter Meisner) inspects him, kisses him and administers the coup de grace with a

two-by-four. He developed this technique in a concentration camp but grew to love it too much to stop just because the war ended.

The real story begins years later. Klaus, injured in an accident, is confined to an iron lung in his Spanish hideaway, tended by resentful wife Marisa Paredes and their daughter, Rena (Gisela Echevarria). Along comes Angelo (David Sust), who turns out to be a survivor of Klaus' torture.

Not the avenging angel his name suggests, Angelo forces his way into the household posing as a nurse. Blackmailing Klaus into silence with a diary he's managed to get hold of, Angelo reveals himself as a disciple who has developed a taste for Klaus' activities and wants to carry on the tradi-

tion.

"I could do it for you."

"I could be what you used to be."

"I like what you were."

One night Angelo acts out an episode from the diary, letting Klaus play the victim: "I masturbated on his face. I felt his loathing inside me, giving me pleasure." To make the scene still richer Angelo talks while beating off of the need to kill Klaus' troublesome wife.

Angelo has been introduced by his mentor, either through actions, voyeuristic observations or his writings, to everything from sucking cock to plunging gas-filled needles into little boys' hearts. As he assumes control of the man's household he also takes on Klaus' personality—the final scene shows how completely

The 22-year-old Sust's modeling background is obvious at first as his babyface makes Angelo difficult to believe. As we get more used to him his innocent appearance renders the youth's nature even more startling; when he brings boys home to kill he could pass for their slightly older brother. A more experienced actor might have gotten us to accept him faster, but could ultimately have done little more with the role.

A serious horror film is rare enough in this age when most are poking fun at themselves and each other, but a serious gay S/M horror film—and the erotic nature of the proceedings is never ignored—is almost too much to ask for especially a brilliant piece of work like this.

A disclaimer at the end advises us the four boys—all similar types—worked with their parents' knowledge and supervision, a variation on the usual "No animal was killed or injured in the making of this film" blurb.

The disturbing subject matter and fear of its being branded "kiddie porn" have made everyone but a few festivals afraid to show *Tras el Cristal*, even in its native Spain, but if you have the chance you should expose yourself to a film you won't soon forget. Writer-director Augustin Villaronga, making his first feature, proves he's the bastard offspring of Pier Paolo Pasolini and Alfred Hitchcock, and the next great international filmmaker. If anyone has the balls to hire him. —Steve Warren

THIS IS MY RIFLE, THIS IS MY GUN

Full Metal Jacket, Stanley Kubrick's first film since *The Shining* was released seven years ago, does not just examine war. It plumbs the depths of dominance and submission. Anyone who is interested in the rituals of S/M will learn layers of knowledge from this film about the way human beings with a will and a desire can be transformed for a purpose. You may even want to take notes

In the first half of this symmetrically divided story, we witness the transformation of a platoon of young Marine recruits into "ministers of death" at the Marine boot camp, Parris Island, South Carolina. Kubrick depicts Marine training as a process of forging the young recruits' sexual urges into a need to kill. The drill instructor, Gunnery Sgt. Hartman, played by Lee Ermey, a former Marine Staff Non-Comm and a Vietnam Vet, uses relentless physi-

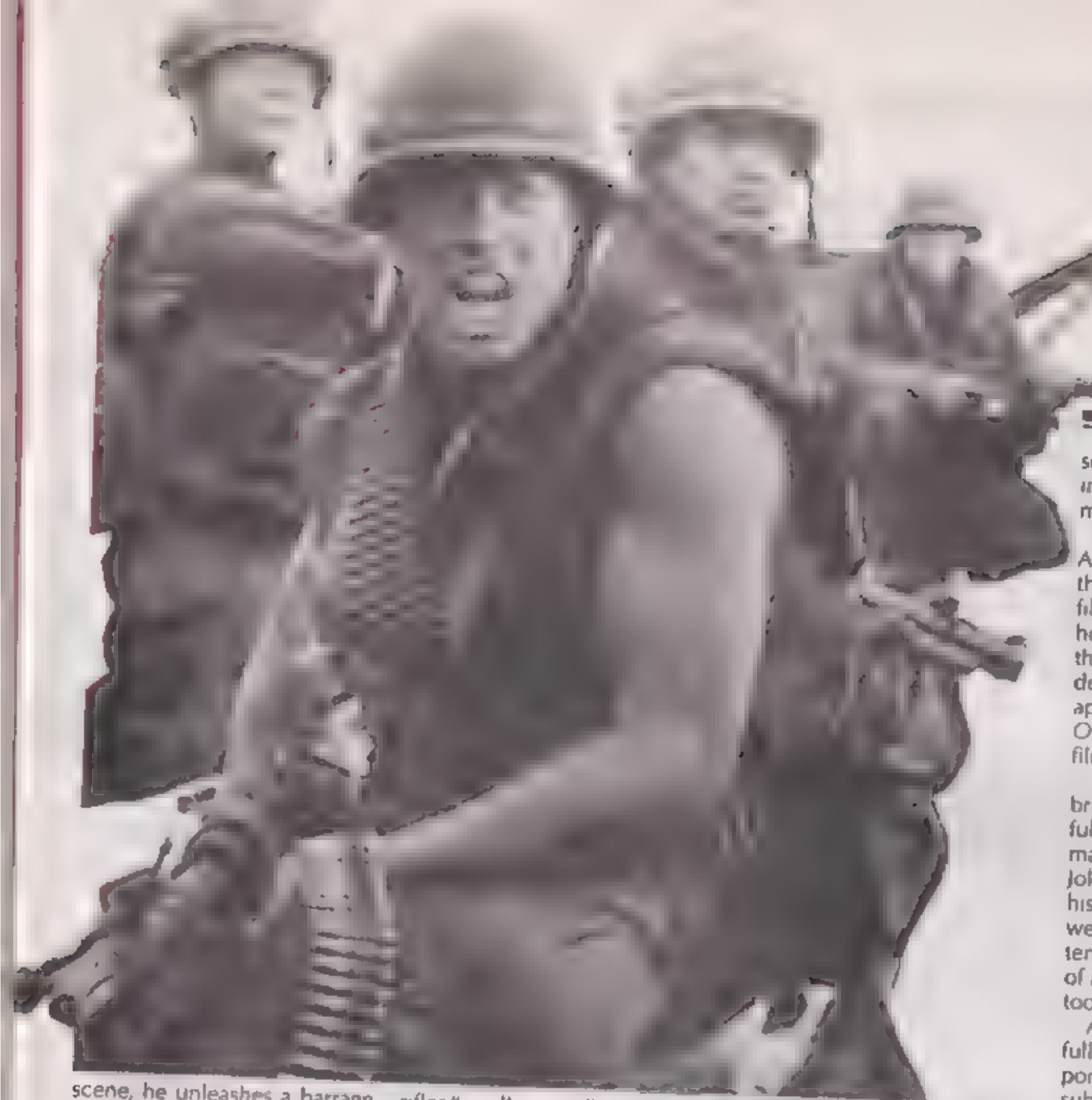
cal and emotional challenges, humiliation, intimidation, ritual violence, the constant discussion of sex and the equation of sex with violence to brainwash his platoon.

By the end of boot camp, Hartman tells his boys that "Marines are not allowed to die without permission," and the statement resonates in their eves.

The film opens with a ritual shaving of the recruits' heads. The Marine barbers are not

there to give haircuts. They go right for the scalp, in broad, brutal strokes. The young men stare ahead vacantly as huge patches of hair fall about their shoulders and their former lives are shorn away from them forever.

Hartman, who acted in and served as technical advisor in *Apocalypse Now*, *The Boys of Company C* and *Purple Hearts*, delivers perhaps the most convincing portrayal of a D.I. yet filmed. In the film's second



DRUMMEDIA

scurry alongside the Marines into artillery barrages and automatic fire.

Adam Baldwin, who plays Animal Mother, gives one of the finer performances in the film. Lethal and sex-charged, he is a cocky Rambo who lures the platoon and the audience deeper into the battle. Baldwin appeared in *My Bodyguard* and *Ordinary People*, among other films.

At the end of the film, Kubrick brings his original themes full-circle in a wrenching climax. In the final scene, Pvt. Joker recalls that on the night of his first kill he had "erect nipple wet dreams of Mary Jane Rottencrotch." The transformation of an innocent sex drive into a tool of death is complete.

As always, Kubrick has carefully chosen engaging contemporary music that provides a subtext for the film. The opening shaving sequence is accompanied by Johnny Wright's "Hello Vietnam." The Vietnam sequences are set to four Sixties hits that are ironic against the story: "These Boots are Made for Walking," "Chapel of Love," "Woolly Bully" and "Surfin' Bird."

Kubrick wrote the screenplay with Associate Producer Michael Herr and author Gustav Hasford, based on Hasford's novel, *The Short Timers*. Those who want to explore this genre further might also read two other books. Peter Tauber's *The Sunshine Soldiers* and Herb Moore's *Rows of Corn, a True Account of a Parris Island Recruit*. Warner Bros. released *Full Metal Jacket* in the U.S. on July 10.

—Wolf

Available from Sandmutopia Supply Company, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101. *Rows of Corn*, by Herb Moore, \$13.95. Add \$1.50 postage and handling perbook. Calif. residents add 6½% sales tax.

scene, he unleashes a barrage of withering attacks on his new grunts that will cause accomplished Tops to nod in admiration and will hypnotize bottoms.

"You will not like me, because I am hard. But I am fair," he tells them, like an icon of an iron-willed Top. Hartman uses sexual innuendo as a tool, a prod, a bludgeon and a threat to retrain his recruits. He assaults them with epithets, "cocksuckers, ladies, sweetheart" and the ever-present "maggots."

He screams accusations at them. "You want to suck my cock, don't you? I'll bet you could suck a golf ball through a hose!" he shouts in the face of one trembling jarhead. "You're the kind that would fuck a person in the ass and not have the common courtesy to give him a reach-around," he taunts another.

Hartman instructs his recruits that they must give their

rifles "a girl's name." "Your days of finger-banging Mary Jane Rottencrotch through her pearly pink panties are over," Hartman instructs his boys before lights out one night. "You are married to these weapons of iron and wood." The recruits sleep with rifles that night after reciting an oath of loyalty to their weapons.

At the center of the film's first act, one short scene capsulizes the equation of sex and violence. In it, the camera dollies backward ahead of the recruits who march around inside the barracks in their underwear. Each holds his rifle in one hand and his cock and balls in the other. As they march, the grunts chant "This is my rifle, this is my gun; this is for fighting, this is for fun."

Near the end of their training, we see that Hartman's methods have begun to pay off. One silent night, the platoon punishes a hapless, slow-witted, overweight Pvt. Pyle (Vin-

cent D'Onofrio) for committing a series of mistakes. To an eerie soundtrack of synthesized heavy breathing, they hold him down with his blanket, gag him and beat him with bars of soap wrapped in handtowels. The recruits have begun to channel their sexual frustration into ritualized, disciplined violence.

The boot camp segment is not the only reason to see *Full Metal Jacket*. Kubrick has once again created a tour de force of cinematography. In the film's second half, we follow two of the boot camp graduates, Pvt. Joker (Matthew Modine) and Pvt. Cowboy (Arless Howard) through a battle to recapture Hue, Vietnam's Imperial City, during the 1968 Tet Offensive.

Kubrick filmed the entire sequence at Shepperton Studios near London on a massive set of a demolished city, complete with dozens of collapsed buildings, wrecked cars, whores, giant fires, trash, palm trees, billboards and booby-traps. We



BOOKS

CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN

Military Uniforms of the World, Uniforms and Equipment since World War II, Edited by Dr. John Pimlott and Adrian Gilbert, Illustrations by Malcolm McGregor.

In the twentieth century, military dress has become less decorative and more attuned to

the practical needs of the fighting man. Bowing to the necessity for camouflage and durability, brightly colored, elaborate uniforms gave way to khaki and field gray in the trenches of World War I. This process has continued through World War II and up to the present day, and the uniform has become, in general, more and more func-

tional. This has no way lessened its interest to the enthusiast, and the period since 1945 has seen some of most fascinating developments in the long history of military uniforms.

Specialist elite forces, such as paratroop units, have needed to develop their own equipment and dress, specifically tailored to their demanding

tasks, and have continued to refine their clothing to suit a wide variety of battlefields. New equipment suitable for long, attritional campaigns in jungles, mountains, or swamps was forced on the armies of Britain and France by the nationalist, anti-colonial wars fought in many areas of the Third World during the 1940s



and 1950s. The particular requirements of the armies of the superpowers and of those soldiers who must prepare for any possible European conflicts have also altered in line with the constant advice of weapons technology.

As a general rule, soldiers are not now so easily identified by their uniforms. For many na-

tions, especially those that have come into existence since 1945, use a combination of equipment from many sources. Of particular interest is the way that certain effective items of clothing — the British "Denison" smock, for example, or the British 1944- and 1958-pattern webbing — have become standard issue in several different

armies.

This 192 page, oversize, hardbound, volume presents over 200 photographs and 80 color drawings of men in uniform. These include not only the Nato allies and Soviet Bloc nations but also fighting men from most of the nations of the world. The photos, both color and black and white, are inter-

esting, but the color drawings are the real gems around which this volume revolves. A unique addition to any enthusiast's uniform library. — Gene Hall

Available from Sandmutopia Supply Co. \$12.98 + \$2 S&H. Please make checks payable to Desmodus Inc. California residents add 6½% sales tax.

LEATHER NOTEBOOK

by LARRY TOWNSEND

Dear Larry,

I'm writing this before the Gay Pride weekend, when all the parades will take place; but I have seen a number of articles in both local and national publications that indicate there will be a lot of freaky people taking part in the demonstrations and parades. I really cringe when I read these accounts and see the accompanying photos of what is going to appear in public to represent our "community." I understand who they are and where they're coming from, but I just can't believe that the average Joe American is going to be swayed to our viewpoint by having these negative stereotypes flouncing across his TV screen.

A.D., Los Angeles, CA

Dear A.D.,

I don't feel the Gay Pride demonstrations do much, one way or the other, to mold public opinion. It is the action behind the scenes, going on all year long, which may result in changes of law or social acceptance. The celebrations are really more for us than for others, because we're the only ones who pay much attention to them. It gives the men and women who are actively involved in activities on behalf of the community a moment in the limelight. Let them enjoy it, and be thankful for their efforts in activities you never see. I take my hat off to anyone who can sit through those interminable meetings that occasionally result in positive gain. If they want to kick up their heels (or their skirts) on Gay Pride Day, more power to them.

Sir,

I am a white male, 42 years old. I placed a *Drummer* ad that was answered by a New York City Master. After a couple of

letters back and forth, he started telling me that just because I was a beginner in leathersex wasn't going to stop him from using me any way he wanted — and that because I was his slave he could rent me out to other people; I would be bound and whipped until I was bleeding, etc. Well, I told him I wasn't into being disfigured and that I thought our correspondence had gone just about far enough. I didn't want to be his slave and we should forget the whole thing. He wrote back that he had contacts all over the world who would see he got what he wanted — that once I had become his slave, he was the only one who could break the relationship. His tone scared me, because some of what he wrote sounded like a death threat, so I went to the police to see what I should do. Sir, I have read your books and I don't see anything in them to justify what this man wanted to do to me. I am interested in finding a master I can please, not in being killed. Am I wrong, Sir?

W., Vermont

Dear W,

It's unfortunate that you were not experienced enough to know that a Master-slave relationship played by mail is really more of a game than anything else. Some Tops do get carried away, expressing fantasies in their letters that they never would, or could, actually enact. I doubt you were ever in any danger, and it's too bad you had to consult the authorities. All you accomplished by this, if I know my cops, was to give them a good story to pass around at their periodic bull sessions.

Dear Larry,

A good bottom is hard to

find! Because of our current health crisis, safe sex is the order of the day. I work with my bottoms in this regard. On the other hand, they generally don't work with me. I'm a rough'n ready guy, and safe sex does pose limitations which are emotionally and psychologically hard to deal with. I find most of the desirable bottoms unwilling to cooperate with the Top in order to bring pleasure to both. Several Tops and Masters I know just don't have sex anymore because of the bad attitude of bottoms in general. I usually don't, either. In the past, Tops were hot, always ready to go, in control and very responsible. Our health crisis has changed that; even the hottest Tops need help to cope with the change in sex styles. If they don't start showing some responsibility, too, they won't have a Top to be with. Is it too much to ask a bottom to be aware of his responsibilities, or is a bottom just a bottom?

Clifford, San Francisco, CA

Dear Clifford,

Although your tone is almost bitter, and your attitude more pessimistic than I like to hear, you are really stating the case for a lot of us. It has also been my experience that Tops, who are at a lower risk than bottoms, tend to be generally speaking, much more wary of unsafe behavior. I would also go a step further and state my own feeling that I am really afraid of a bottom who has "been around," i.e., a guy who has the experience to make him a more interesting sex partner. I keep trying to picture the number and types of men he has been with over the previous five years. In effect, I'm having vicarious sex with each of them when I make it with this little M. So, when I

roll on that rubber, it's more for my protection than his.

Dear Larry

I was interested in a letter on drinking one's own piss for survival that you answered a few weeks back. I came across a book a few years ago called *Shivambu Kalu: The Water of Life*, after the technique from India. It espoused the theory that drinking one's own piss serves as a kind of vaccine for anything that goes through your system. There is nothing to the treatment but drinking about one cup of urine, followed by 8 oz. of fresh water every morning and evening. The first two weeks the person goes through a mini-version of most of the diseases he has had throughout his life. After this, the real healing occurs. I tried it, and found it cured my allergies, my skin cleared up, and any colds I have are gone in a day. The author claims cures for cancer and VD. I am wondering if it might have some benefit in the current health crisis. Do you suppose the FDA would consider it?

Peter, Van Nuys, CA

Dear Peter,

It is certainly food (or drink) for thought. I do seem to recall that Mahatma Gandhi was supposed to have followed this regimen, but they had him doing everything except walking on water. I find it hard to imagine that the medical establishment of our Western world would ever consider testing such a theory. It sounds to me like an idea that will either cure you or kill you.

If you would like Larry Townsend to address a particular problem or issue write: Notebook, *Drummer*, PO Box 11314, San Francisco CA 94101.

LAST MONTH, OUR HERO CHANCED UPON A GAS STATION IN A DESERTED AREA AND GOT HIMSELF "ADOPTED" BY THE SIMPLE-MINDED SON OF THE FAMILY.

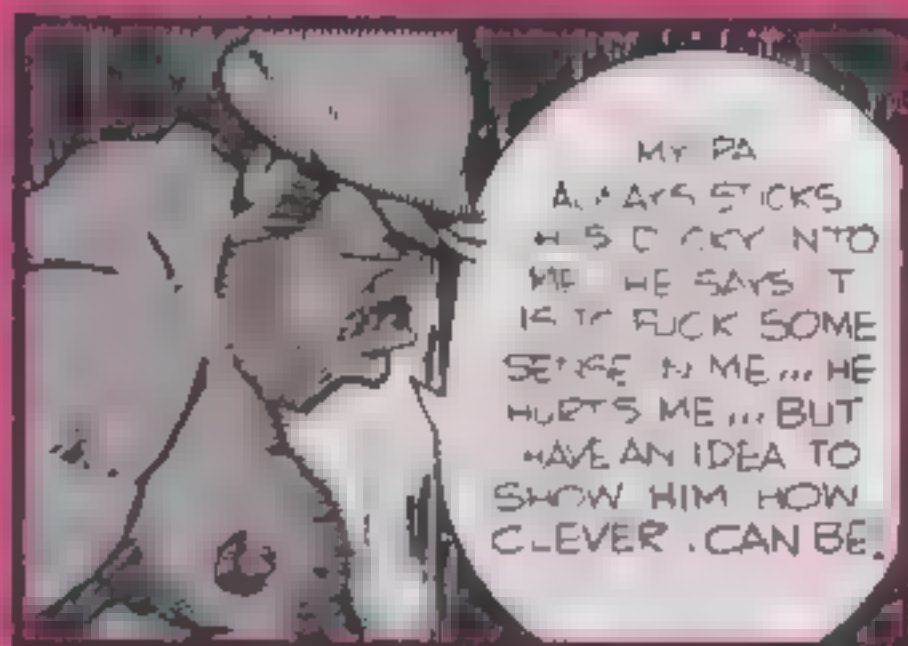
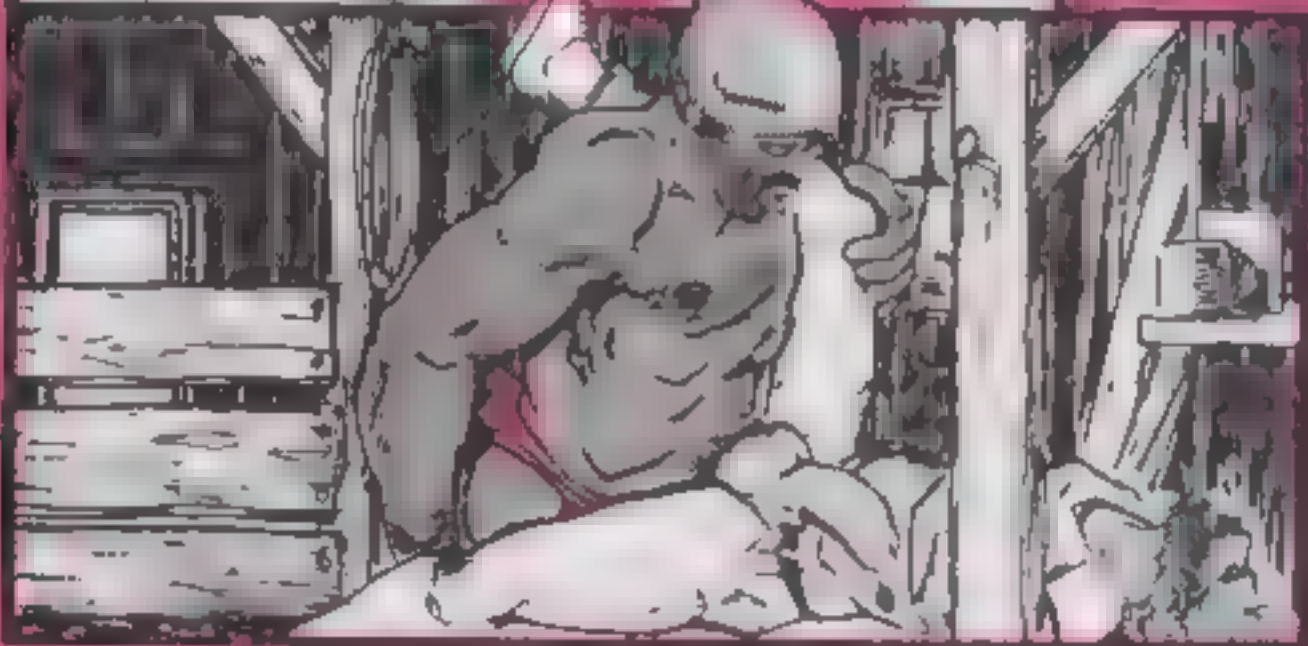
DRAW

NO YOU CAN'T KEEP HIM. HE NEEDS ANOTHER MONTH FOR ME TO FEED. BESIDES HE MAY HAVE FOLK AROUND TO ALL HAVE TO ASK YOUR PA WHEN HE GETS BACK, SEE WHAT HE SAYS. MEANTIME YOU HAVE YOUR BATH - THEN OFF TO BED AND NO ARGUING!

(BUT, - PA...)

BELOW IS A SPECIAL TREAT FOR YOU. DON'T GET FOLK FOR A PA AND TO FEED A TH. BUT I MUST KEEP THE - ME, A DESIGNED - TALKING TO ME - WHEN YOU PA - I CAN HAVE THE -

NOW OFF TO BED TAKE YOUR LITTLE FRIEND WITH YOU - STRAIGHT TO SLEEP - NO TALKING!





TAN
YEE HEE
F THE
SOME K...A
CKE

THO I
PETER ME
HOLD OF Y...
LET THE DIS
IP YEE HEE



SHOVE
IT IN HARD
LIKE YOU
DO ME,
FA!

HEY THIS IS
GOOD SONNY LIFE
AN'T GHT. JUST YOU
GET TO MORE CHINE
ASS-HOLE AS I
SHOWED YOU.

OH YEAH
OH YEAH!
GIMMIE!!



THAT WAS
REAL GOOD,
SONNY CLEVER
OF YOU TO FIX IT
UP WAS IT THE
SHEEP AGAIN?
WE LL HAVE
ANOTHER GO
LATER



We're cheap and easy! Only four bits a word!

Your ad: First, give us the top line for bold type. There's no extra charge for this attention getter!

Print it out: Don't worry about using abbreviations to save money—you are paying by the word—not by the number of characters. Tell 'em what you want and what you're offering. At these prices you can be as wordy as you wish.

Where will your ad run? Under your state or geographic section. If you would like your ad to appear under Nationwide or International instead of your state or country heading, say so. Ads for Models, Organizations, Mail Order, or Services will appear under those respective categories.

Deadline? There isn't any. Your ad will be placed in the next issue. Subsequent insertions appear chronologically. Allow 60 days for your ad to appear.

Discount? When paying for more than one insertion, you may

deduct 10% on the additional insertion(s). Our rates are a fraction of the competition.

Want a Drummer box number? Add a buck, that's all. The responses to your box will be forwarded to your address as soon as we receive them. Box numbers can be assigned for personal ads only.

Phone number? Run your number for instant results. But include a dollar for us to call you to verify the number for your protection and ours.

Payment? Pay by check, money order, Visa, Mastercard or American Express. If paying by credit card, include card number and expiration date along with your signature.

Censorship? No, Sir! — provided you keep references to minors, animals, prostitution or drugs out of your ad. These we cannot accept. And, of course, you must be 21 or better.

How to reply to a Drummer box number: Answering a Drummer box number is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast, so observe them or else. 1) Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number on the back flap in pencil. 2) Put your return address on the envelope if you wish the letter to be returned to you should there be some problem with delivery. 3) PUT PROPER POSTAGE ON THE ENVELOPE—domestic postage is 22¢ for the first ounce, 17¢ for each additional ounce. Foreign overseas postage is 44¢ per one-half ounce. Enclose a quarter (25¢) for each envelope and we will immediately address them and mail them out. 4) Put the whole thing (sealed letter and forwarding fee) in another envelope and send it to DESMODUS, Inc., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. LETTERS NOT PROPERLY PREPARED WILL BE DESTROYED.

IT'S THAT EASY! And that's the way it should be. The pages of this magazine have always been a communication center for

leathermen! By expanding and simplifying Dear Sir, we are doing just that. No deadlines, no headaches, no \$7 box charges, no \$20 cancellation fee, no \$5 phone verification fee. And only 50¢ a word!

FOR LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS ONLY: Your 50-word ad is included for the next twelve issues as part of your membership. Change your ad as often as you like—but remember to keep your ad within the 50-word limit to allow space for everyone else's. Any Leather Fraternity ad not complying to this limit will be edited.

There is no box charge and if you send replies to other advertisers you don't need to bother sending in the 25¢ forwarding fee per envelope. How about that! The Leather Fraternity is a real deal even without these features. With them, it is an even bigger bargain!

DEAR SIR:

DESMODUS, INC.
PO Box 11314
San Francisco, CA 94101-1314



NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

PLACE MY AD IN THE FOLLOWING CATEGORY:

BOLD HEADING (25 letters & spaces maximum)

AD COPY (please print)

Cost of Ad—1st Insertion (____ Words x 50¢) \$ _____
Additional Insertions—x____ (10% discount) _____
Box Number (Add \$1.00) _____
Telephone Number in Ad (Add \$1.00) _____
Total Enclosed _____ \$ _____
Payment enclosed is: ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard ☐ American Express

Please make checks payable to DESMODUS, INC.

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

(I am 21 years of age or older)

I declare that I am 21 years of age or older and that the data in my ad is true and correct. I understand that no person under 21 years of age will be admitted to the club and that I will not be responsible for any reproduction due to misreading or misinterpretation of my ad. I understand that Desmodus, Inc. is in no way responsible for any transactions between members and non-members occurring through their publications.

DEAR SIR:

There is no such thing as an old issue of **DEAR SIR**

ISSUE 9



ISSUE 11



ISSUE 12



ISSUE 14



ISSUE 16



ISSUE 22



ISSUE 23



NATIONWIDE

CIGAR MASTER

Did not grow up in civilian family 24-year-old. 5'11" 170 lbs., redneck son seeks permanent slavery under noncivilian cigar-smokin' badass redneck dad. Bikes, leather, weapons, chains, branding. No gay life. Country ways. Marino, Box 769, Baldwin Place, NY 10505. 0769 Will relocate. Bluecollar OK.

SENSITIVE TOP

seeks dedicated bottom, daddy/son relationship. 18-35, average weight prepared for all phases of S.M., continuous hard spankings with bells, paddles, etc. Experience not necessary, sincerity is. Am GWM 39 8'2" 175 lbs. brown/blue. Send picture, letter about yourself and your needs. Be honest. Will help right man. Relocation necessary—southwestern Michigan. Don't waste my time if you aren't serious. No feds or drugs. Write Box 5966.

BE PREPARED!

Tenderfoot scout seeks demanding scoutmaster for merit badge trials and other masculine initiations/rites of passage. Box 5968.

ANGEL OF NO MERCY

Masculine, discreet young man, 32, 8'1" 175 lbs. needs doctor for visits consisting of humiliating thorough exams and treatments. Prefer clinical setting and professional manner. Will travel. Box 5972.

NYC TOP WANTS LIFE MATE

I shave you head to toes, beat your butt, bind you, G.A., train you as my dog but presentable for public times—lifetime, share expenses. Answer when you're told to! Box 5973.

CORIACEOUS

Unpretentious, academic, quiet, peripheral to scenes and the scene, generally openminded. total leatherman, late 30s, Boston, MA. area seeks other educated leatherlovers 25-48 for conversation, information, correspondence or friendship. I have many interests, friends, a lover and am monogamous, but my leather needs attention. Box 5978LF.

HAIRY MIAMI MASTER

34, wants bootlickers to strip, inspect and train in B&D, W/S and S&M. Safe only. Beginners a specialty. Photo mandatory. Boxholder, PO Box 14-4484, Coral Gables, FL 33114.

CITY BOY

white 30 6' 175 lbs. blk brn bearded lost in the country. Seeking mentor father figure friend. need contact with aggressive determined and experienced leathermen. I am no novice but not an expert. If you think you can handle it, let's talk. You never know until you try. Box 5979LF.

FIT TO BE ABUSED

slave seeks no-nonsense cop master who knows what they want. Should be into cigars motorcycles and abusing a slave in any way. Master is over 6', 150 lbs up. Will answer all photo will get mine. Will relocate. Box 5653LF.

NAKED SEX SLAVE HOUSEMAN

25-45 masculine, healthy, wanted for Master and partner stable dynamic sex-crazed versatile grey haired bearded motorcycle men both 54. Dubies Master's bike buddy, cocksucking assplay. WS TT C&BT wax, whip-paddle BD, cooking housework. Good service, loyalty, more. Master Lee, Box 511265, SLC, UT 84151-1265. (LF4733)

WM SUBMISSIVE SEEKS

6' 170 lbs 36 yo 7" cut completely shaved (head-to-foot) submissive seeks affectionate but demanding top. Me Masculine aggressive in career life but submissive sexually (enjoy G/R, F/A, giving body worship: like S/M, TT, CBT, VA, WS). Healthy lifestyle. You Dominant affectionate firm body successful unimportant. Age height cocksize race weight. Write Rich Conley, Box 242 NY NY 10002 or call 212 228-269 7 9 AM or 11 30 PM-12 30 AM EST. LF5753.

HEY SLAVEBOY

Ready to offer commitment, devotion to Leatherman? Possess passion for varied, intense sexual gratification including kink no less stronger than desire for intimacy, affection, have good physical presence, proper attitude? Master considers all serious candidates submitting detailed letter, phone number, returnable photo for interview. Assisted relocation if chosen. Box 5754LF.

RAUNCH BOY NEEDS

big, warm, shit-Daddy who likes regular toilet service, ass wiping, body smearing, naked, hungry, affectionate humiliated, hot boy. Write with photo. Box 5877.

ASSISTANT DRIVER POSITION

Seeking owner-operator or OTR driver that needs an assistant driver/helper/partner 40, 5'7", 210 lbs., rugged, responsible and willing to work long and hard. Am willing to invest with right person to purchase a tractor and we work it together as a team. Box 5667LF.

STICK 'EM OUT, BOY!

Hot sadistic blond thimaster requires W/M masochist (brn to BB) with hungry nipples aching for heavy abuse. You'll be kept on the pain/pleasure threshold during hours of torture. Ass belting, CBT also to be administered during interludes of pec attacks. Serious devotees reply with pec photo/resume! 100% safe sex observed. Box 5278LF.

YOU CAN SERVE 2 MASTERS

Submit your subservient will, brain and smooth, firm body to Daddy (52, 5'10" 170) and Brother (37 8'2", 165) both G/a, F/p, for sex & servitude for once or forever. You will be owned, protected, controlled, trained, disciplined, punished, exhibited, humiliated, worked, bound, used, abused & know that you are loved. Mental surrender is first (the rest is easy). No phoneys, doveys or alikes. Pol & poppers okay. Submit & expose yourself by writing Dick & Bill, 54 East Main, Fayetteville, PA 17222. Near Baltimore & D.C. Photo returned. All answered. (LF5395).

DADDY SEEKS SON

Attractive masculine 39 blue blond WM seeks a submissive obedient affectionate son. You should expect to be disciplined when you fail to live up to your potential or my expectations. Son should be younger but attitude and desire to serve are most important. If you have an attitude of submission and a need for discipline and love, the rest is easy. You can only begin to experience real freedom and safety when you are under the watchful eye of a caring strict daddy. Write or call (the number is listed) James T. Raymond, Box 10054, Richmond VA 23240. LF5668.

WESTERN NY/ONTARIO

32 yo skm WM looking to make friends with a man who wants to work play with me, mutually exploring expanding our world of SM, BD and leather, all in a safe & sensual context. A relationship is certainly a possibility. Please write to me with your thoughts and how I can get back to you. Box 5392LF.

LEATHER AND MOTORCYCLES

WM, 47 8'2" 170, seeks WM as a friend and traveling companion who is also into motorcycling to ride along with me on my Honda Gold Wing. There is no such thing as too much black leather. I like to ride dressed in leather from head to toe. I am a mature, well-educated professional who likes to live a life well above average. Box 5028LF.

DADDY BOTTOM REQUIRED

to worship hot 29-year-old son. Son's feet and pits need special attention in return. Daddy may expect VA, CP and more. Safe/sane only. Write with photo. Box 4973.

FISTFUCKING BUDDIES

wanted for heavy scenes by versatile, hot, horny GWM, 31 5'10" 160, hairy, bearded. Also into leather, W/S, S&M, VA and more. Photo to Bridwell, PO Box 7888, Atlanta, GA 30357.

DYNAMITE KID

Man-boy pyroerotic into cigars, explosives, handguns, police, gasoline, fireworks, matches, firecrackers, bikers, firemen, moustaches, paramilitary men, demolition experts, boards, Viet vets, violence, torture, ammo dumps. Things that go bang and boom. Firebugs burning hard-ons. Leather Sefasen S.M. GA. AWS, PO Box 20147, London Terrace Station, NYC 10011 (718) 789-8147 (LF5652).

LEXINGTON/CINCINNATI AREA

40 yo GWM seeking 21 GWM, little family. Use Vanilla/heavy asswork, many tats, piercings, big nutsack a turn-on, heavy pain & torture, safe sex, leather, electro torture, sharing, monogamous (group later), very hairy & desire same. Travel weekends. Photos exchanged. I have little family too. Equality important. Box 5654LF.

LONG HAIR IS SEXY

NE soldier, 32, 5'10", good-looking Irishman seeks hot men with long, flowing hair (facial and body hair is a plus). Come, put your mouth to a nice, ripe cock while I unloosen your locks. Am also into Greek active with the right partner. Please send photo. Box 5748LF.

BOUND HAIRLESS HOLE

wanted by GWM, 39 U4C, into all kinks. Travel the world. Letters with picture & phone to 780 Seaspray, Box 1020, Foster City CA 94404.

WHITE ASS TOY

34, 5'8", 155 lbs., available for one or more BLACK MEN. Hole has recently moved up to stretching. Craves long sessions with fun substances. Has some toys, small to huge. Fists possible with proper training. Ass available nationwide especially SF and NYC. Letters with pictures get first reply. Box 5649LF

BEARDED DADDY/MASTER

43, 6', 185 lbs., aggressive, insatiable (almost), foul-mouthed and affectionate seeks an obedient nonsmoker slave-son/lover for a monogamous relationship. If you think you can handle my verbal abuse, physical abuse, mostly spanking, but some TT & C&BT, light bondage, have few if any sexual hangups and are serious, then write and tell me why I should choose you. Although attitude is more important than age or appearance (short is a plus). Send me a recent photo anyway, cockaucker with your application. Write: Sir PO Box 1095, Richmond, VA 23208. LF5501.

LIVE-IN SLAVE WANTED

You must enjoy heavy C&BT, bondage. S. M. Training, rules, discipline, punishments, chores will be routine. Rewards are earned. I have leathers, restraints, tools, dungeon equipment. m tall, lean, hung, 36, stable. You're younger, trim, hung. You give me total submission, dedication. Want a happy slave-dog serving me permanently. PO Box 146162 San Francisco, CA 94114-6162

DAD SKS RESPECTFL SON/LOVER

Good-looking GWM, 37, 5'5", grey (balding), moustache, muscular. You: Responsible, hardworking, spiritual, in-shape, into leather boots, lewis, VA, WS, being dominated, etc. No drugs. This dad is tired of bullshit boys. If ready to respect, serve, work hard and be loved, respond with photo, letter, phone to Box 5610LF

BOOTS AND BONDAGE

Bottom would like to be on call by demanding arrogant boot master who expects and demands total worship of boots and feet. Ri vals, punishments, instructions on care of boots, socks and foot service for your pleasure and amusement. Will clean your heavy duty boots down to tread cleat soles. Outdoor workouts greater with constant attention to your needs. Travel USA and overseas. 52, 6' 180 lbs. Box 4411LF

TURNED ON BY SNUFF FILMS?

Hard-muscled, 6'3" stud, huge fuckmeal wants others into this scene. Putting project together and needs special studs who dig rape and violence. Only qualifications: super-good body, looks and ability to shoot off heavy load at moment of final mayhem. Call Rod, (202) 285-1577 Eastern time, Tuesdays, 8-9 PM or Saturdays, noon-1 PM or 7-8 PM

BIKER SON 22

5'10", 143, brown, blue, healthy, smooth, muscular handsome, straight, hardworking, intelligent, seeks Lewis, leather Dad, pro-wrestler type body over 5'11" to fuck me up. You won't be disappointed. Photo, phone, letter get same. All answered. PO Box 632, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10011

ATHLETIC GWM

24, 175, 6' white boy—looking for relationship. Lonely, living in country, want intelligent 30-55. Enjoy outdoors, fishing, camping, OH. PO Box 41-29164, Michigan City, IN 46360

LOOK NG FOR LEATHER PUNK

Dominant Master, 38, 160, well built, looking for leather punk 21-30, with good body and decent looks. Applicant should love leather discipline (mental and physical), bondage, shaving, torture, public exhibition. Send letter outlining sexual and lifestyle desires with pic to Box 5598LF

PLEASE GIVE IT TO ME SIR!

WM 34, 5'10", 162, strawberry blond, hot & horny, needs verbal abuse, raunch, humiliation, discipline. Use me, Sir to fulfill your fantasy, make me beg for more! Safe sex. Phone & photo gets mine. Sir. We travel. Jay Stevens, PO Box 62128, Virginia Beach, VA 23462 (LF5868)

PUSSYBOY

WM 30, good looking stud, need emasculation degradation, transfiguration, no groveling pussyboy. PO Box 71313, New Orleans, LA 70172

8'3" EX-NAVAL OFFICER

WM, 37. Viel vet, recent Honcho centerfold muscular hairy body shaved head, mustache, sexually intense & dominant. Fetishes include uniforms, S&M bondage & exhibitionism. Looking for a special friend. Safe sex, condoms only. Live-in SF, can travel. A or NYC weekends. Reply with photo. Box 5943

DAD LOOKING FOR SON

WM, 44, 6'5", 200. Likes outdoors, sports, country music and dancing, country living. Native Texan, country guy. Am definite top but novice at SM. BD. Let's grow together! Am hairy, uncut, with strong sex drive. Want to fuck your brains out and more! You should be WM 24-34, 5'9" or taller, slim or trim, masculine and country. Send picture, desires, expectations. RI, 5, Box 152, Gonzales, TX 78109

SADISTIC RAPISTS WANTED

by NYC masochist. You must be handsome and healthy. No cons, hustlers or letter jerks. Box 5948

BLACK SPANKING & ENEMA GIVIN MASSEUR

I'm licensed to massage, and highly skilled at ass-whipping hot butts stretched out on my massage table. Enemas your pleasure? Try my secret formula stirring up your insides, making your bowels explode loads of payload! So all you naughty business types, laborers, jocks, etc. pick up the phone or write to receive my hot, illustrated brochure. John Rose, 235 E 26th St. #38, New York, NY 10010. (212) 889-5477

GRAPPLIN' DAD

Tough, 45, 6'1", 225 healthy Dad likes to remind his muscular son who's boss with some rasslin', utwork, verbal abuse, humiliation. If son's gotten good enough to take the old man Dad can respect that. Let's test each other now that you've grown up. Travel a lot. Send photo, your scene and we'll have a hot sale reunion. Box 5985

LOVER MASTER WANTED

GWM, 35, 5'10", 155 lbs., brown hair blue eyes, healthy masculine a-farm-boy bottom-man seeks hairy-chested healthy masculine dominant natural top-man for monogamous relationship. I especially like farmers/ranchers but will answer all. I can relocate. Please send photo and detailed letter. Sincere only. Box 5907LF

TRAINING NEEDED

GWM, 49, 5'10", 180. Mature, sane and only interested in safe sex. Mostly bottom, can go top. Interested to meet or correspond with mostly/totally Top men or Masters. Have experience but need to learn or be trained. Open to any suggestions, relationship, ownership, etc. No link too bizarre to work towards, open to experimentation. Seek caring, honesty and training along the way. ALL replies guaranteed a prompt answer. PO Box 31782 San Francisco, CA 94131

SUBMISSIVE, KINKY FUCKHOLE

Size-cum freak, Anderson. 3452 E. Seventh, Kansas City, MO 64124

SHOW THIS BLONDE BODYBUILDER WHO S BOSS

6'3", 195 lbs. 27 muscular. Need masculine overbearing SOB. Need extensive humiliation especially public. Men 35 yrs &+ with bad temper, mean streak. Think you wear the belt that can tame this big handsome jock into a little blonde fuckboy? PO Box 16813, San Diego, CA 92116 (LF5007)

SON/HOUSEBOY

Two masculine dominant tops, one 47 dark hairy, 5'11", 200 lbs., the other 42, blond, smooth, 6'1", 215 lbs. Both bearded and well built. Seeks mature bottom as permanent son/houseboy 25-45. You will be cared for, protected and treated with love and understanding. In exchange we expect total commitment, respect and a desire to serve and please in every way. No drugs, alcoholics or feds. Send photo and resume with phone number to PO Box 820427, Dallas, TX 75247

OREGON MASTER

Mid-age, 6', 180 lbs., 7", hairy body, needs trim younger slave to train/control. Ball & chain, stretchers, restrictive, binding, locking, chastity devices, eventual permanent hair removal, whipping, enforced milking, self-stimulation, safe sex. Right attitude important. Novice OK. Describe interests. Will reply all with nude photo. Box 5954LF

LOVE AND RAUNCH

Attractive GWM, 40, 5'9", 180, looking for well-built same, or younger, into affection, warmth, possible relationship who's also top or mutual in W.S. scal. light S.M. Prefer Pal, NJ NYC area. Box 355, Levittown, PA 19058 or (215) 824-0176

GET WET

Put your hand on the bulge in my 50's and feel I get wet and warm. GWM 34, good looks and large hose. Rick (813) 978-8662, evenings

VACUUM PUMPER

Hot, uncut GWM, 40, 180 lbs., heavy-duty pumper, looking for correspondence with others with enlargement interests. Photo will get mine. BEND 1700 El Camino Real, RI 18, Box 10. So. San Francisco, CA 94080

MEN OVER 50!

Where are you? This muscled weightlifter dark hair trim beard 36 5'10" big shoulders, 47" chest is looking for an older experienced top. I'm ready to submit, be used and taken to my limits with a man I trust. You hopefully know how to be gentle as well as rough and realize it takes time and patience to develop a good bottom. M. Hayes, 3101 Wyckoff, Dallas, TX 75219

SON WANTED BY DADDY

You are an obedient boy needing love and discipline administered by affectionate businessman type Daddy with strict standards. Dad is 42, 6'3", 255 lbs, balding, hairy and loving, with high standards for your behavior. Send honest revealing letter and picture. Box 4934LF

HARD BLACK MASTERS NEEDED

Groveling white slave boy, 35, 5'11", 190 lbs., needs to serve rough, powerful black masters. This slave is Greek passive, French active, and very submissive for ass licking, piss, shit and spit. Need to be whipped and used as a toilet by black masters. Please, Sir. Box 5899

HORSEMEN

2 Wyoming cowboys, 30s and 40s, blond and hung, into hot stallions, Levi, leather and barn scenes, want to meet similar into heavy horsing around. No AIDS. Letter photo, phone get same, serious. Box 5918

MARATHON FUCK SESSIONS

Your horsecock slamming my ass long, hard and deep. Then, whatever else you want. Age race looks unimportant. Upstate NY travel often. Box 5922

ASS DOCTOR WANTED

WM 38, 5'11", 155 lbs., healthy, discreet, wants clinical-related ass exam scene. Prefer a real Doc that is 40+, with professional examination table and is seriously into ass-play. Fantasy scene includes shaving of ass, using ass expanding and stimulating devices, dildoes, fishing with rubber gloves and eventual required semen sample. Would reciprocate on the Doc if desired. If you are experienced in FF professional, and serious reply with letter and photo. Box 5928

THINK YOU'RE HOT??

Canceled, arrogant asshole sought by hot bottom (29, 8'1", 140) for service and worship. Also into pain (balls) and humiliation. Phone JO and travel. Hung a plus. Letter picture, phone to Box 157094, Irving, TX 75062

WANTED: HAIRY HARLEY'S

GWM 21 stocky 5'7", 155 lbs. balding blond, wants cigar-smoking, Harley-riding daddies, 25-45. Looks unimportant, body and facial hair a must. I want raunchy sex and an honest relationship. Daddy, please send letter and photo to KFW PO Box 402, Shawnee Mission, KS 66202 9606

WANTED

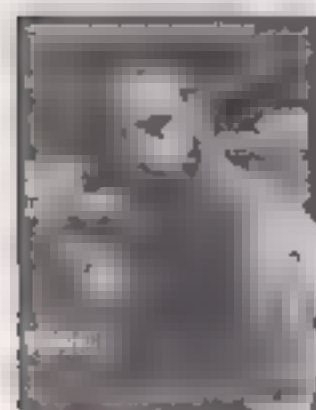
Full-time trained slave. Age 35 to 50, strong back and hairy body. My ownership ends all your responsibility. No funny phone calls. Serious only. Jim, 305 296-8630

CHUBBY WRESTLER

See my ad in issues 106-107? GWM 5'5", 200 lbs., 37 yo, hairy chest, L.C. etc. All you guys into fantasy combat scenes can write. Box 112, 330 West 42nd St., Executive Suite, NYC, NY 10036 to set up a scene on my midtown Manhattan mattress. Let the games begin!

WANTED: ON-CALL SLAVE

looking for GWM slave, 19-40, slim, for on-call slave. Must be able to report when called. Most limits respected. Send recent photo & #mils & telephone. No drinkers or drug users. Am WM, 174 lbs., 6'3" I will answer all with photo & phone, just a letter takes longer. Address letter to Sirs. Box 5953 LF



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ISSUE 25



ISSUE 26



ISSUE 27



ISSUE 28



ISSUE 29



ISSUE 30

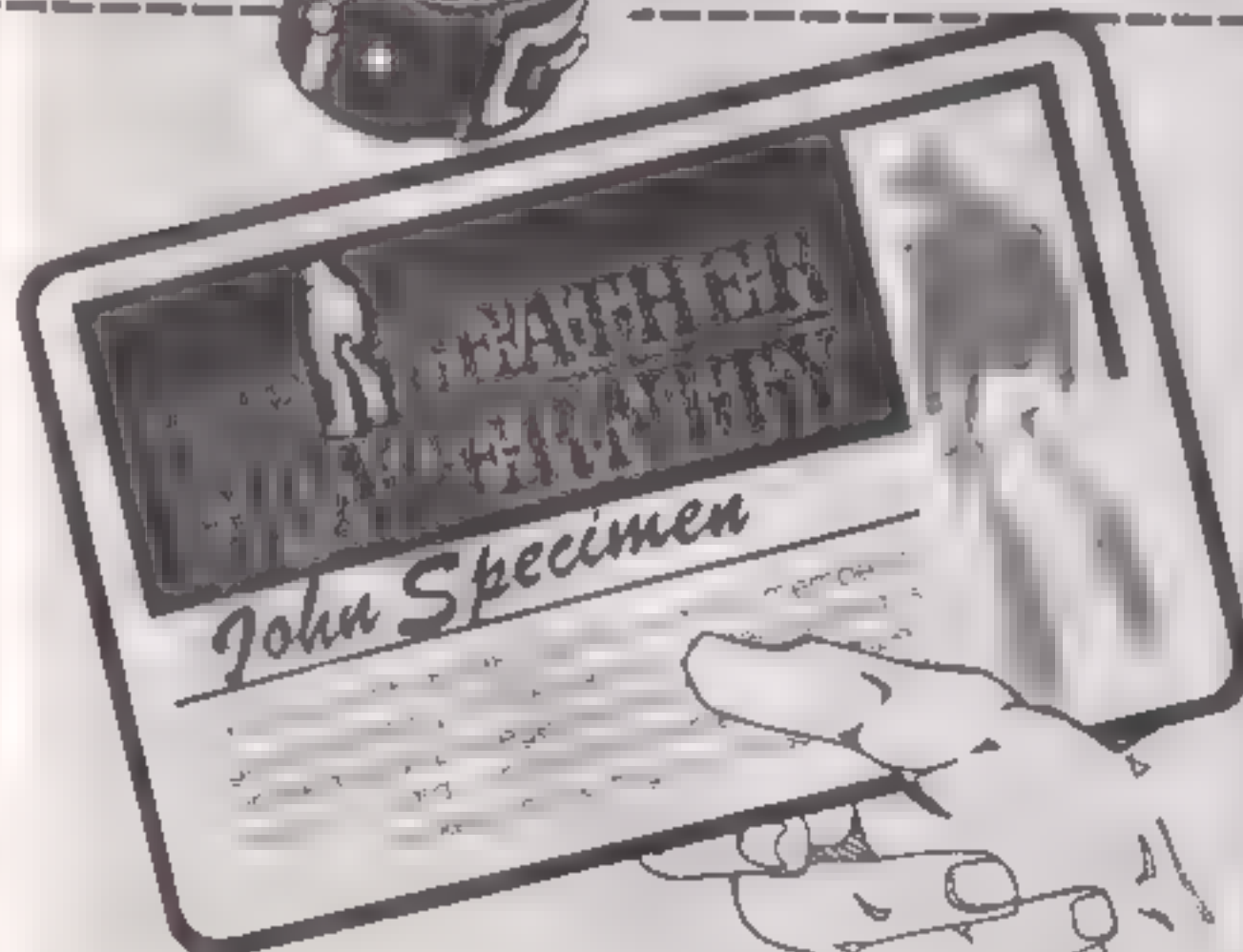
THE LEATHER FRATERNITY

GET IT!

**LEATHER IS YOUR
LIFESTYLE. . .
SHOW IT. . . JOIN US!**



The biggest bargain around. Membership in The Leather Fraternity includes twelve issues of *DRUMMER*, the only real leather magazine, twelve free classified ads (one a month, naturally) in *DRUMMER's* Dear Sir!, the leader in man-to-man personals, plus free mail forwarding service. Your membership card and distinctive Fraternity pin will be sent with your first issue. The price is right—just \$85 for the whole package! If you would like the speed and privacy of first class mail, it's yours for only \$100. Canadian Fraternity memberships are also \$100. All other foreign memberships are \$135. Get with it!



THE LEATHER FRATERNITY

PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314

Send me a LEATHER FRATERNITY membership, 12 issues of *DRUMMER* included, my 50-word ad in 12 issues, and no mail-forwarding fees. Begin my membership with issue _____

Enclosed is

- ☐ \$85 for the whole package
☐ \$100 for first-class and Canadian orders
☐ \$135 for overseas memberships

Please make checks payable to DESMODUS, INC.

Charge it to my ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD
☐ AMERICAN EXPRESS

CARD NO. _____ EXP. ____/____
 NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____
 STATE _____ ZIP _____
 SIGNATURE _____

Be over 21 years of age



ISSUE 31



ISSUE 32



ISSUE 33



ISSUE 34



ISSUE 35



ISSUE 36



ISSUE 37



ARE YOU MY DADDY?

ve been looking everywhere, for so long for my daddy. My daddy is handsome, hairy, muscular and he has a big dick, and his name is Sir. Though I've never met him, I know he'll want to pinch my tits and put his hand in my butt. I'm sure he'll spank me often and occasionally whip me and he probably has a lot of other interesting ideas about how to treat his boy that I haven't even thought of. But he for sure knows how to treat his boy, with that beautiful blending of discipline and affection that'll make his boy just want to please his daddy. Boy is 37, 5'9", 140 lbs./hzt, smooth and lightly muscled. If you're my daddy, I sure hope you'll call soon. I want my daddy. (415) 485-9767 (LF5607)

COCK TORTURE

Looking for depraved C/T scenes. Into piercing, mutilation fantasies, piss hole stretching, electricity, have a cock with a PA and pierced tits that also enjoy weights and clamps. Also enjoy long liling sessions. I'm 3'3", 150 lbs., 40, and into leather. Planning a trip to SF and want to stay and play? I have sleeping accommodations available. Mich. PO Box 5276, San Francisco, CA 94101 (415) 861-7898 (LF5648)

BOOTS, BIKES, BLUECOLLAR WORKERS

Full-time bluecollar worker by day & occasional part-time cycle slut has fetish for high boots, black motorcycles, bluecollar men. Maybe we can practice safe sex in your garage, playroom or barn. Likes mechanically minded men, muscles from hard work, not pumping iron in a gym. No drugs, paper pushers, tennis shoes, computers, rock videos, opera & high-tech preppies & clones. Slut is 35, 6'1", 220 lbs. bk. brn. Box 2702LF

HAIRCUTS/HEAD SHAVES

WM, 29, 6' 180, wants your scalp for clipper haircuts, from trims to head shaves. Already shorn guys are also an automatic turn-on. PO Box 2291, New York, NY 10185

HORSEMEN-LEATHER-LEVI

Country-loving European, 5'9", 165 mid 40s seeks hung stallions for safe heavy barn or outdoor action, into cigars, condoms, raunchy 501s, dig husky type 40+. Am independent and free to travel. Write PO Box 222, Brooklyn, NY 11202

SM TTTS

Tit-centered leather SM scenes are hard to find. This is IT. Expert, cock-hardening titplay gets us there. Bondage keeps us there. Pain takes us beyond. *Serious leathermen ONLY*. No latos, druggies, genitalists. 37, blond, 6' bearded, intellectual. Top/bottom. You won't regret replying. Box 5813LF

JOCKEYS! LITTLE GUYS!

Ride my face! Whip my ass! Big, healthy, attractive bottom, hot to service small rough trade, any race. Married okay NYC best, but will answer all who write honest letter with photo. Box 5791

ASSUME THE POSITION!

Mature hung Master wants weekend masochist sons under 40 who need a good workout and can show their stuff. No wimps, preppies, marrieds. Prefer bluecollar military or construction types. One of the areas best equipped slave rooms. Request application. Box 5780LF

HEAVY TORTURE

Your only purpose is to scream and writhe and suffer for my entertainment. Hard, hairy bodies preferred, but smooth ones accepted and soft ones considered if you are really into being bed down and TORTURED. Electricity, hot wax, needles, piercing flesh, whips, truncheons, fists probable. Urethral probes, cigar burns, hot irons, razor blades/knives, possible. No permanent damage, no permanent marks (unless you want them), but lots of contusions & abrasions. Interested? Tell me why. Travel often & widely. Gene Hall, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101

LOOKING FOR ACTION

and friendship. Traveling to NYC, CA and FL one time a year and travel Ohio to Nebraska, Wisconsin to Texas and Tennessee all the time. I am submissive but can be top for right stud. 30s, 5'10", am into Fr. Gr. FF spanking, nght SM and recycled beer. Write with photo to Box 5296LF

QUIET—MASTER DADDY

41-year-old, good-looking, easy going but firm, very health conscious, together, loving, looking for a special son/slave for mutual satisfaction. Dad is that special type who treats his partner with the respect and TLC he needs but must get back the respect and submission a dad deserves. Dad is looking for guys 21-36 who are in need of a father, master image, good friend or more. I am dominant in light S&M, being Greek active bondage, spanking, shaving, and other fantasies depending on my partner. Also enjoy touching, holding, fondling and am gentle and understanding as well. Son/slave should enjoy all that Dad does, be a nonsmoker, non or light drinker, no drugs and nonferm. I am located in New York but travel around the country. If interested, send photo and letter to Box 4711LF

LOOKING FOR BIG BROTHER

Small brother looking for big-dicked jock, sleaze brother (under 30) who is into caring, dildoes, bondage, also S&M, and your help financially. I will relocate. Am 5'4", brn., hazl, independent and want to go to college. Send phone and photo. Bondage is plus! Box 5354LF

HUNKY BROTHER

Knowledgeable enough to give it like a man, confident enough to take it like a man. That's me: 32 yrs., 5'9", 157 lbs., healthy, hunky, hairy, balding and moustached (at times bearded). Totally substance free. Safe Fr. Gr. WS, FF, verbal, "motivating." Send letter, description, desires, photo, phone to PO Box 23035, Seattle, WA 98102-0335. Can travel, host. (LF4538)

SLAVE WANTED

Surrender to me your body, mind and will. Become my property, to do with as I please. You should be between 25 and 45, masculine, reserved. Send a recent photo of yourself and a letter detailing reasons why I should consider sending you further details and an application. Master Les, PO Box 511265, Salt Lake City, UT 84151 1265

S M COMPUTER

Bulletin board system, funky message base, private mail, hot chats, MacPaint pictures with viewers for IBM, Amiga, Atan ST (213) 393-4713—modem only. System password is Drummer

CHAINED MUSCLES

Wanted: an aggressive man who walks in boots, wears leathers, rides bikes, and sweats at manual labor: a tough man especially when his hard-muscled body is heavily loaded with uncomfortable irons, a tender man, especially when he likewise chains his prisoner-buddy. Box 5190LF

REQUIRED: A FEW GOOD SLAVES

Slm, attractive, passionate, true affectionate, demanding Master (37, 5'9", 140, brown, blue, beard, thick 7", cut, fair skinned, smooth, health-oriented, creative, high IQ, masterful lover) requires broad-spectrum services of small permanent team of prime quality, tobacco-free slaves to create mutually beneficial city/islands lifestyle in spectacular Pacific Northwest. REQUIREMENTS: Self knowledge, openness, 200 dedication, sexual skill, intelligence, health, industriousness, teamwork. POTENTIAL PLUSES: over 35 years, tall, big build, foreskin bearded, hairy, heavy hung, muscles, employable. Description, recent photo. SASE guaranteed reply. Box 5277LF

HOT, LEATHER TOPMAN

GWM 34 yrs., 5'11", 185 lbs., brown/blue, moustache, hairy pecs with big, rock-hard nipples. Looking for similar hot tops/bottoms to 40. I'm a stable, well-educated, healthy, professional. Interests include photography, BB, hiking. Enjoy mutual titwork, long, hot J/O sessions, jockstraps, toys and safe, hard workouts. Can be a hot Dad for the right man. Especially into uncults, cowboys, Asian men. No drugs or feds. Send a hot photo and/or phone to Box 4675LF

DEAR SIR CLASSIFIEDS GET RESULTS

CIGARETTES AND WHIPS!

Cigarettes and/or whip fetish? Learned young? Enjoy teaching? Need give or take bareback med to heavy flogging and/or smoke torture? More than one cigarette at a time? T B/C torture? A group is forming. Occupant, Box 115, 100 Valencia St., San Francisco, CA 94103. No drugs!

OBEDIENT SLAVE WANTED

Opening for sincere, honest, devoted, break-neck fast, responsible obedient slave. Must be willing to live with, be taken care of and obey two leathermen, together 16 yrs. We're into care, feeding, domination, discipline. Dungeon, equipment, lifestyle, orders provided. Move your ass and write, enclosing recent photo, detailed description. Masters Larry (6'2", 168 lbs., bl. bl. muscular), Mike (5'6", 155 lbs., br. bl. mean top). PO Box 1104, Sandy, UT 84091 (LF4089)

LEATHERMAN LEATHERMAN

Another hard-working leatherman wanted to help build leather empire. Goals: large secluded house in semi-rural area in New England with houseboy slave; build a "family" to carry on the legacy. You must be nonsmoker, able to relocate and preferably 30-50. For further info, write Box 5864LF

MASTER SEEKS SON

Dominant, good-looking GWM 41, 175, 6'2" needs son craving dominance and affection. When you are good, you will be rewarded. When you are bad, discipline, spanking, TT, BD, shaving. Let's expand your limits and my fantasies. Write with photo to Occupant, PO Box 61, Arlington, VA 22210 (LF5270)

MASTER SEEKS MUSC.SLAVES

Master, 34, tall, well built, construction worker's body, successful, educated, seeks slaves, 18-30, smooth, hard, well-defined bodies, swimmers, gymnasts, bodybuilders in need of a demanding man to guide your life. You will submit to BD and SM as I command. Will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. Relocation possible for top quality applicant. Send current physique photos & letter detailing biographical information, fantasies, qualifications and telephone no. to: Master, Box 451, 89 Mass Ave., Boston, MA 02115. (LF5304)

YOUR AD FREE FOR 6 MONTHS

In the new national classifieds. For information packet, write to: National Classifieds Advertiser, Dept. D, 4855 Hollywood Blvd, 117, Los Angeles, CA 90027

B'D SLAVE WANTED

by professional, dominant, 6'1", 42, GWM. You should be under 30, obedient, submissive and willing to relocate to the South for a daddy master who's demanding, but caring. Write Box 5851

LATE-NIGHT JERK-OFF

Exchange stories about men under restraint, control. Raunchy, dominating, tantalizing sex. TT, CBT, dildoes, foreskin, foot fetish, tickling, shaving, cock control (no seal). Frat, police, rock military business scenes. Straight/bisexual themes OK. Your letter typed, gets mine. PO Box 40136, Berkeley, CA 94704. Mr. NP (LF5890)

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

Cowboy Master, 40, 6'3", 205, blond, moustache, seeks live-in slave who is willing and ready to surrender himself completely to his Master. No bullshit, no limits—complete surrender, complete slavery. Assistance with relocation available. Enclose photo and phone with reply. Box 4428LF

EXPERIENCED TOP NEEDED

Slut-fuckhole bottom into heavy asswork, submissive body. WM 35, 5'10", 52 lbs, 7" uncult/big balls, HT/L-neg, Fr-w/p, Gr-a.p., fucking, dildoes, FF shags, C&BT, stretching, weights, chains, TT, watersports, shaving, wax B-D, sleaze, boot service, leather spanking, groups, "smoke," poppers, booze, playroom. No prejudice/safe sex. No seal, blood, drugs, damage. Serious Tops w. pic, letter. All answered. Box 5871LF

TITS AND ASS MANI WANTED

Michigan GWM 35, 6'2", 220 lbs. Play with my large, pierced nipples and I can do just about anything. Not into games, just men, into heavy tit and ass workouts, enemas, toys, bare feet, body odors, etc. All replies answered! No bull, let's do it. Can travel. Tri-state area. Call (313) 398-4497 (LF5865)

COCK & BALL EXPERIMENTATION?

Hot and tall, 32 years with an extremely sensual cock and low-hanging balls is waiting for your reply. Catheters, vacuum pumps, scrotum filling, piercings, bondage. Tell me your favorites, fantasy or reality. We can share mine later. The right men are close in age and sensually hung. Photo and letter with interests a must. Box 5891

DRUMMER COLLECTION

Issues 3 through 77, mostly complete, excellent condition. Best offer. Tim, PO Box 14673, San Francisco, CA 94114

STRONG—GOOD BUILD

WM, 5'7", 200 lbs., straight-appearing, travel takes me into Michigan, Ohio, Penn. & New York areas. Into meeting men, leather. S&M for action and/or just friendship. I'm rather versatile, but really enjoy the basics—safety awareness, but certainly not hysterical. Reply to Box 5667LF. Photo appreciated

CRUISING THRU

Leather top: good looks, stamina, experience looking for new summer sunsets, scenes, slaves, dungeons, safe-sex partners and buddies. Traveling SW to NW USA. 38, 5'8", bearded, 150. SM CB FF kink, artist/weaver/photographer. Send photo/fantasy... all considered. answered Box 5413LF

REQUIRED: A FEW GOOD SLAVES

Slm, attractive, passionate/cruel, affectionate demanding Master (37 5'9", 140 brown/blue, beard, thick 7" cut, fair skinned smooth, health-oriented, creative high IQ, masterful lover) requires broad spectrum services of small, permanent team of prime quality, tobacco-free slaves/stock to create mutually beneficial city-stands (fessy) in spectacular Pacific Northwest. REQUIREMENTS: Self-knowledge, openness, 200% dedication, sexual skill, intelligence, health industriousness, teamwork. POTENTIAL PLUSES: over 35 years, tall, big build; for-skin; bearded; hairy; heavy hung; muscles, employable. Description, recent photo. SASE guarantees reply Box 5277LF

LEATHER DADDY WANTED

for sex and companionship by muscular son, 28, 5'10" Prefer large, well-built mature guys (40+). Am into most scenes—discipline spanking, whipping, ill-torture, watersports, verbal abuse. (No scat.) Reply with photo please. Box 5952

HOT, WILD AND DIRTY

Do you wish to read hot stories that include your fantasies? Write me your wildest fantasy and I'll write you a short story—no charge. Have been bottom to many hot, wild and dirty tops and have experienced most scenes. Box 586LF

HOT TOP

Leather action for serious slave provided by BB top, 30, 5'8", 165 lbs. I'm into boots, C&BT TT, B&D, shaving and more. If you're a healthy, hunky piece of slavemeat under 35 get on your knees, put your picture in an envelope with a hot letter detailing your experiences and send to Box 4883LF

HARD-MUSCLED FARMER

Looking for tall boots & brawny bike leathers on a farmer's hard-muscled body? Looking for the tough but tender pleasures of prolonged rigid bondage (top/bottom) in heavy irons, ropes, hoods? Possibly looking for a permanent partner (sweaty outdoor work guaranteed)? Then write Box 33, River, VA 24149.

MAN-TO-MAN ACTION

Attractive white male, 21, 5'11", 170 lbs., brown/blue, trimmed moustache and beard, looking for someone to have hot man-to-man relationship into fucking/sucking/rimming mutual FF W S CBT T Would like to try scat Travel VA, NC DC Box 5480

NAZI LEATHERMEN

Aryan swastika-worshippers only. Serious. PO Box 812 Murray Hill Stn. NY NY 10156

HOT HUNG SWEATY TRUCKERS

Show me your sleeper cab and I'll show you anything you want. I'm 29, 6'1", 140 lbs rough and raunchy PO Box 157094 Dallas TX 75015

THE PERFECT SLAVE

Are you? Are you a young, slm, totally submissive masochist with few if any limits (other than safe and sane), experienced or novice slave, who needs release and total domination through this 45-year-old, 175-pound, 6-foot Master? Race not important attitude is. Live in NYC but travel frequently, especially to Miami. Apply with letter/photos to Suite 769 263-A West 19th St. New York NY 10011

MAN-TO-MAN CONTESTS

WM, 6', 210 lbs., good-looking, bodybuilder, army airborne/ranger, leather wrestling stud challenges other tough muscular dudes to fight for topman. Man-to-man contests that lead to rough sex. MMA wrestling, drunken brawls, grudge matches, ball fights, outdoor scenes and other contests. Got the balls for a man-to-man ringfight? Reply w picture to Buck Labrada, Box 231 1126 S. Federal Hwy Ft Lauderdale, FL 33316 (LF5873)

MUSCLE DEFICIENCY

Creative, hairy Italian top hunk, 34, needs hot WMs to correct. Good to superb bodies, esp big, brawny TT, sweat, leather BB, USMC brawny wrestlers, F Dryer, BJ Haynes, Scott Hall type bottoms a plus. Occ. PD Box 319 Henderson, NV 89015

ARIZONA

TOILET

for men 40-70 Heavies/blacks OK Box 5917

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

BUTCH BLACK GUYS

get my dick hard. Trim white guy (5'7" 130 32), horny and experienced, seeks intense S&M scenes with dominant blacks who have a sense of humor. Box 5951

MUSCLING UP!

Seeking relentless coach/workout buddy to turn decently well-built S.F. GWM (31, 5'8" 150) into outrageous stud bull animal. Early morning workouts preferred. Letter with photo to Box 5902LF

HEY BOY!

Your daddy is looking for you. Call (816) 391-9755

SCAT ME

I need to suck the filthy shitholes of huge beefy butts or young hunky football studs and chunky body builders. I want you to unload that big dump from your bloated dirty asshole right into my towel mouth. Uniforms, jockstraps, verbal a+ I am well-built GWM, 32 5'9", 160 lbs., good looking. Write Boxholder 584 Castro, #160 S.F., CA 94114-2588

HOT KINKY/RAUNCHY DUDE

seeks raunch hungry dirt ball buddies with smelly foreskin and cheesy crack to share WS, spit, sweat, feet, rim seats, pain, scat etc. Have game room. Down and dirty like minded toilets reply to 6'1", 185, br blue tattooed, hairy 34 yo stud, Frank (415) 584-3983

BUTTSUCKER

Need hard-assed men with dominant attitude who demand heavy hole service for hours from submissive slave. Northbay. (415) 787-3129

GERMAN LEATHERMAN

6'4" 180, looking for dungeonmasters. Available in California Nov./Dec. Send letter/photo to Box 5937. Thank you, Sir!

60-YR.-OLD DOM NANT GRANDAD seeks submissive sons, grandsons, contemporaries of all ages! All fantasies considered but you must be submissive! Box 5943LF

TRAINABLE BOTTOM WANTED

by Bay Area husky white male, 40s, intelligent and levelheaded. Bottom should be white male, intelligent and self-supporting, eager to please, nonsmoker. Limits will be explored and expanded in an atmosphere of trust and openness. B-mat novices fine. Discretion assured. Send picture and honest letter. Box 589

DILDO FUCK MY

hungry muscular asshole. Bearded GWM 35 5'3" 170 lbs. BB insatiable jackhole needs studs with nice bodies any age race into long sleazy safe assfucking using huge dildoes ass spreaders small-gloved fist. Also into sings poppers exhibitionism life party treats. Reply with photo to Box 200 2261 Market St. S.F. CA 94114 (LF5390)

JADED

Hunky good-looking young 40s very jaded bottom seeking experienced imaginative creative Top to help explore still unfulfilled fantasies safely. No interest in phone mail or relationship. Are you good enough? A/c PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101

TOUGH LITTLE BLOND

executive in rural town, 5'6", 135 lbs., 30 yrs., copper beard, curly 8" clipped oversexed, seeks to submit to bossman to horse around with for a night or a lifetime. Discipline bondage, both at home and in the Sierras. Humiliation, body shaving, ass beating, piss, ill-torture all available to MASTER who needs to dominate a together stud and turn him into his bitch son slave dog. If you rope me you can hump me; if you cage me you can keep me. Age, looks, cock size unimportant, however headspace is. (Hairy preferred, but...) Hot dirty phone calls can be arranged. Mark PO Box 992, Clovis, CA 93613 (209) 435-3378. Do get to the coast often. (LF5439)

FUCK BUDDIES?

Have lover, need sleazy/safe friends for rough careful fun. I'm 6'1" 33, 180, 8 1/2" GWM into A/P F FFA, WS, spanking, bells and creative ways to enjoy same and stay healthy. Write with photo get same. Box 5400LF

Chubby chaser into total body worship, tongue baths, massage expert cocksucker. This 280-lbs. big-bellied, uncult Topman lives in N. California but gets around and might be visiting your area soon. Send photo and interests to TOPGUT, PO Box 11314, San Francisco CA 94101

SOUND AND GAGGED

GWM, 32 5'10" 150, moustache, loves bondage, immobilization, gags, etc. I'm more often bottom, but can switch. Moustached men preferred, any race, age or height. Box 5767

PRIVILEGE

Good-looking, positive top outdoors type, 36 6'2", runner's build, requires fit, together bottom 30s. We're experienced in safer sane, experimental limit-pushing, bondage, SM, trusting, caring, partners, substance free. Picture Boxholder PO Box 563 Forestville, CA 95436. (LF5669)

POLICE OFFICER/DADDY WANTED

By good-looking WM, 34, 5'9" 165, moustached, in good health. Am into heavy leather and leather bondage. Need to be forced by you to be your prisoner. Why not sit back and rest your big heavy tall leathered booted feet on your leathered bound prisoner. C. West, 2529 Post, San Francisco, CA 94115 3312 (LF5292)

MUSCULAR LEATHER DAD

seeks son willing to serve and work-out with Dad. Long-term, live-in situation possible for right son. Dad is mid-40s, masculine, healthy and muscular. Leather and safe sex. Send photo and letter. Box 4944LF

3-WAY PIG SEX

Two buddies 32 5'8" 140 lbs. br/bl. and 29 5'7", 138 lbs. br/bl, one smooth, one hairy, both muscular well-built, seek horny jocks for hot, long sessions of sucking, fucking, rimming, W S. Seek healthy masculine guys, 25-40 trim bodies for sleazy sessions. Hung, muscles a plus. Tell us what turns you on. Photo, phone to PO Box 5921 San Francisco, CA 94101 5921

HOT LEATHER BOTTOM

GBM, 31, 6', 170 lbs., hairy, defined body, moustache hung, uncult, looking for older GWM Master with imagination for bondage scenes, light SM, in work, assplay, CBT, No FF scat, WS drugs. Reply Box 5391LF

LOVE WITHOUT ILLUSION

Illusions without delusion. Just without limit, liberating limits and depravity without deprivation. Fabulous fabrication consenting contractual connoisseur. Consideration explicit exhibitions, discreet deceptions, Champagne chaps, terms, fists, paradoxical exquisitely genuine agony of sharing unknowing loneliness. What's the difference between temporary and false and you've seen something permanent on which planet? (415) 465-9767 (LF5607)

RUSSIAN RIVER

Daddy seeks son for permanent relationship. Son must be very much together, aged 30 to 45, like home life. Preferences may be discussed. Daddy is a writer has been into S/M scene for years. Send picture and we can talk. Box 5481

WANTED: YOUNG LEATHER STUD

WM, 41, 5'8" moustached, in very good health. Looking for young WM 21-35, in good health and turned on by smell, feel and look of black leather. Desire son for permanent relationship with safe sex. Son must be together nonsmoker and desire a permanent relationship with good safe leather sex. Call me and let's talk. (415) 863-7384 Ask for Rick.

GWM, 45

6'4" slm, novice slave, looking for eventual full-time Master who rewards subservience and obedience with much love and affection. You are also slm, 25-55, any race. In time anything goes that's safe. I like collars, chains, manual labor symbols of submission and more. I'm very Greek passive. Box 5308LF



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ISSUE 44

LISTEN HARD

HOT TALK TAPES

□ THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD—PART 1 The kid's been bad (chicks and drugs) but Dad knows just how to handle him. Dad shows his son who's boss and gives him the punishment he deserves.

□ THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD—PART 2 Dad's been waiting for the right opportunity to corrupt his oversexed boy and tonight's the night. He knows he shouldn't do it but those hot ass cheeks and adolescent cock are too tempting.

□ KID VS DAD—WINNER TAKES ALL Ever wrestle with your old man? Ever wonder what would happen if those sessions got Dad hot — too hot — and he overpowered you? Ever wonder about all the different things he could force you to do to that sweaty body of his?

□ MY DADDY WAS BAD The kid comes home to find his dad asleep after a hard day's work. He could stand there forever at the foot of the bed, rubbing his crotch and watching his dad's hairy chest, meaty thighs and swollen dick. But when Dad wakes up...

□ RITES AND RAUNCH There was definitely something evil about the guy, maybe that's why I went home with him. But nothing prepared me for what was to come.

□ HOT HUNG TRUCKER Teamster Bob picks up a not-so-innocent hitchhiker at a truckstop in the California desert. Bob has a kink in his neck... Jake the hitchhiker suggests a massage. Bob's leather jacket is the first thing to come off — then his dirty, greasy jeans.

□ MUSCLE BUILDER ORGY Five hot body-builders, after a sweaty workout... stripping down to sweat-drenched jackstraps... eyeing each other... their hands reaching out to feel their buddies' biceps, brushing against these solid, hard pecs... and down, down still further 'til they get so hot they don't give a shit who walks in.

□ DELIVERY BOY COMES AGAIN Richie is the new driver on the route. He's a hot, straight Italian guy who seems a little "curious" when he finds himself delivering beer and soda to a gay bar. The bartender jumps at the opportunity: soon he convinces Richie to pull out his dick and show it off.

□ BIKE EXHIBITIONIST Imagine: it's a steamy afternoon at the local truck stop and you see a biker who looks too good to be true — mean, dirty, muscular — leaning against his big, black Harley.

□ AL PARKER AS THE REPAIRMAN Porn star Al Parker in his only audio tape. Al's an air conditioner repairman who drops in on a guy whose wife isn't home. Who could resist Al's cock?

□ GREASE MONKEYS, STARRING MASTER MARIO Two sweaty garage mechanics rape a guy they find hanging around the men's room. He puts up a fight, at first anyway. Lots of axle grease, cocksucking, filthy talk.

□ THE D.I., STARRING MASTER MARIO Authentic military discipline as a tough Drill Instructor takes advantage of a couple of guys in the brig. Packed with heavy verbal abuse and forced body worship as the D.I. proves who's in command.

□ MARINES OVERHEARD Two hot and very horny young Marines meet in the barracks latrine. Richie has to take a piss... and Mike takes things from there. If you're a real pig...

□ THE COP, STARRING MASTER MARIO A mean police officer forces a suspect to service his body in a show of brute, perverted force.

□ COP WORSHIP We've never offered a strictly one-man narrative tape before, but this one is so good we decided to make an exception. It's one guy's cop fantasies, his true-life obsessions, his dreams of what might happen if that super-hot cop he's had his eye on for months should bust him. Force him to...

□ DADDY BREAKS IN A NEW BOY Patience and understanding go out the window and Daddy starts training his boy with the tried-and-true adage, "spare the rod and spoil the boy." It is heavy-duty training in an actual session. Both the boy and you will be better for having been there.

□ THE COMMANDER SPEAKS "I am your big brother, your daddy, your commanding officer. I am every big man you ever saw in your whole fuckin' life and started beating off about... your tongue is going to be my shower... your mouth is going to be my toilet."

□ DRUMMERMAN/BE MY CLOWN A pair of back-to-back hits for the leather crowd, from Mario Simon, whose performances at Mr. Drummer competitions from coast to coast brought audiences cheering to their feet.

□ TAPE 1—THE INTERROGATION This tape is featured on the cover of *Drummer* magazine. Model Brutus is a mean Master who knows how to deliver some heavy abuse, both physical and mental.

□ TAPE 2—THE TRAINING BEGINS Brutus lays it on as his recruit responds willingly and unwillingly to the abuse and humiliation of his training. Not even a lowed to beg, he submits to the D.I.'s heavy hand and busy belt. Breath-taking!

□ TAPE 3—PUNISHMENT & REWARD When he speaks, men listen, as will you when he speaks to you. It is and how it is going to be. Punishment is its own reward, or... more punishment only. You can say: One hour of intense...

FA ...father becomes his son's...

MARINE ...punishes an...

PHEN CALLS ...back off phone...

SAILING TO ...Mike relates...

THE ...at USA...

THE ...A young priest hears...

THE ...what...

THE ...Tammie Howard...

THE ...He stops a...

THE ...In the road and there are more ways...

THE ...paying for speeding...

□ THE HITCHHIKER An air corpsman is picked up by a trucker who's looking for more than a passenger to share his ride.

□ THE HUSTLER He sets the price for a blow job but discovers that the price includes a good deal more.

□ THE WARDEN The young convict learns that time was not at all he is giving up when he enters the joint.

□ TV REPAIRMAN A straight, married repairman quickly discovers that he gets more than he expected when he goes to a surfer's house.

□ WHIP FIRE A live, heavy SM scene between Frank O'Rourke and a slave.

□ INFORMATION

□ BRANDING, PIERCING AND TATTOOING The hows and whys.

□ INTERVIEW WITH A TEENAGED MALE PROSTITUTE A young, male whore tells it like it is.

□ MASTER, SLAVE INTERACTION Follow up by Frank O'Rourke of earlier tapes, *The Master* and *The Slave*.

□ SM AND LOVE? Frank O'Rourke tells whether love can develop from an SM relationship.

□ THE ART OF FISTING Fisting is no longer a strictly SM act. Frank O'Rourke discusses many aspects and possible dangers in fisting.

□ THE INFERNO: THE SM ANNUAL EXPERIENCE Its values and what it is about.

□ THE MASTER Frank O'Rourke discusses the role of the Master.

□ THE SLAVE Frank O'Rourke gives an insight to the slave and/or masochist.

□ TOYS: SOME OF THEIR USAGES AND POSSIBLE DANGERS

□ CONSIDER THIS AD AS ONE BIG COUPON Cut the fucker out, check the tapes you want, enclose \$9.95 per tape plus a buck each for postage/handling if you order less than five tapes. Five or more, we pay the postage. If you wish to pay by credit card, fill out line below.

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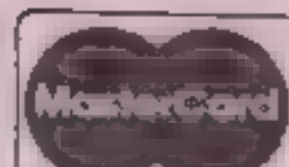
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ISSUE 45



ISSUE 46



ISSUE 47



ISSUE 48



ISSUE 50



ISSUE 51



ISSUE 52



"HULK HOGAN"?

W M bodybuilder blond/blue, bald, moustache 5'11" 200 lbs., 46" chest, 24" thighs, 16 1/2" arms/calves. Into hot taker hairy men big dicks, tight asses, heavy fucking, sucking (deep throat?), rimming, aieeze? Other? You well-built, 30+, versatile/top, very together. No drugs, FFA, PO Box 5233, San Francisco CA 94101 (LF5406)

MASTER HAS SLAVE TO SHARE

My boy serves who I tell him to, in a way that pleases both you and I. I'm 29 8'4" 175 lbs. My boy is 35, 5'10" 175 lbs. We're both good-looking, I'm top and get off sharing my well-trained boy with other top men who like a fully trained slave into bondage, asswork, cocksucking, SM and total pleasure to whom he serves. Let's get together! Box 5752LF

ALL AMERICAN BOY

33, 5'11", 145 lbs., muscular/slender. You raunchy, creative, affectionate, cerebral top into: heavy bondage rubber piercing, genital modification fantasies, night scat, hugging, kissing, worship. Also: film, BB, politics, camping, new-age thought. No FF brutality, whipping. Pluses: uncut, collegiate yuppie, Italian straight Relationship possible. Photo: detailed letter. Box 34, 2370 Market St., S.F., CA 94114

BB SLAVE WANTED

to sweat and strain against my chains as I force you to hunk out one more tough set of curls. Your boss is into hot wax, animal slave training smoke, CB/T, TT, 4-wheelin' rock and country ways. Not into phone trips or bullshit, so if interested and live or are visiting in this area, call (415) 944-9984 or (415) 282-2483 and leave a message. If not in the area, write Boss, PO Box 30091, Walnut Creek, CA 94598

EXECUTIVE DADDY

41 200 lbs., 6' BB, seeks smooth athletic boy for safe sex. Live in possible. Your photo gets mine. James Duke, PO Box 640663, San Francisco, CA 94164 (LF5310)

S.M. BUDDY WANTED

By 39 yr old 6'4" 230 lb. very muscular masculine quiet, bright businessman. BB with 52" chest, pierced nipples, 19" arms, 33" waist, handsome looking for sharp, well-built, masculine man between 35-60 for mutually satisfying S.M. encounter or ongoing multi-faceted sexual/mental S/M friendship/relationship. Dominant mind set, positive attitude, aggressive nature important. Interests include: tilt work, balls, pain/pleasure, J.O. safesex, crotch pants, harnesses, hoods, gloves, uniforms, mirrors. Fantasies wanting to be realized include: Tilt Master Ball Master Pain. Pleasure Master Control Master (Master meaning "expert" and "authoritative"). Reality includes a hot, capable award, worthy partner for the right man. Trim beard, hung sense of humor, appreciation for the ritual bonding, pleasure and dynamics of S.M. are pluses. San Francisco/Bay Area preferred; other locations considered. Reply with photo to: Box 486, 584 Castro, S.F. CA 94114

HIMMY WANTED

GWM, 33, 5'7", 155 lbs., brown hair bearded attractive, seeks hot, horny, hairy man for anything-goes pig sex. At lunch, before work, after work, any time. SF residents or visitors send photo/phone and your favorite turn-ons. Box 5151

ULTIMATE RELATIONSHIP

into making dreams reality? This handsome, hot, virile, versatile, healthy, trim, smooth, professional S.F. WM 38, 5'9", dark brown hair, seeks similar to create the ultimate dynamic relationship. Erotic mind, enormous emotional capacity, great dick, sensitive tits, kinky butt. Chippendale tie and leather vest a plus! Reply Box 5557LF

HOT BONDAGE BOTTOM, SIR!

Sir! I am here to serve you as your bondage slave. I've been experienced in bondage assplay, cocksucking, some SM and am willing to be trained to expand myself. I am 35, 5'10", 175 lbs., good-looking and ready to please you, Sir! Photo appreciated. Sir! Box 5650LF

PAIN TRIPS

Do you need to suffer? The Man seeks experienced masochists for unusual explorations into pain trips and going past the point where the head and body say NO! This is not a fantasy or sensual S/M trip. Whips, Alligator clamps, Cigarettes, Beatings w/4" fery rattan cane. Bruises, most likely. But safe and sane. No damage, or permanent marks. Interested in torture for torture sake, C.B. torture, and intense bondage. At torture a specialty. Bottom must be honest and able to take a pag. No safe words. Sincere letter w photo to The Man, POB 4622 S.F. CA 94101

WANTED: BONDAGE TOP

Hairy WM, 31 6' 160, brn. blue, beard and moustache wants to meet up with cops, bikers, leathermen and daddies with a mean streak and a knowledge of heavy BD, heavy VA and humiliation, moderate SM hoods, gags, enemas, boots, gas masks and toys. I'd like the chance to meet and service SAFE SEX TOPS who feel comfortable wearing boots, gloves, leather and uniforms while teasing, taunting and training a boot boy. WM corresponds and exchange photos. Box 3711LF

BOTTOM DADDY WANTED

Good-looking, 30, Japanese daddy's boy, but top, seeks white, 35-55 masculine bottom daddy, into leather uniform, light SM, W S B&D. Must have respect to reversed daddy-son relationship. Reply with photo. Box 5566

NAKED AND IMMOBILIZED

Tie me up and ?? Serious bondage bottom interested in prolonged sessions of nipple and genital stimulation and ass exploration. Am extremely healthy and financially secure. A stable relationship is desired, but most any scene will be considered. Box 5576

RIMMING RELATIONSHIP

Devouring bearded faces buried in shaved pulsating buttholes with crazed tongues intensely probing for oblivion in the void: we are leathermen locked in an eternal mutual worship. Athletic European top 43, 5'9" 145 lbs., trim, bearded and intelligent, hung, uncut and a nonsmoker wants a regular leather buddy for heavy sessions. Imagination and stamina are an advantage. You can be top or bottom, slim to muscular, under 45 and any height. Variables: W/S, FF, C/B, hugging and massage. Please phone Leo, (415) 474-2040 or send photo & phone # to Box 5488LF

BONDAGE TOP

50, 6'3", accepting bottoms (novice/experienced), bondage, shaving, spanking fantasies, light S/M, cock-bait-tit action, toys, dildoes, playroom. Photo a plus. Box 5808

SADIST WANTS MASOCHIST

Must be monogamous, respectful, honest, healthy lifestyle, committed & sensitive to my needs. You must enjoy, need & want to be totally controlled. I enjoy a variety of different scenes involving the giving of pain, safe & sane. I'm WM, 43, 5'10" 163 lbs. No drugs. Reply with letter, photo, phone. PO Box 14212 Santa Rosa, CA 95402

TOUGH STUD WRESTLER

Challenges other aggressive experienced freestylers of similar stature to fight for top. GWM, 38 5'5" 140 lbs., CBT, TT, BD (415) 285 3305

BAD BOY GYMNAST IN HEAT

Hot, muscular mid-30s jock craves nasty afternoon spankings! Tim Hunter, PO Box 140 Carmichael, CA 95609

USMC MUSCLEMAN

26, 6'1", 195, 46c, 32w seeking muscular recruits to 30 to endure heavy B/D. CBT/T in military stockade. Got the guts? Prove it. Nude photo/phone sampler. Box 5840

SEEKING S.F. LEATHER TOP

Attractive, white, 30-year-old leatherman seeks experienced leather top. I am tired of bars and "folsom phones." My interests are heavy bondage and safe S&M, serious but no long-term marks. Have well-equipped play room. I take my training like a man but am safe oriented (no fluid exchange blood, FF). Discretion is required and reciprocated. Your photo appreciated & returned. Box 5870LF

BOY BOSS

25, 5'8", 130 lbs., br gr 28w. Smooth, Cln Shyn, 7" w/c Top for High Caliber Professionals (415) 685 5035 Alt. 11pm PT (LF5875)

BOOTLICKING MASOCHIST

Bootlicking, pain-craving cocksucking GWM cut neg prof S.F. masochist 44 6'2", 200 seeks GWM cut neg sadist wearing 50's button-fly Levis and black leather military boots who truly turns on to his slave's sweating, moaning, screaming and writhing in sessions of bootlicking, whipping (bare back, ass, belly, crotch) and ball torture (weights, vices, spreaders, slapping, whipping), and SS Fr. Not into FF scat, piercing, WS, rimming, damage, or Gr. Travels now and then around CA, NY, IL, GA and TX. Also seeking S.F. Nauticus workout buddy. Box 5989

PATIENT

Japanese, 5'6" 135, trim, health-conscious, needs erotic medical exam with instruments. Photo please. Box 5957

VERBALLY SUBMISSIVE

mid 40s cocksucker wants to take orders (bootlicking, crawling, etc.), be abjectly verbally humiliated and abused to the point of tears by someone who knows how, but without pain. Box 5962

RUBBER A MUST

Good-looking GBM, 30, 5'10", moustache, seeks rubber-loving guy. Possible relationship. No drugs, heavy alcohol. Stable, professional but with-rubber lifestyle. Box 5974

BEAUTY & THE BEAST

Ugly old troll seeks knight in shining armor. Are you Prince Charming, built like Conan the Barbarian, hung like a horse, filthy rich, with MA or better? Then I may have some use for you. Send nonreturnable studio portrait, resume, and financial statement. No groupies. Box 5956LF

FANTASIES, HELLO!

Eagle Scouts on the Senate witness stand are a fantasy. What you and I think up are fucking realities. Like you walking into a scene and knowing that your uniform is going to be cut down with a bullwhip. It's a reality, not a fantasy, if you find a top you trust to take you up in the mountains and leave you hanging on a lodgepole pine while the cold sun turns hot on your butt. I am that top. If you're tough enough to laugh at the fantasy the low country thinks real, and serious enough to wipe the grin off your face when you find your own scene up country. I'm a mean, dirty Good Old Boy, 5'1" 5'7" bearded, with tools from the hardware store and the ranch store and the Army-Navy store and no toys from anywhere. If you have realized that you are hunting for and are tired of bar fantasies, try me. Box 5958

BUTCH JOCK BOTTOM

Handsome masculine muscular bottom, L/L, Bkt 37 6'1" 175 lbs., healthy, intelligent athlete a 1987 Drummerboy, needs training in B/D w/ S/M TT shaving prolonged assplay, toys. Seeks dominant commanding imaginative, experienced Top, hung and muscular. Safe and sane your way. Sir. Photo, phone. Box 5953LF

SONOMA COUNTY

WM 44 6', 190 lbs., SM, TT, C&BT, etc. No body fluids exchanged, no fucking, even with a condom. Let's use our bodies and minds. If you've got the mind, I've got the body or vice versa. Age and size unimportant as long as you can get it up! I've been into the scene for 12 years and I've done it all. For last 4 years, I've been doing what the standards say is safe sex and I'm having a wonderful time without missing anything. Do you like to play roles? Me too! I'm versatile and with our sick minds we can get it off with screams that all of the valley can hear! C'mon, invest 22 of your happiness and write me a note. I'm special and if you understand this ad, I'm sure you are too! Box 5150



ASS-EATING ADDICT

wants to meet clean-shaven, healthy leathermen in San Diego area for mutual rimming sessions in my sling. Is also into toys (bring your own!) and shaving. Let's give our butts a workout. GWM, 40, 165 lbs., blond, hairless. Box 5647

WHIPMASTER!

Seeks slaves and prisoners 21-35. Am white, 33 5'11" shaved head, mustache, hairy body, sadist. Moderate to very heavy scenes in private playroom. Into whips, belts, bondage, cock & ball torture, tit torture, lull hoods & gags. If in Southern California call: Paul (213) 657 5327. All others send detailed letter with current picture (A MUST) & phone to: PO Box 691074, Los Angeles, CA 90069 (LF5903)

AS YOU DIRECTED, SIR:

Seeking Masters for my worship as you control my growth from 37 WM slave to your assistant in search of safe SM perfection. Need slaves for your pleasure (and use, as training dummies). BKT, 3841 Fourth Ave., San Diego, CA 92103. 25, WM Master demands photos (or my hide...) (619) 237-0586. (LF5897)

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the Rest—
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the Best!**

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SLAVE SON/HOUSEBOY

Is there a real man that can handle all of the above? We are looking for that special person who can. You should be under 35, looks, race, build are unimportant (we will shape and define you). You will become our property to do with as we see fit. We will expect you to commit yourself totally, both mentally and physically, into our care. This is not a one-night stand or a summer vacation. This is a 24-hour seven-day-a-week lifestyle. You must have the right attitude. You must be able and willing to surrender to a life of total servitude and ownership. We are 31 and 38, established professionals. You must be able to rise above your established place in life when needed. The rest is up to you. Send an in-depth, detailed application stating your qualifications, abilities, desires and a recent revealing photo with your phone number and best time to call to: B&R, 15840 Ventura Blvd. 326, Encino, CA 91436 (LF5202)

TWO BLACK HARLEY B KERS

Tony, in full leather or full C.H.P. gear and uniforms with tall, hot black boots. All to be serviced by hot, hung leather studs. Any race. Mike, waiting to service hot bootied leather studs. We are both hot, well-hung, good looking, and into FF, WS, JO, VA, boot service and other hot scenes. Have toys, gang mirrors and video. Mike and or Tony (213) 777-0122. PO Box 47552, Los Angeles, CA 90047. No JO or bullshit calls and no calls after 11 PM.

LEATHERMAN READY

Experienced bottom, 46, into serious bondage scenes, mummification, immobilization, isolation, sensory deprivation and S-M scenes (CBT, T-T, Ass T). Safe sex only. Have fully equipped playroom waiting for that special top. No calls between 11 PM & 9 AM (818) 843-5428.

WHITE MASTER (TOP)

Still needed by white slave bottom. 35, 5'11", 195 lbs. husky hairy for sex (toy) slave. Am into leather. Levi's boots, uniforms, G.p. f.a.p. (front rear), S/M B'D toys, W.S., etc. Sincere only. Send orders & info to slave at: PO Box 67905, L.A., CA 90067 (LF5349).

GANGFUCK FRENZY

mean you spy this wow candyass slacking cans or whatever. Sweet face. Unreal Bod. Yeah. You get with the guys. Always hot. You target the dude, a spot and force a scene where panicked appeals get stifled by hot stuffed dick into a pounding mouthful of mumbled whimpering grunts. And nothing beats snapping lunkhead into resistant bucking foxtails to your buddies' head-bouncing facefucking rhythm. Kid (over 18) learns a thing or two or six or twelve. Man! Oh Man! Hey Gangbanger does all of that incredible stuff walking around pump up your cock to twitching and dripping? Spot one now? Tell us how you can get into and better our action. Limited Openings. Box 53421.

ASS MASTER WANTED

Hot, experienced 34, 8'11", 170 lbs. into service. VA, mindtrips, bondage, shaving, ballstretchers, assplay, toys, fists and more. Will submit to any safe scene. Want to explore other fantasies, piercing, gangbangs? You write. Calling 28, 40, dominant masculine hot. Strictly top. Body builders, hung & plus. Sir please send instructions, photo, returned. Box 57731.

ATTA DAD SEEKS CRUEL SON

Trim silver fox, 50s, 5'9", 140 lbs. smooth uncut, needs bondage, TT, CBT, all hands of good-looking son (18-38) with cruel streak (not brutal, cruel) who has love/hate feelings about Dad. Letter & pic to: Dad, PO Box 69824, L.A., CA 90059.

LET US WATCH

Good-looking GWM couple, 37 & 34, seek other masculine GWM partners into kink for voyeuristic encounters. We want to watch your long private intense sessions in CBT, TT, FF, WS, B&D, hot wax, clothespins, SM. No scat. Your pleasure pain trips are our turn-on. Letter/phone. Box 5608.F

ANIMALS

W.M. wants to meet experienced novice in scene. Box 5775.

SLAVE DANNY

will submit to bondage and tortures for groups, parties, photos or one Master. Phone 818 846 9486. Thank you Sirs! (LF4091)

HOT RAUNCHY DUDE

Looking for versatile men 18-40. If you like things wild and raunchy, I'm your man! Fucking, sucking, shaving, watersports, rimming and verbal abuse get me off. What about you? White male is 28, 5'4", 210 and ready for action. 73091 Country Club Drive, Suite A5 53, Palm Desert, CA 92260.

PISS FANATIC

Healthy, trim, hung, blond boy, 23, seeking faithful, M, masculine, salessex, pissbuddy under 40 who shares piss obsession. Prefer hairy. Let's get soaked! Box 5968.

SCUBA DIVERS

GWM, 26, seeks others interested in forming dive group. L.A. area. Box 5858.

MOTOR COPS!

Sharp, masculine & discreet W.M. motor officer wishes to hear from other police. CHP, sheriff or escort motor officers. WJ, PO Box 17538, Costa Mesa, CA 92627.

WANTED EXPER. LEATHER SADIST

Muscular, tattooed Italian S has hot Italian M to share. Looking for hot S with attitude and endurance for long, rugged session ordering M into heavy S/M, BD, hoods, gags & other fantasies. Detailed letter/phone to: Box 585, 8306 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211 (LF4908).

TALL, HUNG, HORNY

Looking for a shade regular (18-35) who need some meat shoved up their ass and enjoy having someone else in charge. Box 5950.

SLAVE SON WANTED

by W.M. Topman, 46. No S&M abuse or head games just plenty of discipline, regime and a heavy father/son relationship. Son must be completely bottom, thoroughly submissive and obedient. Prefer quiet, shy, stay-at-home type boy under 35 who really needs a Daddy. Box 4551.F

HOT DADDY PUNCHFUCKER

Very hot, healthy, 52 year-old BB, 6'2", 200 lbs. clipped beard, balding, will expertly punchfuck your hungry hole. You be equally hot, hard, creative, have a bigh healthy body and a sick mind. Your ass will be thoroughly used in appreciation you will skillfully service Daddy's large nipples while dickfucking Daddy's tight ass. Reply Daddy PF Box 5888.

UNIFORMED BUST

Decidedly for... abuse-hungry White stud sonofabitch, gung-ho to discharge duties as Convict Slave, Animal Prisoner, Captive to sadistic, lock-ass, tall bootied, uniformed Black stud 43 who demands intense disciplined workout, exacting punishment torture to reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Direct letter w/mandatory foto to: PO Box 2524, Chino, CA 91708 (LF5987).

11-99 ALL UNITS CODE 1, SIR!

GWM, 25, 5'10" or so, mustached, rookie needs tough T.O. for pre-POST, baton, cuff, zipper boot motor and range training. Southern California area, can travel. NO FAKES or fakes. Pic. letter for 10-22, 11-98 or code 7. Absolute discretion assured, required. MP's okay. Box 5991.

SUSPENSION TIT-BALL PAIN

Enjoy overhead suspension with measured pain-threshold use of alligator clamps, whip, hot wax or cigarettes on tits and cock weights? No kind exchange except condom. BJ Switch also, for mutual climax. Your playroom or garage for initial meeting. No permanent marks. PO Box 149, Norwalk, CA 90651-0149.

ORANGE COUNTY SUBMISSIVE

seeks Master/Daddy type for direction and structure. I'm 32 y.o., slightly overweight, attractive and completely honest. Sammy (213) 924-4833.

STRICTLY BOTTOM ITALIAN

and very masculine 31 BB seeks total top into mental domination/control scenes rather than the physical, including ridicule scenes such as dog training in home or on the phone, training on/off leash, obedience training, housebreaking, problem solving. Also seek verbal abuse, bodyworship (clothes and odor fetish) subervience. Absolutely no Greek, French, bondage or pain. (213) 850-6598.

LATINS SERVICED COMPLETELY

Hung Italian wants thick, especially uncut. Send photo and photo. EMA, PO Box 54695, L.A., CA 90054.

BONDAGE LEATHER FANTASY

Hot WM, blond, 23, 5'8", 145 lbs. swimmer's build, seeks solid, muscular leather Master for BD, like SM, assplay, hoods & harnesses, ropes & chains, leather sweat bodyworship, disciplined workouts. Send letter, photo & phone. Box 5975.

COLORADO**FIT TO BE TIED**

and ready to be abused. Novice, 46, 170 lbs. hungry and submissive, seeking expert level-headed top who respects limits to fulfill my bondage fantasy to be stripped, immobilized, bed up, chained, spanked steadily, but not brutally. At my tight, round firm buns glow then use a condom to fuck me. Dominate with ropes, rack, paddle, whip, chains and expose my ass to heavy workouts with you and or friends. Toys, some tit work, but no heavy pain. No WS, FF, scat, shaving, drugs, damage please. Submissive and respectful, but not humiliated bottom. GW, PO Box 18005, Denver, CO 80218.

YOUNG WHITE ASIAN

For the bondage. No S&M. I'm GWM, 48, top uncut, mountain climber. Tennis run 1303, 781 9423.

DENVER DRUMMER DADDY

25, 5'9", 160 lbs. dark hair, moustache. Seeks son for face fucking and ass plowing. Limits respected, but must be willing to expand them. Must be in shape, under 30 and willing to commit himself to my lifestyle. Send detailed letter with current experience and specifications, photo and phone. Box 5967LF.

HAIRY UNCUT DADDY

Versatile, hairy, uncut stud into mutual pleasing through ploughing and milking. Interested in training those who want to explore the world of mutuality with uncut, 6'11" stud daddy, hairy from head to foot with 8" plough and deep furrow. Tilt, ass and cock work guaranteed. Box 5472.

SLAVE/SON

under 30 sought by older experienced loving health-conscious Leather man with fully equipped training room. Since a hard working non drug or alcohol abuser who wants to be something special and appreciates support in reaching educational, physical, career goals should call Mike (303) 692 8021. PO Box 18875, Denver, CO 80218 (LF5506).

YOUNG WHITE OR ASIAN

Lite bondage. No S&M. I'm GWM, 49, top like tennis, run, camp. (303) 972 4177.

CONNECTICUT**WET HOT BUDDIES**

in the Hartford area needed for wet, hot, raunch by bearded WM, 33, 6'1", 185 lbs. into recycled bear swap, C&BT and TT. Uncut a plus. No FF or scat. Send photo and phone. PO Box 8305, Boston, MA 02114.

HOT HORNY HUNG

Enjoys the look, feel, smell of leather but also passionate affectionate sex. Seeks similar. Photo. Box 5981.

DC METRO**SLAVE?**

BB Top into leather and bondage. You slave, meat, under 35, into same, plus C&BT, TT, shaving and boots. I'm 30, 5'8", 165 lbs. Send photo and letter telling me what you'll be doing with your hot mouth. Box 4883.F

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

WM, 37, 5'10", 165 lbs. Bl. Mt. moustache, goatee, SM, BD, CBT, TT, WS, FR, GR. Seeks others into same, both top and bottom. Write: PO Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110 (LF4696).

BODYBUILDER SLAVE

WM, 42, 5'11", 175 lbs. 45" chest, 30" waist, well built, together, loner, erotic lean/muscular, nonsmoker, use, abuse, whipping, salessex. Ex-military special warfare. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, "Story of O," "9 1/2 Weeks," "Image," "Beauty" Trilogy. JW, PO Box 44029, Ft. Washington, MD 20744 (LF5030).

NEED TO DISCOVER/LEARN

New to country western/leather scene. Need a friend, daddy, helper, son, teacher, lover. Someone who is caring/forceful — short, medium — hairy, small, average cock size. Not too fat, black. Needed by 31, 6' average cock. GWM, brown, hazel. Mr. Rick, PO Box 11422, Washington, DC 20008. Photo answered first.



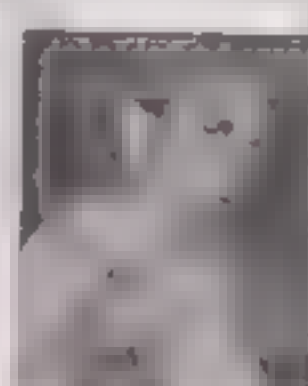
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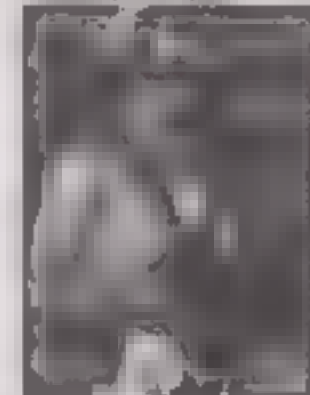
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NOVICE LEATHER SERVANT

interested in groveling at the feet of other young body builders into B. D. TT and CBT with novel toys. Preference for group orgies or clever lover fantasies. Will travel for photo response. PO Box 5425, Washington, DC 20036

BLACK DAD WANTS TO VISIT SON

Affectionate, 34, 5'9" large build 230 lbs. masculine, seeks to visit a young boy who is in need of love and discipline. Allow me to satisfy your every need. If you are 18 to 33, of any race. Write to Boxholder. PO Box 19636 Washington, DC 20036 0636

PISS MAN

GWM 38, 6' 165 lb or br moustache, masculine 6' cut, big shaved balls, all-over tan. Submissive seeks Dominant for creative prolonged piss role-playing like father/son, coach/lock, woodshed. Wet jockstraps, asshole and armpit sniffing, begging for piss order to strip, crotch-licking, spanking. Safe sex only (drink our own). Willing and able to reciprocate. Details to PO Box 70675, Washington, DC 20024

DADDY'S BOY

WM 32 seeks tough but tender jock-wearing dad. This boy is into paddles, straps, some TT/C&B, mild SM but heavy into ass play, dildoes, etc. Are you my Daddy? Allen (202) 332-7017 (LF5983)

FLORIDA

LIVE THE FANTASY!

Master requires young novice to learn total submission for lifetime as sexual animal. You boyish, slim honest Ma 36 beard tall, trim, experienced, compassionate. PO Box 290828, Tampa, FL 33687-0528

WANTED: MASTER PIERCER

Ordered to have his pierced. Central Florida area. Need experienced piercer. Please help. Box 5358LF

NO SHIT

This Master/daddy is 48, 5'8" wants boy who needs me for service & training. No drugs, alcoholics or lems. Total commitment, one or one. Must relocate to West Coast, Fla. Want younger, under 35 preferred, smoker man. But all answered. Let's turn this ad into a success story. Box 4930LF

MACHO MASTERS WANTED

by free-to-travel slave who is well experienced and desirous of hot, sweaty, funky sex with straight bi or butch gay men who are big, rugged, hairy. Any color or nationality, as long as they like their sex hot and funky in Levis leather or jocks. Write Box 5471

MIAMI STUD SON

23, 6', 170, dark hair moustache hot, hard, masculine, seeks Dad, 30-50, with big hairy chest for mutual tit work muscle chest fantasy. Into workouts, L/L, raunchy talk, hard man sex. Need Dad to share the pleasure of being a man with his son. Phone, photo. Bob Box 5867LF

GEORGIA

ATLANTA B/D DADDY WANTED

by college student, 21, 5'6", 135 lbs., dark hair brown eyes, bearded and moderately hairy (but will shave if the right daddy wishes). Son wants relationship with bearded daddy under 50 with paternal instinct, who can dominate, punish and nurture. Box 5560LF

ATTRACTIVE NOVICE

31 5'11", 155 lbs. attractive honest responsible, romantic, mature, arts-oriented seeks similar men 25-50 for safe introduction to rubber leather spandex, bondage, plugs and other mutually-agreed-upon activities. Eventually seeking a permanent, monogamous relationship with right person for life of love laughter caring and sharing. Atlanta area. Box 5774LF

ILLINOIS

CHICAGO COUPLE

looking for hot cocks. Dad 6'2" 195 25 yrs boy 5'10" 150, 27 yrs. We're into heavy tit & ass work sweat piss leather and lots of hard mansex. Men write with picture and maybe we can cum together. Local's cum best! Box 5569LF

BOOTS & WORK CLOTHES

GWM, 33, moustache, serious work clothes fetish for boots uniforms, coveralls, hardhats, caps, gloves jocks, union suits lots more! Seeking safe, kinky scenes involving JO bondage litwork, cigars, condoms, blue-collar work gear into trucks, daddies, rednecks, paramilitary cowboys, farmers, truckers or blue-collar guys. No scene too bizarre! Photo please. Box 5348LF

BOTTOM SEEKS TRAINING

Chicago bottom needs experienced masculine top man to further my sexual education. I am WM, 35, 5'10", 170 lbs., blond blue eyes. Needs further training in SM FF bondage tit torture, dildoes, W S. Please, Sir, use my hungry deep throat and hot, eager ass. Will service one Master or groups. Please write with description of how I can please you. Box 5483LF

GOOD-LOOKING SLENDER WM

27 dressed in full leather seeks other tops or bottoms into leather scene. Prefer being top but extremely versatile. I'm open-minded willing to try anything once. Into everything from cuddling and playing gently all the way to SM BD whipping, paddling, etc. We can work out your mildest to wildest fantasies together. Photo appreciated, but not necessary. Can travel IL and surrounding states. Box 5583LF

EXPERIENCED TOP CHICAGO SW AREA

Former Hellfire member. Present member of GMSMA. I'm in 40s, white and prefer my bottoms-slaves younger and into everything, which would include an excellent cocksucker. WS, fisting, TT, CBT, electricity, bondage and whipping. Safe sex first. Have complete dungeon. Send photo, letter and phone to Big Ed Box 5651LF

ASS EATING BOTTOM

Pig bottom seeks Top or bottom with hot asshole. Into all kinds of kink and raunch. W S, hot wax tit work, spit, snit, armpits, piercing. I am HIV neg W M 30s, 5'10" bearded. Need to eat your ass. Call (312) 477-0763 (LF5898)

HORSE WANTED

6'11", 205 lbs., 59-yr. engineer, master wants any age, 220 lbs.+ BB or muscular heavy-set slave to carry me piggyback and on shoulders and back for strongman stunts. mutually pump iron, Nautilus, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, safe sex with me. Reward is my good pec, tit nipple play kisses. PO Box 1395 Melrose Park, IL 60160 (LF5901)

YOUNG SADIST

wants Chicago-area masochists for strict bondage and heavy abuse. If you're trim under 35 and think you can handle heavy CBT TT and whipping while securely bound spread-eagle with a large gag strapped in your mouth, then send photo and phone to Box 5976

INDIANA

REAL MAN WANTED

by attractive white male 32 6', 170 lbs. and experienced bottom, for occasional torture and possible relationship. I'm versatile and enjoy receiving heavy cock, ball and tit torture. If you are 21-45, sadistic and imaginative—Great. Photo & phone answered first. No fats. lems, scat or FF. Box 5367

S M NEOPHYTE SEEKS MASTER

Bottom WM, 40 5'8" 135 lbs., brown blue moustache. cut needs top who will let me please him. Teach me to accept pain pleasure. Help me to accept subservience. Expand my limits to suit your needs through trust, respect and worth. Box 5354

SON NEEDS DADDY

WM 23 6'1" 180 lbs. needs weekend Daddy to serve. I'm a novice and wanted to be trained into bondage, taking orders, and making my Daddy feel like the man he is. Box 5970

LITTLE BOY LOST

Sexually and emotionally abused boy, 38 5'7" 135 lbs., needs stern loving daddy. PO Box 2693 Bloomington, IN 47402

KANSAS

MASTER DADDY SEEKS SLAVE

Dominant Master daddy, 35, 5'10", 155 seeks slave for weekend occasional use and abuse. Scenes from light to heavy, but will stop at your limits. Prefer hot, young studs with good build. The Master. PO Box 1373 Manhattan, KS 66502

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KENTUCKY NIGHTCRAWLER

Leatherbottom, GWM, 35, 5'6" 145 lbs. beard. Versatile, openminded and stable. Likes leather, porn, cigars, cyclists and fantasy scenes. Looking for a healthy man for shared interests. Reply with photo to Box 5515LF

KENTUCKY NIGHTCRAWLER

27 yrs old 6'2" 185 lbs., 7" ex-Navy into bondage being gang raped, suck cock, public private humiliation (Would like to relocate in California.) Send photo and my orders. Kevin Marks. PO Box 14814 Louisville KY 40214 (LF5756)

HOT HORNY YOUNG STUO

Muscular smooth body, 24 5'9" 140 lbs., 7" New to scene and looking for safe, good-looking, well-built teacher to learn and experiment with (Top or bottom). Into leather S M heavy tit torture. Send photo with letter. Louisville Box 5946

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Total body discipline administered or talked about. Light to moderate, sane pain. Letter and phone to PO Box 4592 Portland, ME 04112

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Harley rider willie me. So close to New Orleans & Baton Rouge. Are you a Harley rider & bottom? It's a plus. WM, 44 6'1" 200, bald, beard & very hairy. Into safe sex, SM, heavy bondage, leather & rubber boots shaving, toys, rim & hot wax & more. Seeking bottoms into same, also other tops welcome to write. Bottom must be very straight-acting, no fem, no scat, no FF or smokers. Will train, Permanent Master/slave relationship possible. Write Sir, or phone (504) 473-6087 after 10 PM

MASSACHUSETTS

PLOWED

Bottom, 37 6' 195 lbs. needs assistance using my extensive dildo collection. Will also submit to spanking, shaving and litwork. Deep hole Danny. (617) 536-4308 (Box 5947)

MASTER SEEKS MUSC. SLAVES

Master 34, tall well-built construction workers body, successful, educated, Boston based seeks slaves, 18-30 smooth hard, well-defined bodies, swimmers, gymnasts, body builders in need of a demanding man to guide your life. I will use your body for my pleasure. You will submit to BD and SM as I command. I will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience and superior physiques. You will work or go to school as I require. Relocation possible for top quickly applicant. Send current physique photos and letter detailing biographical information, fantasies, qualifications and telephone no. to: Master Box 451 88 Mass Ave., Boston MA 02115 (LF5304)

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HAIRY DADDY

40-year-old hairy WM moustache, hung uncult seeks masculine man to explore possibilities—bondage C&B/T, spanking intimacy. If you want to be treated like a man and never say no, you won't be disappointed. New Englanders and weekend guests to Boston welcome. Box 5986LF

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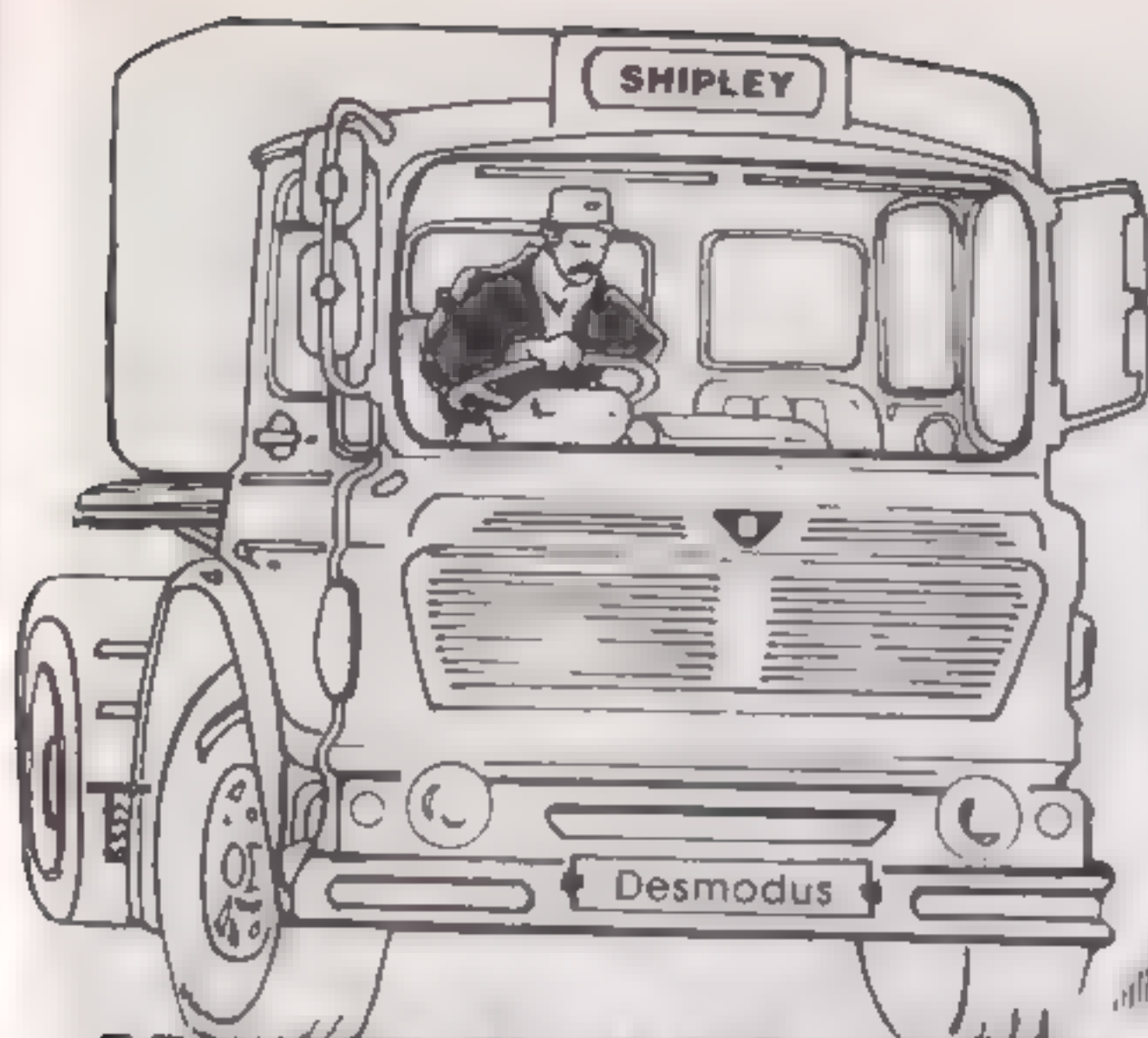
Daddy is waiting for you. Handsome, 5'9" 145-lb. Master seeks boy-toy to make my own. Must be under 35, waist not over 30". Smooth or prepared to be that way. Don't miss this opportunity. Photo/phone immediately. Boston. Box 5990

ONE, SIR, ONE—TWO, SIR, TWO

Whip my ass—regularly. Strong, beefy, bottom, 32, seeks physically strong disciplinarian master any race, age, weight, well-hung only. Serious/discreet. Box 5988

HOT HAIRY SLAVE

Looking for hairy Master to show me who's boss. I'm 27, 5'6" 138 lbs., eager to please into TT, WS, wax, VA, BD and open to safe new scenes. Ph. ph. Box 5960



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BOY MENTOR

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BUTCH BOTTOM

seeks dominant leatherman into bikes, H. B/D Gr/Br/C, size L, uncut a plus, blk or wht, mustache, good shape and intelligent. Me 40 tattooed, self-sufficient, self-contained, dark Irish looks, friendly and experienced. Looking for the real thing—no bullshit. Let's do Box 5905

FIND YOUR BAD BOY IN DEAR SIR

32 135 5'10" submissive bottom needs to be bound and gagged. Photo/phone/letter to Box 5984

MUTUAL ACTION

Interests include tit torture, wrestling, bondage. I am a novice who seeks a variety of safe experiences, not as a slave but in give and take activities. I am 31 5'9" 230 lbs. Prefer nonsmokers, no drugs — including poppers. Dave, PO Box 7033, Saginaw, MI 48608-7033

MISSOURI

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Both 5'10" 185 170 lbs., dark hair blond hair smooth chest/hairy chest, seek young masculine bottoms for very hot scenes in well equipped black-light "playroom" (with sling, —SM, BD, CBT, TT, FF, WS—you name it or want it and we'll get into it gently to rough to ?). Limits discussed and respected prior to long extended session. Very verbal during sexual encounters and expect bottom likewise to be verbal. Have "pig slave" available which we will share with other Masters who have a slave to share with us or we may make him available to select Masters. Special interest in jocks, USN, USMC, B's. Sincere beginners welcome. All letters with detailed experience and photo will be answered. Travelers and weekend guests welcome. Apply to Box 3931 Springfield, MO 65808

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White professional man, 40 white, 6' 175 lbs., seeking small and boyish slave/house boy/son, any race. Desire lifetime relationship. Sexual desires and limits discussed respected expanded. Must relocate and be subservient. Send revealing photos, application, address, phone. Will answer all Box 5751LF

SLAVE TRAINEE AVAILABLE

Inexperienced St. Louis Greek passive needs young attractive arrogant jock to serve, worship and submit mind and body to for training, bondage and discipline, verbal abuse, spanking and fulfillment of Master's fantasies. Would-be slave is 28-year-old white professional who is 5'11" 170 lbs. with brown hair Box 5908

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WM, 5'11", 150 lbs., 40. Seeks Kansas City area tops, 40+ for extended titwork and safe ass play. Photo, phone to Box 5916

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OMAHA AREA

Nonsexual WM bondage Master 36, 5'10" 190, wants part-time WM slaves, 21-35 Light to moderate SM optional. Any experience level. No scat, WS, drugs. Address/phone number to GFLH, PO Box 733 Bellevue NE 68005. (LF5474)

NEW HAMPSHIRE

BUDDY TO BUDDY MANSEX

WM law student, 35 6'2" 210, beard, mustache, hairy chest, from Alaska, seeks hairy uncut 27-45 man for permanent (move to Alaska) or temporary relationship. Man to man sex—sweaty crotches, skin, pits, tits, butts, poppers, imagination, rough and loving. No whipping, scat. Travel New England. (603) 225-4577 (LF58 8)

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RENAISSANCE MAN OF KINKS

Boots, armpits, feet, jocks, 50's, leather sweatsocks are a few of my favorite things. GWM 32 6'1" 180—versatile experienced healthy—asks fellow travelers in esoteric sex and more mundane pleasures — movies, opera, books, etc. Smokers, social drinkers, and recreational druggies preferred. NO PHONE CALLS. Write first with photo if possible (returnable). T.R. Witomski, 41 Bonaire Dr. Toms River, NJ 08757

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Private collector wants you to make a J/O video. All body types and ages (over 18) wanted. Masters! You can show off your slave. Discretion assured. Faces can be left out. Call George (201) 661-1138

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Need shit, piss, puke, shot dumped in my mouth, face. Need to be fucked simultaneously. Groups only (2 or more plus me). Am 38, 150, handsome. Call (212) 691-6474 between 7-10 PM

STRAIGHT BUDDIES

Hung top buddy wanted to help work over my cocksucker bottom. ME Mid-30s, hot 6' in good shape, hung big thick bottom 5'9" Italian BB, hungry for our hot meal & piss. Reply w/ photo phone to PO Box 150 Prince St. New York, NY 10012 0003

SUPER FAT EXECUTIVE DAD

is what I'm looking for. I am 29, handsome GWM, Jewish, 6' muscular and masculine, 160, all American looks, Ivy grad. You are handsome, smooth and clean-shaven, between 30 and 49. You are also dominant, aggressive, masculine, very successful and 250-425 pounds. Body worship, verbal scenes, button-down shirts, a turn-on. Leather Master slave-trips a turn-off. Jewish or Italian a + 5 minutes to NYC. 201 332 8745

LIVE-IN

GWM 18-30 son into heavy C&BT, TT, whipping and long term bondage, desired by GWM dad into same. You will live days on Soxflex machine and in my well-equipped playroom. I'm into creative scenes. Leave your age, height, weight, heaviest scenes and best time to return call. (201) 874-8909 x78 and 1-287S (LF5982)

SMELLING DADDY'S FEET

Very hot and handsome 33 year-old WM wants Daddy's big, smelly feet to savor and smell. I want to remove Daddy's big boots, shoes and pig-out on his sweaty, ripe feet. So come on, Daddy, give me that smell that gets my cock rock hard. My gratitude will be orgasmic. PO Box 20210, NYC 10023

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GWM 35 8' 150 lbs., blond, smooth wants regular mutual scenes with man under 40. Horny for hot, dirty action! Write PO Box 987 Grand Central Station, NY, NY 10163

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HARRY JEW WANTS ABUSE

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SEEKING DOMINANT SON

Attractive, 5'7", 34-year-old leatherman seeks sexually dominant younger son. Son must be into leathersex, bondage and something to moderate SM. WM train novices and/or bottoms interested in switching roles. Replies to Box 245, New York, NY 10008 (LF5356)

ARIES, NOVICE

40, WM, 5'5", 145 lbs., uncut, needs help learning joys of C&B, bondage, wine, enemas, catheters, hot wax, assplay. Not into FF, scat, heavy pain. Have extensive leather toy collection, boot horse, sling, suspension harness. Waiting for right teacher with hairy chest, well-built, to age 45. Your photo and phone gets mine. Box 5410

VERSATILE SLAVE SOUGHT

for training, confinement and discipline. Must be GWM, slender and muscular, 27-45, in need of domination and into all forms. S.M. Must be capable of honest affection and ready to make commitment. This Master is not interested in one-night stands or "bar games." Seeking a slave to develop a compatible relationship with in and out of the leather scene. You must be professionally employed and intelligent, heavy into leather and obedient, but you must also be fully capable of stepping out of the sex scene and relating in the world to your Master as a companion. You must fully respect yourself and wish to be cared for, emotionally, as an individual and be able to return it. Your reward will be to have all of your sexual fantasies realized in your Master's dungeon where your position as a slave will be left. Safe sex is observed by this Master. Your Master is in 30s, tall, dark hair, muscular. This ad applies to all of New York state as I travel. Respond with photo, phone and letter. Box 5313LF

NAKED BOTTOM

Exhibitionist, WM, 37 8' 180, needs top to keep me naked, display me, have me perform for you, friends, parties. Into bondage, TT, CBT, shaving, leather W/S, aroma, toys, indoors or outdoors. Let's hear your ideas and make them happen. Just keep me bare-ass and exposed. Live upstairs. Box 5696LF

WESTERN NEW YORK

pig slave, white 36 yrs. old, 6' 165 lbs., full beard and slash, seeks hot master and/or lover to expand my limits for fun and games on a regular basis. Safe sane sex aware, I'm into leather and rubber gear, uniforms, verbal abuse, bondage, boot service, watersports, S&M etc. Sir, I need tied up, lick on Your boots, suck on Your used cum bag, and have You use my pig slave holes to please Your needs. Regular phone buddy also. Box 5656LF

PISS & RIM SLAVE AVAILABLE

to serve hot topmen, daddies & masters. Clean-cut, blond, trim, 35 yr old pig will give your crotch & ass the attention it deserves. Sir! Write to Frank, PO Box 1394, Ansonia Station, NYC, NY 10023. Photo/phone if possible (LF5685)

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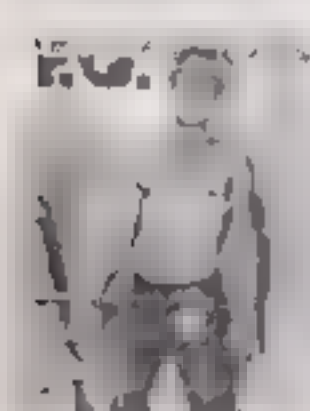
Body to 25, boyish looking, must be prepared to surrender your mind, will & body entirely ready to be trained into total complete slavery by your acti hung Daddy Master. Send full-length revealing photo, phone letter of worthiness to serve to Master Don, PO Box 243, S.I., NY 10306 or call (718) 978-0328. Must be ready to relocate (LF5674)

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GWM, 43, 8', 198 lbs., out of shape needs direction from in-shape Coach/Topman. Goal: overcome flab, develop trim, tight body for Coach/Topman's use and enjoyment in extensive sexual training. Coach is thoroughly Top, mature, dominant, extremely well hung, always horny. Awaiting instructions, Sir. Live upstairs/travel. Box 5949LF

HUSKY TOP-BOTTOM

Seeks older man. Dad for light S/M, bondage, T/T, domination, and submission. You must be over forty, and masculine. Beards, mustaches, hairy bodies, salt and pepper hair a plus. Me 26 yrs., masculine, 5'11", 260 lbs. Safe sex only. Relationship possible. (516) 731-6740. Anytime



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By accepting their ad, Drummer is telling you that the bar has been recommended by a Leather SM club or a recognized individual in the community as a good place to meet and socialize with other Leathermen. In larger cities, these will be THE leather bars; in other areas, they will be the more general purpose bars where Leathermen do go to socialize.

Help us alert Drummer readers and travelers to the RIGHT place to go to meet Leathermen in your part of the world. Send us your recommendations and talk to the right bar owners and managers about placing one of these low-priced ads. If you see a business listed here that you think shouldn't be, let us know about that, too.

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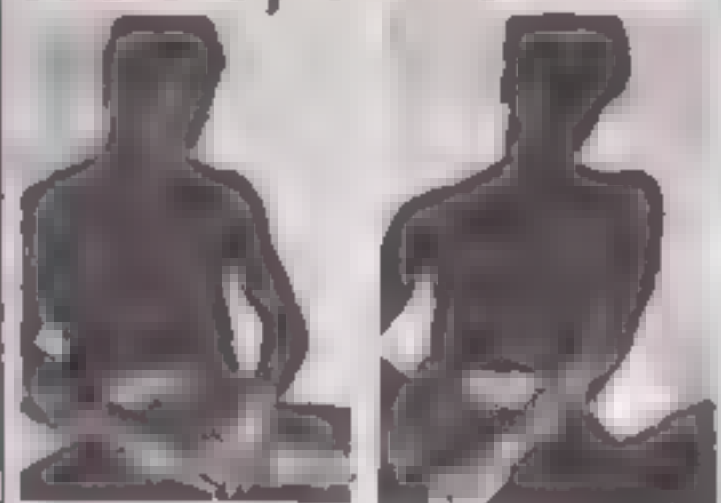
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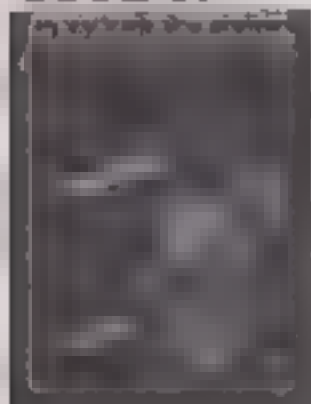
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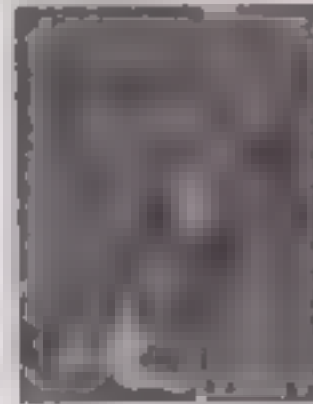
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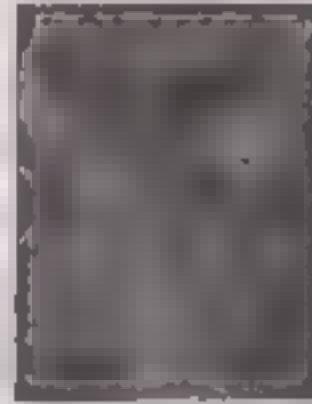
ISSUE 70



ISSUE 71



ISSUE 72



ISSUE 73



DOMINANT BLACK MAN WANTED

Very well-hung white European male with smooth, firm, round buns seeks to serve hot, demanding black master. I am 40, 165 lbs, 5'10", semi-cut 8w. I need hot & heavy abuse. Beat me, fuck me, hit on my face & train me to worship your black body. Will travel. Write Suite K52, 496A Hudson St., New York, NY 10014.

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41, 200 lbs, 8' BB, seeks smooth, athletic boy for safe sex. Live-in possible. Your photo gets mine. James Duke, PO Box 640683, San Francisco, CA 94164 (LF5310)

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WM, 6'3", 200, hairy, handsome, healthy, hung, 36, 18 years experience as kinky, expert, sadistic top. Now want to form versatile 1-1 relationship with another imaginative, aware top/bottom. No: One-nights, addicts, brutality, scat, manipulators (you know who you are). Yes: Leather, love, workouts, commitment. Photo exchange a must. Box 5368LF

SM REALITY

Not fantasy. Very experienced masochist, 38, 5'10", 170, well developed, seeks experienced sane sadist for pushing of exceptional pain level. Restrain my power, clamp my 3/4" protruding tits, stimulate my pain level with your leather and SM equipment. Send description of yourself and experiences, phone. Travel frequently to Calif. and Illinois. Box 5444

MY WIFE'S NEW WORTH

by 200 lb. WM hairy muscular dad in NYC. Professional, secure man, looking for live-in, possibly competition bound, body builder who needs love, discipline and guidance. Must be over 200 lbs., large pecs, thighs, arms and tough abs. Dad can provide. Letter, photo, phone to Box 4717LF

MY WIFE'S NEW WORTH

Phimosed, and leather encased cuts, and great work on curved and mutilated cocks. Hot guys welcome. Tony Collins, PO Box 6969, FDR Sta., New York, NY 10022 (LF5347)

BIG SOFT NIPS ON BIG HARD PECS

Big Soft Nips on Big Hard Butts. Offered to tough little muscled NYC area 'hand'-y man for shaping, stroking, regular upkeep by hot, funky, healthy, horny, hard-cut ex-top, 45, 6'1", 175, 16" arms, 45" chest, 38" butt, 22 1/2" thighs, 16 1/2" calves, 7 1/2" dick. Correspond with hot little tops needing big bottoms. Box 5365LF

BIG GUY SEEKS DADDY

I'm 36, 6'2", 220 lbs with shaved head and beard. Looking for intelligent, affectionate Daddy who needs a dominant, strong man for intense, kinky, but healthy sexual relationship into shaving, tit work, ball stretching, bondage, hot wax and more. Not into pain or life threatening situations. Write Box 4709LF

UPSTATE LEATHER

Master Daddy, WM 6'2", 180 lbs, masculine. Master, seeks slave and possible permanent relationship. Must be submissive. Have own home in country. Box 4756LF

CAVERNOUS SHAVED PIG HOLE

available to you. This sexy, hot Scorpio could be your man. WM 39, 5'7", beard, shaved chest, ass, balls pierced, but most important healthy. Versatile, uninhibited hot pig into mutual scenes, including L/L, deep FF ass toys, B/O, W/S, CB/T, boots, socks, jocks especially those requiring washing and cleaning with my mouth/tongue. Also into photos and videos. Turn off to fats/overweights and men unable to live their fantasies. Photo phone to Box 1440 Madison Sq. Sta. NYC, NY 10159. Experience a real man! (LF5575)

EXPERIENCED CONCERNED

Experienced concerned but a true sadist who will hurt but never harm you. No permanent relationship possible—but friendship via your real submission and commitment the bottom line. Box 4255LF

YOU WANT A BIG STRONG MAN

to hold you, to envelope you, to caress and use your hot little body. I'm 6'2", 33 years old and good looking with light brown hair and blue eyes. You're young and slim and maybe a little inexperienced. That's OK, I'm a patient teacher safe and sensual. Jeff Martin, 400 W 43, Apt. 14-P New York, NY 10036. Photo gets same. Box 5777LF

DESIRES DOMINANT

31, 175, 6'2", very handsome, brn brn. Desires dominant bodybuilders and leathermen to show this submissive bottom the ropes. Into muscles, BD, SM, TT, CBT hoods, hot wax, gags, toys, smoke, aroma, condoms and SAFE SEX. Torture me, I'll worship you and let's cum together. Photo/phone letter to Box 5670LF

RAUNCHY SEX PARTIES

OK, so we have to be careful but there must be L.L. studs to get together in couples or groups for smoke, beer, poppers, tit work, J/O, mutual didoes, videos and games. We can still drink our own piss. Send photo to this 6'1", 160 lbs., blond, 7" handsome stud for fast reply. Let's party! Box 5749LF

TALL BIG-FOOTED BOTTOMS

Do you want to act out sweaty locker room scenes, frat hazing, brothers, and other exciting head trips with a hot WM, 31, 6'1", 185, very attractive, masculine and sincere? Then call Frank between 8 PM-12 Mid at (212) 675-7352 to meet (no phone J/O) in NYC for regular explosive action. Tall tops welcome too. (LF5769)

PHOTOGRAPHS

Guys with anything good wanted: hands, legs, back, tits, nose, dick, scene. Big small, any age. Whatever you've got or do good. Must sign release serious artist good time 2-3 prints in return. Dads At Box 5820

YOU WANT A B G STRONG MAN

to hold you, to envelope you, to caress and use your hot little body. I'm 6'2", 33 years old and good looking with light brown hair and blue eyes. You're young and slim and maybe a little inexperienced. That's OK, I'm a patient teacher safe and sensual. Jeff Martin, 400 W 43, Apt. 14-P NY NY 10036. Photo gets same. (LF5777)

SADISTIC SICILIAN MASTER

37, 5'9", 190 seeks dog or pig into heavy, heavy V.A. whappings, pleasurable torture. CBT, TT, FF, W/S, scat. A complete piece of shit that likes to be treated like one. Prefer experienced short chunky types. Photo and letter of qualifications to Box 5814LF

SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT

Very hot 25 yr. towe! seeks hot men for heavy scat scenes. Desire to be total toilet for the right man. Looks and attitude important. Photo/phone answered first. Box 5819

RIM YOUR CLEAN SMOOTH ASS

Daddy wants to rim your smooth clean ass & have you squirm as daddy slides his hot tongue in, out & around your juicy man or pussy hole. You 18-35 no fat cock not imp! Me 45, sbm, 5'11", br hnd Ltr phone ass photo if poss. not nec. Box 5854

MAKE ME WANT IT

WM mid 30s, NYC area bottom, new to scene. All lean well developed pecs, dark hair, moustache. Fantasies: leather, spankings, paddings, slow tit torture, cock/ball torture. I need a patient MASTER to show me the ropes so I will no longer be a novice. PO Box 780, Morace Harding Sta. Flushing, NY 11362 9991 (LF5863)

FIND YOUR MASTER IN DEAR SIR

MAKE ME YOUR SUCK PIG

Hungry throat needs to be force-fed gigantic (8") meat for hours! No reciprocation. Age not important. Size is. Nude photo assures quick reply. Fox, PO Box 20161, Midtown Station New York City 10129

FAT PIG SLAVE

White pig slave, 37, 5'11", 300-plus lbs looking for muscular in-shape Master 26-40 for SM, BD, WS, CBT, TT, running. Please, Sir give this fat pig what he deserves. Box 5895

HOT JOCK PUSSY DEEP THROAT

Tough young stud in great shape (health) needs hot Black, Latin or white stud with 9+ L/C meat. Looking for man who needs a hot tough stud between his legs. You'd be proud to be seen with me anywhere. Giving his cock anytime he needs it feeding on his L/C cheese, naked and obedient. Won't feed me in the bars. Work too hard. Am a successful professional not looking to be kept unless you decide to take me, but to be trained further—used throat kept full and ass filled deeper and deeper. Me—29, 6'3", 15-180, 8" cock hard, cock, tight ass that needs to be opened. Can take 14" dildo. Train me to take fist, elbow. Walk me around room with hand up my ass. Incredible throat—can 11" cock to base and stay down on indefinitely while swallowing on the cock. I'm hot but unused having just moved in NYC. Need one hot pig-dicked man who can appreciate and enjoy me above. Photo/phone. JLN, PO Box 2653 Church St. Sta. NYC 10008-2653

NEW MEXICO

NORTHERN NEW MEXICO

WM 27, 150, 8', attractive, healthy and athletic is looking for top-bottom men for friendship and exploration of SM. BD Versatile and open-minded. Interest in leather, boots, uniforms, fantasy scenes. Safety and discretion assured. All answered. Photo/letter to Box 5513LF

OHIO

DADDY MASTERS NEEDED

GWM, 35, 185 lbs, 5'11" beard, brown hair, green eyes, 7" cut, A/Fr P/Gr submissive. Seeking hot, hung, muscled hairy tops, 25-45, for SM, BD, WS, TT, C-BT FF shaving enemas. Expand my limits, while I worship your body, Sir and fulfill your leather fantasies. Dayton/Cincinnati OH. Box 5514LF

DADDY MASTER WANTS SLAVE

WM Master, 38, 5'11", 195, brn hair and eyes, seeks slaves for S&M, B&D, TT, watersports, shaving, training and service. Photo and phone to Box 4137LF

CIN/DAYTON AREA

160 lbs, 8'1" 52-yr-old, size 13 boot, heavy boot service, leather uniforms, subservience. No scat, heavy pain. Even. until 11 PM (513) 423 5159

CLEVELAND

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER Slave's slave GWM 30 years, 5'6", 140 lbs. Slave craves spanking S&M, verbal abuse, etc. Safe sex only. Get me at Box 501, 35 Severance Circle Dr., Cleveland, OH 44118

ENGLISH DISCIPLINE

Former English Prep School Prefect seeks J.S. butts for strap, paddle cane and belt. Experience the trauma of the British school-boy GWM 39, excellent shape. PO Box 14056, Cleveland, OH 44114

BONDAGE PARTNER SOUGHT

GWM, 30, br/br, seeks partner for bondage games and safe sex. Not into Master/slave relationship. Prefer to be bottom, but can be top. Light pain tit work, C&B work, possible permanent relationship. Write, John, 742 Lakewood Drive, Cortland, OH 44410

OREGON

LET'S DISCOVER LEATHERSEX

If you're new at it, so am I. Let's initiate each other into being baited, fucked, sucked and pissed on. Top/bottom. I can be both gentle and strong. Handsome, 6'4", 210, 29. Into working out and staying in shape and want someone else who is too. Send photo/letter to PO Box 40740, Portland, OR 97240-0740 (LF5747)

NEED TRAINING/CONTROL?

Salem WM, mid-age, physically active, 8' 160 lbs., cut 7" cock with nice head, hairy body, large nipples, seeks trim young male. Let's spend several hours together exploring the erotic aspects of SM including bondage, ass spanking or whipping, discipline, shaving, self stimulation, and designing and using restrictive binding or locking chastity devices. Your interest is important, not your experience. Describe your ideas and what turns you on in detail. Include photo. Box 5279LF

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PORTLAND

40-year-old, working man wants to meet other masculine men who like beating off with other guys. I'm hairy and bearded, 5'6" 130 lbs. Box 4455LF

PENNSYLVANIA

SHOW ME THE "ROPES"

ME—30 GWM, 5'11" 170 lbs., med build, 7" health conscious, career oriented. YOU—25-40 GWM, 5'11" 170-220 lbs., med-lg. build, 7"-9", health conscious, career oriented. Wanted for companionship, lead to permanent relationship. New to leather scene. Ready to learn the "ropes." NO drugs, feds, feds, scat, FF perm, damage, piercing, unsale, group scenes, one-night stands. Turn-ons are leather, cockrings, harnesses, hoods, wax weights, beards, hairy chests, shaved balls, tattoos, motorcycles. Bondage, moderate to heavy pain. We can "explore" together. Consider us a team, you control the scenes. If you're able, I'm willing. Pittsburgh area. Will travel 50-mile radius. What are you waiting for? Let's get together. Your picture and telephone number get mine. Box 5970

PITTSBURGH BOTTOM

37 5'8 1/2" 170-lb. WM seeks daddy, master to 50. Need discipline, safe sex and affection. Hairy men a plus. Truckers welcome—near -79-80. Write with photo to PO Box 25345 Pittsburgh, PA 15242

LEATHERMAN

WM, 28, 5'10", 170, balding beard, very hairy top, cigar smoking, full leather. Looking to meet similar bottoms in NE Penn. for leather sex. Send letter and picture to Box 5964

BASIC TRAINING

Recruits wanted for "Active Duty" by military Drill instructor. Dr. is looking for "A Few Good Men" who need to be "squared away" for the first time or who wish to relive their BOOT CAMP experiences. Recruit candidates should request orders from MCRD-PHL Box 242 Pennel, PA 19047-0848. All responses at knowledge, but those with photo/phone answered first. (LF4257)

BONDAGE SLAVE AVAILABLE

Into prolonged sessions. Enjoy being gagged, hooded, bound, chained and serving a strict Master. Possible permanent life with right Master. Limits set by Master. No drugs. Box 5394LF

PITTSBURGH AREA

X-collage football player 31 6'4" 225 lbs. accepting applications for the position of my personal slave. Photo and photos are required of all applicants. Beginners are welcome, but must demonstrate that they have the proper attitude. Ideal candidates would be between 18 and 35, straight-looking and acting, work out and take pride in their physical appearance. Wimps, feds and feds need not waste the postage. Discretion assured and photos returned. Apply to Master, PO Box 55, Glenshaw, PA 15116 (LF4484)

WELL-STOCKED BLACK ROOM

In Pittsburgh area, complete with competent uncut WM, 180 lbs., 48, seeks submissive young stud into SS, SM, BD, TT, CBT, VA, 3W, JD, Fr, Gr, A-Z. All fantasies considered. Most realized. Requires mind, body and soul. Can't handle it. Fuck off. Men only need apply. Box 4406LF

WET PANTS

41, 5'8", 140 lbs. WM, beard, into pissing in Levis, jockey shorts, onto one another, bed wetting, all W/S scenes. Your wet pictures get mine. J.L.L., 2698 Harrisburg Pike, Lancaster PA. (717) 898-2627 (LF5494)

WANTED: BONDAGE MASTER

Once you get me under your control, you set the limits. 37-year-old bondage slave needs natural Master capable of extended heavy bondage, sensory deprivation and behavior modification. Please send orders to PO Box 2091 Philadelphia, PA 19103. Am able and willing to travel your domain. (LF4674)

LEATHER FANTASIES BECOME REALITIES IN DEAR SIR

LEATHER MASTER NEEDED

Slave, 28 5'9" 155 hairy moustache, seeks Daddy Master into WS, Spd, Leather, Uniforms, Toys, BD, VA, SM, CBT/T, Smoke. Need man to dominate me and expand my limits. horizons. Moustache or beard a must. Photo, phone preferred. PO Box 53373, Philadelphia, PA 19105 (LF5655)

RHODE ISLAND

COPS MILITARY CONSTRUCTION WORKERS

This bottom is WM, 5'9", 160, brown eyes/hair 8" cut, hairy chest, and healthy with an equally healthy imagination. I'm into verbal abuse, uniforms, leather, toys, bondage, safe watersports, lit torture, hot wax, ass play, spanking, boots and open to suggestions. You're a verbal, creative topman (men) into (fantasy) sex. A fuck-ass, filthy-mouthed cop with a desire to rape a lone motorist. A hard, hot-headed Marine MP with a mean streak a mile wide. A sweaty raunchy construction worker who knows how to take what he wants. I'm not into scat or heavy pain. I travel New England and New York City. If you're interested, send a raunchy, descriptive letter (photo gets a quicker response) to Box 5079LF

SOUTH DAKOTA

WINKTE

Wamasicun 35, 5'8" 185 Blk Erie ekta wab Kola Lakota wacin, wacasa nans winkte. Piamayan wasicun rapu wowapi yakaga. Wato-hani wacyanke kte lo. Niyelo Wakan Tanki nciun. Box 5284LF

TENNESSEE

TAKE COMPLETE CONTROL

Exp GWM bottom into all types of ass play. Toys, cocks, FF, VA, humiliation (private, public), Fr/A, Gr/P, W/S, bondage with light disc. TT, CBT. No hang-ups on age/race. Plus: big cocks, blacks, Hispanics, uncuts. Prefer Southeast U.S. but will consider other locations. Revealing photo will return with mine. Box 5186LF

NIPPLES BECOME ERECTILE

More than yesterday's torture, less than tomorrow's. When will it end? Will you collapse before your 41-yr-old GWM Daddy gives you the final rubdown with hot oil and commands. "You passed, son. Cum." Send age, height, weight, and best and worst scenes endured to date—be candid—to this ruthless 6'4" 205-pounder at Box 5034LF

GWM 25

5'9", 160 brown hair, blue eyes, moustache, submissive and obedient, looking for Drummer Daddy/Master (30 to 45) to help me expand my limits. Will travel/possible relocation. Sir, please reply to Box 5265LF

MASCULINE AND HAIRY

Wants versatile partner into all SM exploration and satisfaction. Desires intelligent, imaginative man in Nashville area who is not afraid of passion and is skilled in the arts of pain and pleasure. I am 33, 5'9", 170 lbs., white and ready. Box 5362LF

TEXAS

LEGIT COPS

(713) 690-4408 No phone J/O

DALLAS

Hot, horny hole needs large tool, hands, toys. GWM, 32, seeks above. Nude photo gets response. Member Leather Fraternity. Box 5459LF

WHIPPING BOY

Blond, moustache 37 yrs., 6'4", 175 lbs. well-built, raunchy stud, offers training/poison to playful, slim, sane and healthy boy/slave (20-33 years) who is eagerly willing to submit his body and soul to innovative rubber/leather uniform Master. Explicit application to Box 5453LF Houston area

DEAF BONDAGE MASTER

GWM, 21, 5'7" 120 lbs., deaf, full-time employee, seeks permanent bondage master like to be bed by rope, leather belt and chain. My goal is to be a tough leatherman. You must be willing to relocate in Dallas from where you live now. Please send me a photo of you wearing leather clothing, and send response to Deaf Leatherboy, 3321 Crestview Apt. 301, Dallas, TX 75235. Also want to have a weightlifting training while you're training me.

CROTCH SNIFFERS

Arrogant Houston stud, 8', 160 lbs., gym toned and hung, humiliates and abuses brown-nosing wimps. Box 5961

VERMONT

HOT VERMONT BOTTOM

42 brown and blue, 120 lbs. 5'6" needs Tops to train me. Into all except fistfucking. Turn-ons: uniforms, leather, jockstraps, humiliation, slapping ass, cock toys, cops, all law enforcement officers. Would also like to try W/S, T/T. Wayne D. Bannister RD 2 Rt. 30, Box 2102 Middlebury, VT 05753 (802) 462-3173 (LF5750)

VIRGINIA

HOT FF BOTTOM

Looking for a man a man to enjoy great times. Forget slave or toilet, just one man looking for another one. If you're into intense sex and a personable fella let's meet. N. Virginia area. Box 5477LF

RICHMOND AREA

WM, 29, 5'8", 150 lbs., seeks partner into CBT, B/D, top/bottom 25-45. Box 5787

DI

Need Master for daily workouts to build and shape my body. Harsh discipline will be needed. No or safe sex only. PO Box 9784, Virginia Beach, VA 23450

EXPLORING BONDAGE

Experienced, mature, intelligent man looking for person(s) to explore bondage and related S/M activities. Open to all safe, sane activity. Have well-equipped playroom or will travel VA, NC, DC, MD for long, intense sessions. Enjoy top but will go bottom or switch. Age not important but prefer someone experienced under 40. HTLV-negative. Karl, (804) 270-6749, 8-10 PM ET Box 5862

WASHINGTON

RAUNCH SLAVE

GWM, 30, 5'9" good-looking, seeks raunch Master/Daddy to serve. Master should be white, healthy facial hair, under 45, good-looking with a rank-smelling shithole. Initiate me into toilet service, humiliation, Master worship, etc. Send photo with letter. Box 5935

SERIOUS GAMES FOR MEN

Need versatile buddy for long sessions mutually enjoying leather, bondage, C&BT, whips, toys. Also fucking and sucking, using condoms. Safe sex only. Boxholder PO Box 21544, Seattle WA 98111

WISCONSIN

SCAT

Totally uninhibited scat scenes wanted by this bottom-mutual raunch pig. Am 32 6' 200 lbs. GWM—medium hung. Seeks same to 45—harrier the better. Also into WS, FF, Satanism, drink, smoke, aroma. Send revealing photo and phone to Boxholder, PO Box 07481, Milwaukee, WI 53207 for immediate reply. (LF5286)

DRUMMER DESIRES

Submit to your Drummer desires. Safely explore your new horizons. Box 4876LF

WYOMING

HOT HOLES

GWM, 35, 8' 170, blond/brown, hung. Seeks hung stallions, hot fists, deep holes, safe but heavy. Leather barn scenes. Box 5855

INTERNATIONAL

BOUND AND GAGGED

Bondage bottom looking for safe and sensible Top, for monogamous partnership involving home, business and being together. Enjoys videos, movies, good food and wine, swimming, traveling and quiet times, etc. I'm into prolonged sessions. Enjoy being blindfolded, hooded, bound, gagged. Also mummification, sensual deprivation & stimulation. Light to moderate pain, bondage. You: 25-35, smooth, handsome, moderate build a plus. Me: 28, handsome, moderate build with a small hand/cap. Photo & phone/address with your reply. Box 5955LF

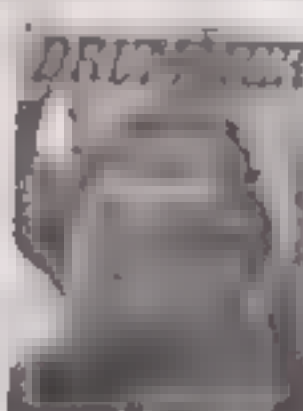
AUSTRALIA

SLAVE, HEAVY MASOCHIST

50, into leather military uniforms, discipline, VA, jockstraps, TT, piercing, C&BT, electric prod, shaving humiliation, bootlicking, armpit erotic whipping and bondage, pain trips, asshole worship, Satanism. Seeks experienced dungeon Master to expand limits as a slave of the empire of Satan by correspondence and/or heavy sessions. Box 5874LF



SSUE 74



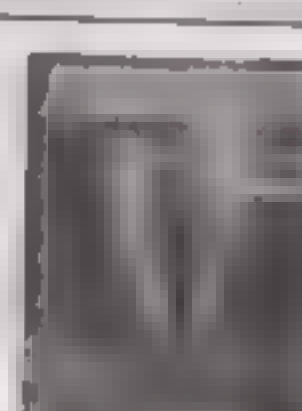
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ISSUE 84



ISSUE 85



ISSUE 86



ISSUE 87



CANADA

LEATHER BARS

of torture and execution turn you on? If you are sincere, like to play in safe, sane way, wearing police, SS uniform, leather, high boots, let's enjoy I'm 38 play top or bottom, but would appreciate meeting real top if one exists. Box 5963

LEATHER SCENE

Maritimes, interested in biking or leather scene. Group organizing. Write Box 3154 Station A, Moncton, N.B., Canada E1C 9J5

LEATHER LICKATHOUSH

Two guys, 34, 6'3", 200 lbs., and 25, 6', 170 lbs. into heavy ass-play, lit torture, cock & ball torture, hot wax, bondage and damn near any other safe sex you can imagine. We travel around Alberta, Montana, Manitoba & North Dakota. Write w photo & phone to: Kirby Smith, PO #281, Sub #1, Moose Jaw, Sas.atchewan, Canada S6H 5V0

A "BOOTS" IN HOTELS

or Leather Bars. Want work as a Bootblack, Boot cleaner, Bootjack, Bootstool in busy hotels or leather bars. Will service boots on male feet for customers and staff alike without pay. Am fascinated by spurred cowboy boots and English riding boots. Will lick-shine boot leather with my tongue. Will clean boots first, then lick them all over and shine them. Could also work as "Boots" in the bunkhouse of cattle ranch servicing the boots of several cowboys who wear spurred cowboy boots all day. Roger, PO Box 383, Lachine, Que. Canada H8S 4C2

DR. SOUGHT

Good-looking 33, 6'3" 210, dark hair/beard, seeks doctor to give me a complete naked physical examination paying particular attention to cock, balls and ass. Looking for a scene that's as realistic as possible. Photo/phone preferred. Vancouver Box 5658LF

ENGLAND

TOTAL SLAVE REQUIRED

to serve, worship and belong to hot WM Master (37, moustache). Submit humble application to become the Master's naked slave immediately and forever. Worship my boots and my mind real good and be rewarded with whipping, incarceration and true enslavement. On your knees and beg, boy Box 5869LF

When answering foreign ads with box numbers remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 44¢ per 16 ounces. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

TRAVELLING SLAVES

Meet your match in a 6' blond living in London. Am into bondage, FF, body shaving and a desire to turn you into a slave. You, any nationality with a strong desire to serve. Get writing, cocksucker Box 5829

GUATEMALA

LEATHER CONTACTS

Interested in contacting people with the same leather interests, to increase our group in this country. I'm Guatemalan. Please contact tel 061-8844 or Box 5396LF

SWITZERLAND

DOING TO THE BROTHER

Visit this muscular bearded top leatherman 51, 5'11", 160, in good shape and perfect health. You're 28-50, good-looking, masculine, preferably muscular, hairy with well trained, receptive rear for extensive assplay including deep-ploving, titwork, FF dirty talk mutual raunchy asslicking. Perfect health essential. Europeans (esp. Germans) corresponding to above requirements welcome. Write w photo: B. Rahm, Hardsbr. 58, CH 4052 Basel, Switzerland (LF5048)

WEST GERMANY

LEATHER MEN

Leather and SM turn me on. German 41, 6'3" 190, knowledgeable into experimental and new things, wants to get in touch and possibly meet with interesting men into most forms of the leather world. I am often in the states. Let me hear from you and tell and show me more of yourself. Box 5755LF

MODELS NATIONWIDE

1987 MR DRUMMER

Master Mark Alexander the nation's hottest leather stud, available for personal appearances and phone fantasies. Call (213) 392-3923 for appointments. VISA, MC accepted. Travel available.

ULTIMATE FANTASY

Expert heavy bondage, butt-beating and hole-stretching scenes conducted by young, experienced, blond bodybuilder, 26 years old. Well-equipped, mirrored playroom for light to heavy punishment or discipline. Capable of bloodying your butt with whips or paddles, then safely expanding your hole. For those who are young and hot, I will consider special discounts. Chris (415) 621-0297

MODELS NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

MADE TO ORDER LEATHER UNIFORMS

Oakland-SF masseur, Fr-a-p, Gr-a. Phatic lovers. J/O. \$65 in. Photos, phone sex. Marc (415) 444 3204

BONDAGE TRIPS

You can't go nearly as far as I can take you—and return. Scenes from 4 hours to 5 days. Fully equipped South-of-Market playroom. Leather straitjacket, manacles, hoods, gags, police equipment, suspension, mirrors—sensory trips—or lite to heavy SM. We videotape your session—you get only copy. Call Leathermaster Jack, (415) 680-8959 or write PO Box 271403, Concord, CA 94527

HORNED DADDY FOR KISSERS

Sadist, top, funky daddy w/ piercings and tattoos, hot-n-husky, offers a safe place for masochists and submissives to explore restraint and sensory input. I'm discreet, caring, AIDS aware. Straight and bisexual men especially welcome. Special interest in bondage erotic floggings and beatings. lit play, pain trips. South of Market playroom, unusual gear fantasy contracting. Arrangements can be made for long-term restraint. Serious replies

to Mark Chester PO Box 42501 SE, CA 94101 (415) 621-6294 noon to 10 PM, SF time only. I am very busy, leave message on machine if I am not available. \$200 minimum. For reservation, 1/2 down deposit required.

MODELS SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

HOT HORNY PARTY ANIMAL

First-fucking (top) versatile in toys, tit-cock-bal action. Reasonable rate for long, hard 3-ways group sessions. Sorry—no B&D, prefer men on a man-to-man level. 5'9" solid smooth shaved body, 160 lbs., clean-shaven, 35 handsome Italian looks. Out Rocky (213) 655 8412

HOT PAY TOILET

Good-looking hot bottom will service hot raunchy toilet studs. W.S. scat, puke, cheese etc. Discreet, healthy, safe. \$200 session. Also available for parties. L.A. San Diego area. Out only. PO Box 3303, Montebello Hills, CA 90640

PIERCING

Watch and maybe film while I get pierced. Prices vary. Also C&BT, hot wax, bondage spanking. W.M. 24. Send letter and photo. Box 5926

RAUNCH AND FILTH!!!

Get it from a real man. 39, 6'3" 235 Husky Harry Healthy Jack—24 hours (213) 469-6020. Beginners or pros!!!

BONDAGE TRIPS

See ad under Northern California Models. Master Jack in L.A. often.

MODELS FLORIDA

SELECT A STUD

Quality men of all ages, types and scenes throughout the U.S. and Canada. Photos and phone fantasies also available. We travel and hire worldwide. Credit cards accepted. (813) 823-5629, anytime.

MODELS NEW YORK

EAT MY HAIRY ASS

Hot, hairy BB wants tongue baths, toilet slaves, asslickers and sh!t worshipers. He is also a good fister. Travel weekends. Come on less my ass! \$125 minimum. (718) 626 5226

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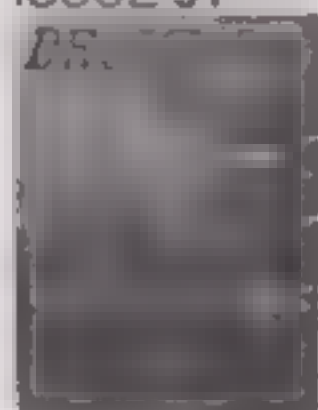
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The sexual entertainment magazine for lesbians, is 48 pages of erotic fiction, features pictures, plus timely sexual advice and news columns. We are quarterly, national, unique and provocative. \$15 yr. sub. or \$5 current issue to: On Our Backs, PO Box 421915, San Francisco, CA 94142

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RUBBER BONDAGE

Inflatable helmet and gag shown in Drummer 64 page 12, and special helmet in Drummer 86, pages 20 & 112. 172 items, list \$3. Remawear, Sherwood House, Burnley Road, Todmorden, Lancashire OL14 7ET, England

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LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

Meet and March!

Saturday, October 11, 1987

S/M Leather Conference

Sunday, October 11, 1987

March on Washington

For Love and For Life, We're Not Going Back, is the official slogan of the 1987 March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights. *Safe — Sane — Consensual*, is the slogan for the S/M Leather contingent of the March. Both say a lot about Gay men and women and about Leather men and women. Together they are the two most important messages we have to get across. The first to the straight world, the second to the straights and to many of our vanilla gay brothers and sisters.

The S/M Leather conference is scheduled from 1 to 6 pm at the "Departmental Auditorium", 12th and Pennsylvania. Seminars, workshops, displays, and other "bazaar" activities are being organized. Among the topics of discussion will be the S/M Leather presence in gay and lesbian politics, S/M and the press, relationships, and playing safer. Among the participants will be Tony DeBlase, Judy Tarrowing McCarthy, International Ms. Leather 1987, Scott Tucker (International Mr. Leather 1986), Gayle Rubin, Steve Mairthoff, Barry Douglas, and Brenda Howard. For more information write NLA, PO Box 17463, Seattle, WA 98107.

Arrangements have been made so that people in the leather contingent can stay in the same hotel, just a short walk from the Elipse and local night time activities. The hotel is the Comfort Inn Downtown, at 500 H Street, NW. Rates per night are \$70 for one person in a room, \$80 for 2, \$90 for 3, and \$100 for 4. Contact the hotel directly at 202/289-5959 for reservations and tell them you are with the march and the NLA. For those on a restricted budget, community housing is available. They are attempting to involve DC area members of the S/M Leather contingent in providing housing. For general information on community housing, contact Michael at the

national march office 202-783-1828.

If you are planning to fly to DC for the march and conference special arrangements have been made with several airlines to provide special rates. To get these rates you have to call a special number for the airline you wish and give them a group code number. These phone numbers and codes are listed below. If you have further questions call your local gay/lesbian travel agent or George at 206/324-4297.

Delta Air 800/241-6760
Code: W0315

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United 800/521-4041
Code: 7296N

If you are planning to drive to DC you may wish to join one of the several caravans planned. For information on routes, and dates and locations for stops contact The Caravan c/o Harry Ugol, 1502 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco, CA 94115. 415/346-5087.

However you get there, BE THERE!

Sexy Seniors on the Move

Super 60, the club for men 60 and over is moving from Chicago to Canada. As of October 2 their new address will be BX 755 Station E, Victoria BC, V8W 2P9 CANADA. This is not strictly a leather organization but many of the members are real Drummer Grand Daddies.

OOPS!

A slip of the pen (or word processor) is better than a slip of the razor. We listed an incorrect PO Box number for WES — We Enjoy Shaving, in both *Drummer* 106 and 107. The correct address is WES PO Box 6316, Reno NV 89513.

W. E. S. was begun in 1984 with the sole purpose of publishing a monthly newsletter dealing with shaving and hair-

cutting. That was 38 issues ago and *Stubble*, as the newsletter is called, continues to publish monthly. At present, there are 621 associate members. Each associate must make a contribution to the organization in order to belong. The contributions can be stories, story ideas, photos, newspaper and magazine clippings, etc. for publication in *Stubble*.

Foodfight!!

Not really, but both food and fighting will be much in mind for the San Francisco Wrestling Club's 9th Anniversary on Saturday, Sept. 19th from 11 AM to 4 PM. Members will host an open house potluck buffet. All men interested in wrestling and wrestlers are invited to attend. You don't have to know how to do it or be ready to jump into the ring with all comers, you just need an interest in sweaty male bodies writhing together as one tries to exert control over the other — and what *Drummer* reader isn't! The club is open to all ages, weights, and styles of physical contact. For more information on the event and/or the club call 415 824-7915 or 415 821-9721.

Celebrations Down Under

1988 is Australia's Bi-Centennial year and South Pacific Motor Club is celebrating with Come Rong '88, their 17th annual run, January 29 to 31. Remember that down under this is the middle of summer and a great way to escape the snow up here. For more info write c/o Ron Cain, GPO Box 823, Sydney, N.S.W. 2001, Australia.

Whether you are making it down to "godzone" this year or not you should be reading *The Fatal Shore, the epic of Australia's Founding*, by Robert Hughes. Now available in paperback this history is rich in information about the penal colonies that were Australia's first European towns and where shackles and chains were everyday wear and where brutal floggings were an everyday occurrence. (\$9.95 + \$1.50 S&H from Desmodus Inc.)

Baltic Battle

Baltic Battle, hosted by SLM Stockholm over Whitsun Weekend, is one of the hottest SM parties in Europe. Here are a few photos from this year's event.



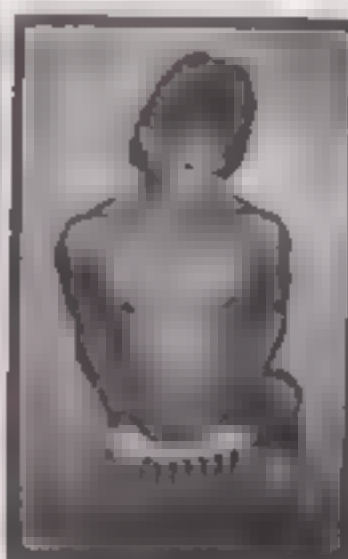


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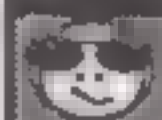
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San Francisco Leather Daddy

Interchain's fifth annual San Francisco Leather Daddy's Contest was held on Friday July 31 when Tom Rodgers (left) passed the title on to Zack Long. I hope you'll be seeing a lot more of both of these Leather Daddies in future issues of *Drummer*. At the auction held during the contest all those autographed t-shirts and

jockey shorts that didn't get sold at the end of the Mr Drummer finals went to the assembled leathermen at an average of \$45 each! Thanks again to all the men and women, who donated the "shirts off their backs." On September 6, Interchain will find the new Leather Daddy a new Leather Daddy's Boy. This contest will also be at the San Francisco Eagle

Orchids in Bondage

White orchids, black bamboo and silver chains decorated Club LA (8267 Santa Monica Blvd, West Hollywood) for a champagne celebration co-hosted by Drummer and Zeus Studios to celebrate their joint publication of *Inferno XV*, a photo essay on the men and events of Chicago Hellfire Club's fifteenth Inferno, an event which has been repeatedly hailed as the annual convention of S/M men. Club LA's management team of Dennis Graff and J. D. Slater, and their hunky and competent staff poured the champagne and over 300 CHC members, Zeus and Drummer models, Drummer writers and artists, Inferno participants, and members of the LA area's S/M clubs tried to make themselves heard over the music. With all the photographers present everyone was having too good a time to take pictures!

The Zeus-Drummer inferno book is available from either Zeus or Drummer (Desmodus Inc.). If you haven't ordered yours yet GET IT NOW!

S/M Art Faire

The Society of Janus is sponsoring an S/M Art Faire featuring erotic works by California painters, photographers, sculptors, etc. It is scheduled for noon to 7PM on Sunday, Oct-

ober 4 at Fort Mason's Bldg. C Rm 300. Tickets will be \$10 at the door or may be ordered in advance by sending \$7 each to Society of Janus, PO Box 6794 San Francisco, CA 94101. Advance tickets must be ordered by Sept. 12 and will be held at the door in the name of the person ordering. In addition to graphic artists, plans include presentations of erotic (but not explicit) performance pieces and involvement of authors of erotic works.

It sounds like a great way to spend a Sunday afternoon!

Denver Drummer Daddy

The first Denver Drummer Daddy contest was held recently at the Triangle/Denver Hosted by Mr. Leather Colorado, Jeff Buppert, seven hot men competed for the title. When all was said and done the judges selected 25 year old Alexi Guren (the youngest contestant) as their 1987 Drummer Daddy. Second place, or "Uncle" as it was called, went to Kean Cameron, 36. Third place (a.k.a. "Coach") went to 6' 4" Jeff Cheek, 29.

Guren, 5' 9" and 160 lbs., was a crowd favorite and claimed he has found the most effective form of discipline to be "mental... reinforced with corporal punishment." When asked what he felt was the most effective form of praise and

reward, Guren replied, "Rubbing under the chin!"

Each contestant was asked a variety of questions including "knew I was a Daddy when" Bill Edmunds, 49, said, "At my age I feel I have been a Daddy all my life." Judging from the crowd's reaction, they seemed to agree with Bill's assessment of himself.

Some suggested after the contest (and given the fact that a 25 year-old had just been chosen as Denver's Drummer Daddy) that an age requirement be established for next year's contestants. Jeff Buppert disagrees, "For myself, a Daddy would need to be around 40 or so. But that's my personal taste. I think the judges' selection serves to promote the fact that being a Daddy is more a state of mind than it is of age. And besides, these days there are a lot of teenage fathers out there!"

Proceeds from the contest benefitted a variety of organizations including the Ron Comacho Memorial Fund, a former Mr. Leather Colorado and Lambda House, a home-like living environment in Colorado Springs for persons with AIDS.

Ed: Please note. The name "Drummer" is owned by Desmodus, Inc. and may not be used for any contest without the written permission of the publisher or president. If you are interested in holding a Drummer Daddy contest, a Drummer Daddy's Boy contest, or a Mr Drummer local or regional contest, please write for information.

Bull Riding and Goat Dressing!

The International Gay Rodeo Association, a union of the state gay rodeo associations in Arizona, California, Colorado, Kansas, Missouri, New Mexico, Oklahoma, and Texas, has sanctioned the Bay Area Chapter of the Golden State Gay Rodeo Association to sponsor the First Annual International Gay Finals Rodeo on Sept. 18 to 20, 1987.

This is the first time the cowboys and cowgirls who scored the best in five regional gay rodeos will get a chance to compete for top honors at a finals rodeo. The regional gay rodeos are produced every year by state Gay Rodeo Asso-

ciations across the west and midwest. Contestants at the regional rodeos accumulate points for their performance and five women and five men who have the most points in each event for '86-'87 rodeo season will be invited to compete in their event at this year's season-end finals rodeo.

The weekend kicks off Friday evening, Sept. 18, at the San Franciscan Hotel with "California or Bust," a party with live entertainment, social dancing, dance exhibitions, and a casino. The two rodeo performances are to be held Saturday and Sunday afternoon, at the Rowell Ranch Rodeo Park, located in the picturesque Dublin Canyon off Interstate 580. A shuttle bus will provide transportation between the rodeo grounds and the host hotels. The Gay American Indians and a trick roper are tentatively slated to perform in the arena between the rodeo events and the Way Out West Band will provide music during the rodeo. Outside the arena a country crafts fair and exhibition western dancing will also entertain the crowd.

The rodeo events include roughstock (bull riding, bare back bronc riding, wild cow riding, and chute dogging), roping (team roping, mounted break-away calf roping, and roping on foot), horse events (barrel racing, flag racing, and pole bending), and the hilarious camp events (steer decorating, goat dressing, and wild drag race). The camp events were specially intended for novices who want to try their hand at rodeo. For example, with the goat dressing, each team of two people has to run to their goat, tethered 25 feet away, put a pair of jockey shorts on the animal, and head back to the starting line. The team with the best time wins, if the shorts stay up on their goat!

Adventure Center Travel is the official travel agency of the finals rodeo and they are offering specially reduced air fares and low convention rates at the host hotels. Call 800.522-2838 (415.654-8411 in California) 9 am — 6pm, Pacific time. Or tickets to the weekend's events can also be purchased from Stagecoach Western Apparel, 2191 Market St., in San Francisco.

LEATHER CALENDAR

Drummer's events and run listings can only be complete and accurate if we receive the correct information. If you'd like your events listed here, send us the appropriate information well in advance.

Sep. 10-13	Chicago Hellfire Club—Inferno XVI.	Oct 17	Clubhouse party, The 15, San Francisco.
Sep. 11-13	Knights Tournament 1, Knights of Leather; Minneapolis.	Oct 17	Chicago Hellfire Club, Clubhouse party.
Sep. 12	SM House party, Knights Templar; San Francisco.	Oct 17-18	Rocky Mountaineers, MC — 19th Anniversary.
Sep. 12	SLM-Stockholm—Rubber Party.	Oct 17-18	MSC-London—Birthday Party.
Sep. 12	MS-Panther Koln—Leather Disco; AB 21	Oct 23-24	13 Years—MS Panther, Cologne, Germany.
Sep. 12	UHR IM SCHULZ, Bismarkstrasse 17, 5000 Koln	Oct 28	S/M and Monster Mythology, GMSMA; New York City.
Sep. 14	S&M is Giving Good Head—SigMa; DC Eagle, Washington.	Oct 30	Windy City Bondage Club.
Sep. 18-20	1st Annual International Gay Rodeo Finals; San Francisco.	Oct 30-Nov 1	Rurals MC—fox Hunt—Roermond; Netherlands
Sep 18-21	Iron Guard—12th Anniversary; New York.	Oct 31	Centaur, MC—Halloween—Leather Sabat; Washington, DC.
Sep 19	San Francisco Wrestling Club open house potluck buffet. (415) 824-7915 or 821-9721 for info.	Oct 31	MSC-Finland—Bondage Night
Sep 19	The 15, Photo party night; San Francisco.	Nov 7	Mr. New York Leather Contest; New York City.
Sep 19-20	MSC-Finland—Black Leather Night.	Nov 8	SLM-Stockholm—Rubber Party.
Sep 19-20	Conference on Sexual Liberty & Social Repression, sponsored by the Committee to Preserve Our Sexual & Civil Liberties.	Nov 11	National Leather Assoc.— Election of officers.
Sep 19-20	Bike Stop Bar, Philadelphia—Bar Night.	Nov 11	Boots and Gloves, GMSMA, New York City.
Sep 20	Rocky Mountaineers, MC—19th Annual Aspen Run.	Nov 13-15	Companions—11th Anniversary; Phila., PA.
Sep 23	Humiliation, GMSMA, New York City.	Nov 14	Clubhouse party, Chicago Hellfire Club
Sep 25	Windy City Bondage Club Open Meeting	Nov 14	SM House party, Knights Templar; San Francisco.
Sep 25-28	MSC-Munchen—Octoberfesttreffen	Nov 21	Clubhouse party, The 15; San Francisco.
Sep 25-27	PALS—Mr. Delaware Leather Contest — Renegade Resort; Rehoboth Beach, DE.	Nov 21	MSC-Finland—Slave Market
Sep 26	MS-Panther Koln—Leather Disco—AB 21	Nov 25	Thanksgiving Eve Dessert Social, GMSMA; New York
Sep 30	UHR IM SCHULZ, Bismarkstrasse 17, 5000 Koln	Nov 25	Thanksgiving — stuff it!
Sep 30	MSC-Finland—Last Bike Run of the Year	Nov 26	MS-Panther Koln—Leather Disco—AB 21
Oct 2-4	Knights D'Orleans — 13th Anniversary Weekend	Nov 26	UHR IM SCHULZ, Bismarkstrasse 17, 5000 Koln
Oct 2-4	MSC-Hallamshire — Golden Frame Weekend; Shetfield, England.	Nov 26-29	D.C. Eagle—16th Anniversary; Washington, DC
Oct 3	Praetorians—17th Anniversary; New York.	Nov 28	Bucks, MC—Santa Saturday; New Hope, PA.
Oct 3	MSC-Finland—Rubber Night.	Nov 28	SLM-Stockholm—General Assembly.
Oct 4	SM Art Faire sponsored by the Society of Janus Noon-7pm, Room C-300, Ft. Mason, San Francisco.	Nov 29	SLM-Stockholm—Western Party.
Oct 9-11	MS-Rotterdam—2nd Lustrum Party; Netherlands.	Dec 5	Centaur, MC—Christmas Party; Washington, DC.
Oct 9-11	VASM—5th Anniversary.	Dec 5	MSC-Finland—Uniform Night.
Oct 9-12	American Uniform Association 10th Annual Review, New York City.	Dec 9	S/M and Aging, GMSMA, New York City.
Oct 10	MS-Panther Koln—Leather Disco—AB 21	Dec 11-13	NLC-Franken—Christkindles; Markt Treffen
Oct 10-12	UHR IM SCHULZ, Bismarkstrasse 17, 5000 Koln.	Dec 12	SM House party, Knights Templar; San Francisco.
Oct 10	T-Bolts, MC—Annual Fall Foliage Ride.	Dec 12	Empire City, MC—24th Annual Charity Christmas Party; New York.
Oct 10	National Leather Caucus—Washington, DC.	Dec 12	SLM-Stockholm—Sankta Lucia
Oct 11	National March on Washington BE THERE!!	Dec 19	Clubhouse party, Chicago Hellfire Club.
Oct 12	SM House party, Knights Templar, San Francisco.	Dec 19	Lost Angels & Spartan, MC—Party Hearty; Washington, DC.
Oct 14	The Perils of S&M Publishing, GMSMA; New York.	Dec 19	SLM-Stockholm—Christmas Party.
		Dec 19	MSC-Finland—Christmas Party.
		Dec 25	Traditional Holiday.
		Dec 31	MSC-Finland—New Year's Party.
		Dec 31-Jan 1	Philadelphians—Tri-Cen-V; Philadelphia, PA.
		Jan 2	SLM-Stockholm—Happy New Leather Year party; Gasgrand, Sweden.
		Jan. 15-17	Centaur, MC—Leather Weekend '88 & Mr Mid- Atlantic Leatherman Contest; Washington, DC.
		Jan. 29-31	Come Rong '88, South Pacific Motor Club, Sydney Australia
		Jan. 30	SLM-Stockholm—Annual Meeting and Party

USA/CANADA CLUB LISTINGS

Send information or updates to Club Listings, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101. Notifications of incorrect addresses or defunct organizations, will be appreciated.

Ace (Women)
PO Box 261
Annex Station
Providence, RI 02901

Adventurers-Suncoast MC
PO Box 8043
St. Petersburg, FL 33738

Argonauts MC
PO Box 3331
Los Angeles, CA 90028

American Uniform Association
PO Box 1037
Bowling Green Station
New York, NY 10274

Atons
PO Box 187
Dodge Center, MI 55927

Avatar (S/M)
7869 Santa Monica Blvd #316
Los Angeles, CA 90046

Ball Club
PO Box 1501
Pomona, CA 91769

Beer Town Badgers
PO Box 166
Milwaukee, WI 53201

Black Fire (S/M)
Box 354
Syracuse, NY 13210

Black Star MC
PO Box 560933
Orlando, FL 32856

Blue Max MC
PO Box 39522
Los Angeles, CA 90039

Boots
PO Box 48577
Bentall #3
595 Burrard St.
Vancouver, BC V7X 1A3

Border Riders MC
PO Box 21152
Seattle, WA 98111

Bound & Determined (Women)
PO Box 602
Hadley, MA 01035

Briar Rose (Women)
PO Box 44
Westerville, OH 43081

The Brotherhood
PO Box 29345
Los Angeles, CA 90029

Brotherhood of Man MC
PO Box 57
Hollywood, FL 33022

Brothers MC
484 May Street
Jacksonville, FL 32204

Bucks MC
PO Box 99
Buckingham, PA 18912

California Eagles MC
PO Box 280221
San Francisco, CA 94128-0221

California Motorcycle Club
Box 981
San Francisco, CA 94101

CCMC-San Diego
3143 33rd St.
San Diego, CA 92104

Centaur MC
PO Box 362
Arlington, VA 22210

Chicago Hellfire Club (S/M)
PO Box 5426
Chicago, IL 60680

Cigar Studs
PO Box 15344
San Antonio, TX 78214

The Club
PO Box 1292
Omaha, NE 68101-1292

Club Mud
Box 277
Rio Nido, CA 95471

Committee to Preserve our Sexual & Civil Liberties
PO Box 1592
San Francisco, CA 94101

Conquistadors MC
PO Box 555591
Orlando, FL 32855

Copperstate Leathermen's Association
PO Box 44051
Phoenix, AZ 85064

Corpus Christi MC
PO Box 3532
Corpus Christi, TX 78404

Dallas MC
PO Box 19525
Dallas, TX 75219

Desert Leathermen
PO Box 1586
Tucson, AZ 85702

Disciples of de Sade (S/M)
3920 Cedar Springs
Dallas, TX 75219

Dreizehn (S/M)
PO Box 1486
Boston, MA 02117

Eagle MC
3311 Liddy Ave.
West Palm Beach, FL 33316

Empire City MC
PO Box 2543
New York, NY 10001

E.N.I.G.M.A.
2339 N. Leavitt
Chicago, IL 60647

The Eulenspiegel Society (Mixed S/M)
PO Box 2783
Grand Central Station
New York, NY 10163

Excelsior MC
PO Box 31
New York, NY 10113

Falcons MC
PO Box 23023
Kansas City, MO 64141

FFA Tampa Bay
1230 East Mohawk Ave
Tampa, FL 33604

Faucon MC
C P 833 Station A
Montreal, PQ
H3C 2V5 Canada

The FS Association
PO Box 421302
San Francisco, CA 94142

The Foot Fraternity
PO Box 24102
Cleveland, OH 44124

GMSMA (S/M)
132 W 24th Street
New York, NY 10011

Gaucha MC
32198 W. Obispo St
Tampa, FL 33609

Griffins MC
214 N Market
Wilmington, DE

Hartford Colts MC
Blue Hills Station
PO Box 12201
Hartford, CT 06112

Hot Ash
AWS
PO Box 20147
London Terrace Station
New York, NY 10011

Illustrated Men
Box 7091
Burbank, CA 91510

Interchain
132 West 24th St Box 410
New York, NY 10011

International Mr. Leather, Inc.
5025 N Clark St
Chicago, IL 60640

International Ms Leather, Inc.
PO Box 421935
San Francisco, CA 94142

Iron Cross MC
PO Box 1721, Station A
Montreal, Quebec, H3C 3A5

It's 'Bout Time
616 N. 4th Ave
Tucson, AZ 85702

Knights D'Orleans
PO Box 50812
New Orleans, LA 70150

Knights of Malta MC
737 N. Edinburgh Ave
Los Angeles, CA 90046

Knights of the Second Liberty (S/M)
12226 Victory Blvd., #137
North Hollywood, CA 91606

Knights Templar (S/M)
PO Box 14383
San Francisco, CA 94142 2151

The Leather Guild
219 Guerrero
San Francisco, CA 94103

Leather and Lace (Women)
PO Box 54646
Los Angeles, CA 90054

Der Ledermeister
PO Box 263
Downtown Station
Syracuse, NY 13201

LEPT (Women)
PO Box 21542
Washington, DC 20009

LL Steelworkers
PO Box 40065
Nashville, TN 37204

Loboc MC
PO Box 833
Long Beach, CA 90801-0833

Long Island Spuds MC
PO Box 26
Massapequa Park, NY 11762

LSM (Women)
PO Box 993
Murray Hill Station
New York, NY 10156

M.A.F.I.A.
PO Box 2230
Chicago, IL 60690-2230

Men of Dungeons (S/M)
PO Box 780242
Dallas, TX 75378

Men of Leather
1268 Madison Ave
Memphis, TN 38104

National Leather Association
PO Box 17463
Seattle, WA 98107

New World Rubber Men
c/o Bill Bailey
1044 23rd St.
San Diego, CA 92102

New York Bondage Club
PO Box 204
New York, NY 10028

New York Wrestling Club
59 West 10th St.
New York, NY 10011

Oedipus MC
PO Box 451
Hollywood, CA 90028

Omaha Meatpackers
PO Box 6474
Elmwood Station
Omaha, NE 68104

The Original Leathermasters Club of Los Angeles (S/M)
PO Box 93643
Los Angeles, CA 90093

Outcasts (Women)
PO Box 31266
San Francisco, CA 94131-0266

Pacific Coast MC
PO Box 954
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Pegasus, MC
PO Box 3957
Wichita, KS 67201

Pennsmen
PO Box 401
Harrisburg, PA 17108

People Exchanging Power (Mixed S/M)
PO Box 2308
Silver Springs, MD 20902

Philadelphians MC
PO Box 20720
Philadelphia, PA 19138

Pittsburgh MC
c/o Gus Colella
5133 Saltsburg Rd
Verona, PA 15147

Pocono Warriors
PO Box 381
Scranton, PA 18501

Portland Power & Trust (Women)

Power Circle (Women)
PO Box 3284
Santa Cruz, CA 95063

Praetorians
PO Box 23
New York, NY 10014

Queen City Quordinators
PO Box 221841
Charlotte, NC 28222

Regiment of the Black and Tans
PO Box 875676
Los Angeles, CA 90087-0716

Renaissance Men
PO Box 1001
Trolley Station
Detroit, MI 48231

Rocky Mountaineers MC
PO Box 2629
Denver, CO 80201

Saddleback MC
PO Box 561
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Sam Browne Society
PO Box 8293
Phoenix, AZ 85066-8293

San Andreas MC
PO Box 3945
Orange, CA 92665

San Francisco Bondage Club
1800 Market St #107
San Francisco, CA 94102

Satyricons MC
PO Box 19058
Las Vegas, NV 89132

Satyr MC
PO Box 157
Los Angeles, CA 90078

Seattle Dungeon Guild (S/M)
918 E. Pike St
Seattle, WA

Shelix (Women)
PO Box 416
Florence Station
Northampton, MA 01060

SigMa (S/M)
PO Box 30651
Bethesda, MD 20814-0651

Society of Janus (Mixed S/M)
Southern Calif Chapter
2554 Lincoln Blvd, Suite 381
Marina del Rey, CA 90291

USA/CANADA CLUB LISTINGS

Society of Janus (Mixed S/M)
PO Box 6794
San Francisco, CA 94101

Somandros (S/M)
7985 Santa Monica Blvd. #19
Los Angeles, CA 90046

Sons of Apollo
PO Box 7281
Phoenix, AZ 85011

Spartan Motorcycle Club
c/o L. E. Elliott Plaza
PO Box 23832
Washington, DC 20026

SPASM (Women)
PO Box 77270
Houston, TX 77270

Spearhead
113 Scadding Ave.
Toronto, Ont. M5A 4H8

T-Bolts MC c/o Jacques Carle
49 Bartlett Ave.
Norwalk, CT 06850

The Tradesmen
PO Box 36712
Charlotte, NC 28204

Tribe MC
Box 32798
Detroit, MI 48232

Twin Cities S/M Alliance
PO Box 825
Minneapolis, MN 55440

Urania (Women)
PO Box 23
Somerville, MA 92131-0266

Vancouver Activists in SM
(S/M) 2204
New Westminster, BC
V3L 5A5 Canada

Vanguards MC
PO Box 2308
Philadelphia, PA 19103

Warners MC
PO Box 2484
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Wasatch Leathermen MC
PO Box 11314
Salt Lake City, UT 84110-1311

We Enjoy Shaving
PO Box 6316
Reno, NV 89513

Wheels MC
PO Box 615
New York, NY 10001

Windy City Bondage Club
PO Box 578606
Chicago, IL 60657

Zodiacs, MC
PO Box 48144
Vancouver, BC V7X 1N8

OVERSEAS CLUB LISTINGS



A.S.M.F. Paris
B.P. 463-03
F-75122 Paris Cedex 03
France

Bart, Inc.
Cheruskerring 47
D-4400 Hunster
West Germany

Black Angels Koln
c/o Ferdi Wetzel
Postfach 1503
D-5100 Aachen
West Germany

BM SM Gays
RM SM 6
London WC1N 3XX
England

BM TL8
GB-London WC1N 3XX
England

Dutch Tattoo Foundation
Lankgestraat 3
10115 AK
Amsterdam, The Netherlands

European Confederation of
Motorcycle Clubs (ECMC)
Loge 70 (Schweiz)
PO Box 725
CH-8025 Zurich
Switzerland

FLC Frankfurt
c/o Wolfgang Bergner
Zimmerweg 1
D-6000 Frankfurt 1
West Germany

Freundeskreis
Hessen-Kurpfalz
c/o Postfach 3041
D-6140 Bensheim 3
West Germany

E.S.M.C. Marseille
c/o Jean-Pierre Fouque
37, Rue Mazargan
F-13001 Marseille
France

Gruppe Leder, S/M (GLSM)
Eichholz 56
PO Box 323448
D-2000 Hamburg 13
West Germany

Leathermen Dusseldorf
c/o Jonny Jasper
Postfach 32 06 12
D-4000 Dusseldorf
West Germany

LFR Rhein-Ruhr
c/o Bar GO-IN
Steelerstr 83
D-4300 Essen, W. Germany

MC Milano
c/o Aldo F. Prandina
Via Castelmorrone 1/A
I-20129 Milano, Italy

MCF Leather, MC
PO Box 316
I-50100 Firenze, Italy

MFSK
Postfach 10 07 52
D-5000 Cologne
West Germany

MLC e.V.
Postfach 330 163
D-8000 Munchen 33
West Germany

MS Amsterdam
Postbus 3540
NL-1001 AH Amsterdam
The Netherlands

MS Rotterdam
Postbus 22184
NL 3003 DD Rotterdam
The Netherlands

M.S.C. (SW)
The Secretary
c/o 57 Park Road
St. Marychurch
GB-Torquay TQ1 4QS
England

MSC-Barcelona
A.P. Postal 9063
E-08080 Barcelona, Spain

MSC-Belgium
c/o Louis de Brauwere
Rue du Lombard 15
B-1000 Bruxelles, Belgium

MSC-Berlin e.V.
Postfach 30 39 60
D-1000 Berlin 30
West Germany

MSC-East Mercia
c/o Leicester Place
24, Dryden Street
GB-Leicester, England

MSC-Finland
PL48, SF-00101 Helsinki
Finland

MSC-Finland II
Hameenpuisto 41 A 4
Tampere, Finland

MSC-Hallamshire
PO Box 215
GB-Sheffield S1 1GD
England

MSC-Hamburg e.V.
Postfach 7683
D-2000 Hamburg 2
West Germany

MSC-Hannover e.V.
Postfach 4149
D-3000 Hannover 1
West Germany

MSC-Iceland
PO Box 5521
125 Reykjavik, Iceland

MSC-London
BM Box 8370
GB-London WC1N 3XX
England

MSC-Midland Link
36 Heathmere Ave
Yardley
GB-Birmingham B25 8RQ
England

MSC-MSC
c/o Frank Charles
25 Kensington Road Chorlton
GB-Manchester M21 1GH
England

MSC-North East
c/o 16 Hindley Gardens
GB-Newcastle-upon-Tyne
NE4 9LM, England

MSC-Pennine Chain
c/o Stuart Teale
14 St. John's Grove
Eastmore Road
GB-Wakefield WF1 3SA
England

MSC-Rhein-Main Frankfurt
c/o Helmut Kolbe
Eulengasse 15
D-6000 Frankfurt/Main 60
West Germany

MSC-Scotland
PO Box 28 H PO.
GB-Edinburgh EH3 5JL
Scotland

MSC-Sudwest
Postfach 6523
D-7800 Freiburg
West Germany

MSC-Suisse Romande
PO Box 3343
CH-1002 Lausanne
Switzerland

MS Panther Koln e.V.
Postfach 5163
D-4620 Castrop-Rauxel
West Germany

NLC Franken
Humboldtstr. 136
D-8500 Nurnberg
West Germany

R.M.C.
BCM/RMC
GB-London WC1N 3XX
England

The Rurals, MC
Postbus 435
NL-6040 AK Roermond
The Netherlands

Scandinavian Leather
Men—Arhus
A-Men's Club
Postbox 370
DK-8700 Arhus C
Denmark

Scandinavian Leather
Men—Kobenhavn
SLM-Kobenhavn
Schacksgade 9, kld. 1h
DK-1365 Kobenhavn K
Denmark

Scandinavian Leather
Men—Norge
Box 4287
Oslo 4, Norway

Scandinavian Leather
Men—Stockholm
SLM-Stockholm
Box 9239
102 73 Stockholm
Sweden

SLC Stuttgart
c/o Matthias Klaes
Postfach 72 01 62
D-7000 Stuttgart 70
West Germany

SM Dykes (Women)
c/o BM SM Gays
London WC1N 3XX
England

S.N.C.
B.M. Box snc
GB-London WC1N 3XX
England

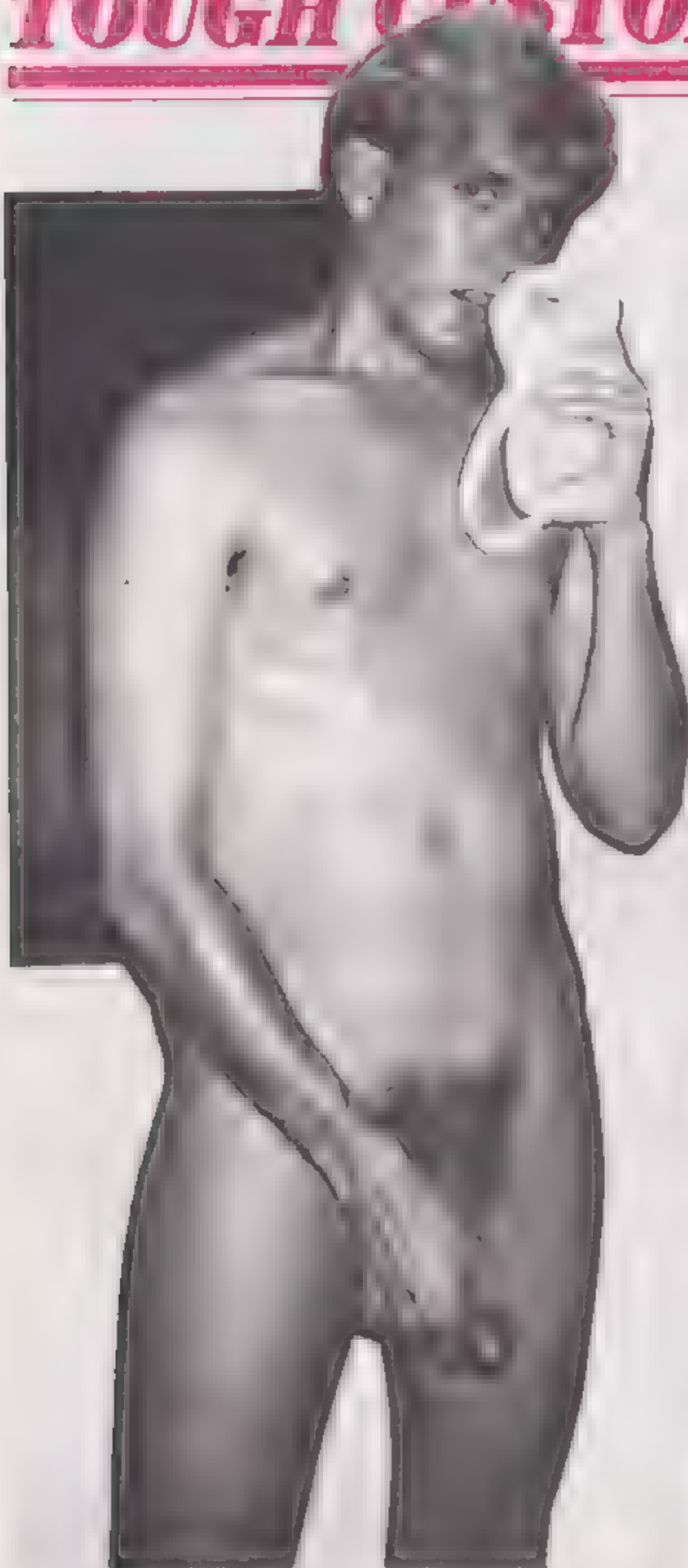
South Pacific MC
Box 823 GPO
Sydney, 2001
Australia

SOW (Women)
PO Box 236, Strawberry Hill
2012 N.S.W.
Australia

Spreadeagle
23K Rowley Way
Abbey Road
GB-London NW8 05Q
England

Tom's Club
Pihlajatie 26
Helsinki, Finland

TOUGH CUSTOMERS

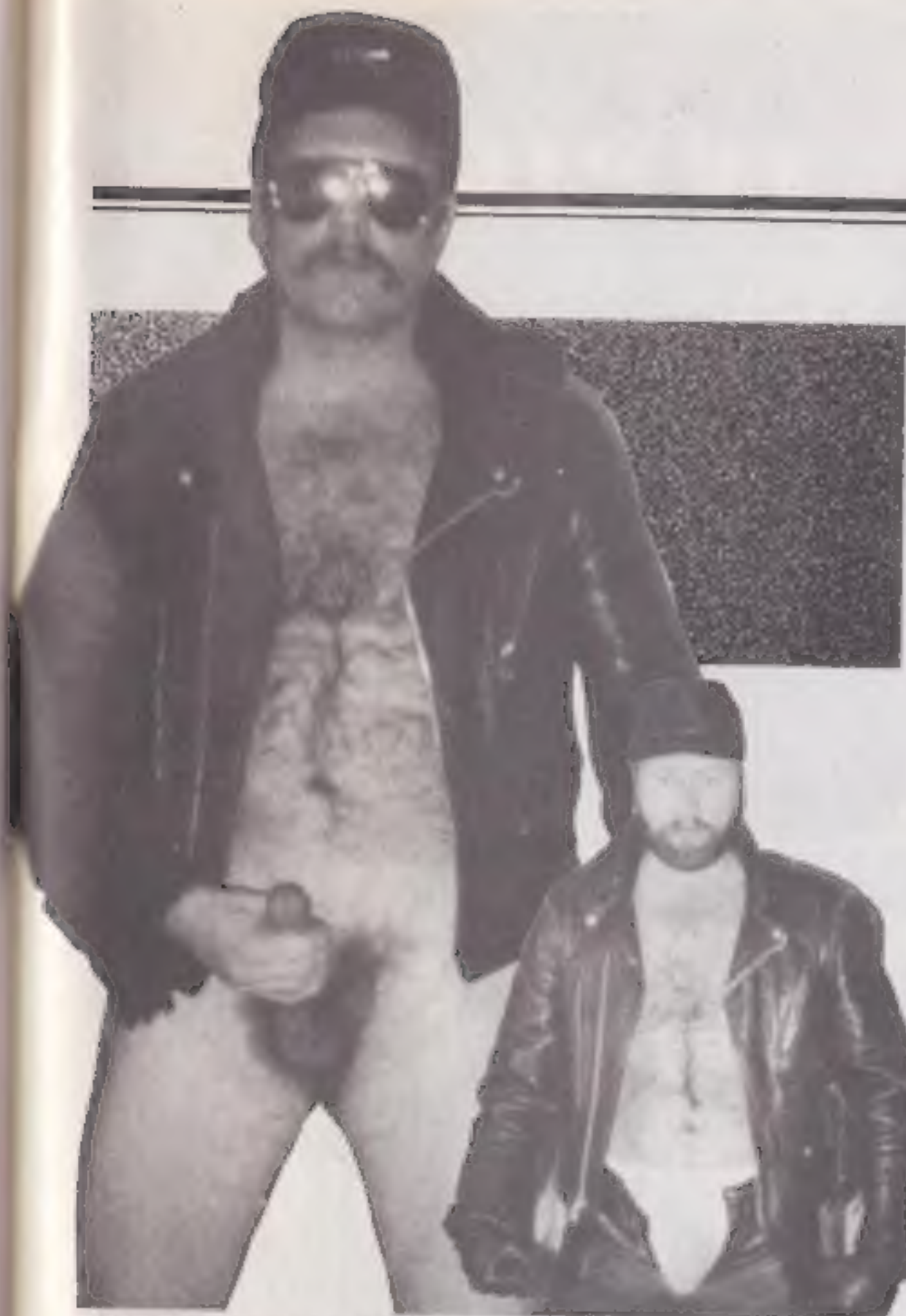


NORTH CAROLINA LEATHERMAN: If you are also into tall leather boots and black leather gloves, then you are perfect for this hot and versatile young man. He is 5' 11", 175 lbs. with brown hair and beard and blue eyes. He doesn't say if he is top or bottom, so go for it. TC 1235



ANYTHING YOU SAY: He is 6' 1" tall, hung with a huge, cut, thick cock. He is blonde, with brown eyes, and is in good shape and health and loves it long and hard. His fetish is men in uniforms — cops, GI's, sporting gear and leather. He is looking for a hot stud (or 2 or 3), in good shape, that would enjoy using this blonde boy. He is willing to participate in B&D, shaving, CBT, dog collars, body worship, and gang bangs. He'd especially like to meet a few sexy cops to strip-search, cuff and rape him. TC 1232

I/O SLAVE: This straight looking 32 year old from Illinois is 5' 7" 135 lbs. with a wrestler's build and a stiff, 7" handshaker. He'll report for duty in his butt plug, cockring and jockstrap. Once you tie him up good and get him close to coming, he goes absolutely crazy and will submit to just about anything else you've got in mind. He likes a fast hand on his stiff, aching cock and balls. Just don't let him cum until he's earned it. TC 1237



BOSTON TEDDY BEAR: The East Coast is home for this 35 year old tough customer. He is 5' 10" and weighs in at 180 lbs. Check out this man who says he enjoys leather and love. TC 1231



VERSATILE AND EXPERIENCED: This is one way to work on your balls, a vacuum cleaner. This 43 year old Southern Californian is into whips, S/M, B&D, suspension, mummification, medical, electrical and, of course, balls and piercing. TC 1233



REAL MEN WANTED: This Washington state TC is into long hot sessions involving jockstraps, levis, foot scenes, leather and other fantasy trips. He's 34 years old and seeking men who dig living out their fantasies. Let's exchange photos and ideas. Write now to TC 1236.



RUBBER AND LEATHER FETISH: Drummer tough customers come in all shapes and sizes — and places. This 31 year old leather and rubber stud is from Virginia and is looking for other hot men who live or travel to his area. TC 1234

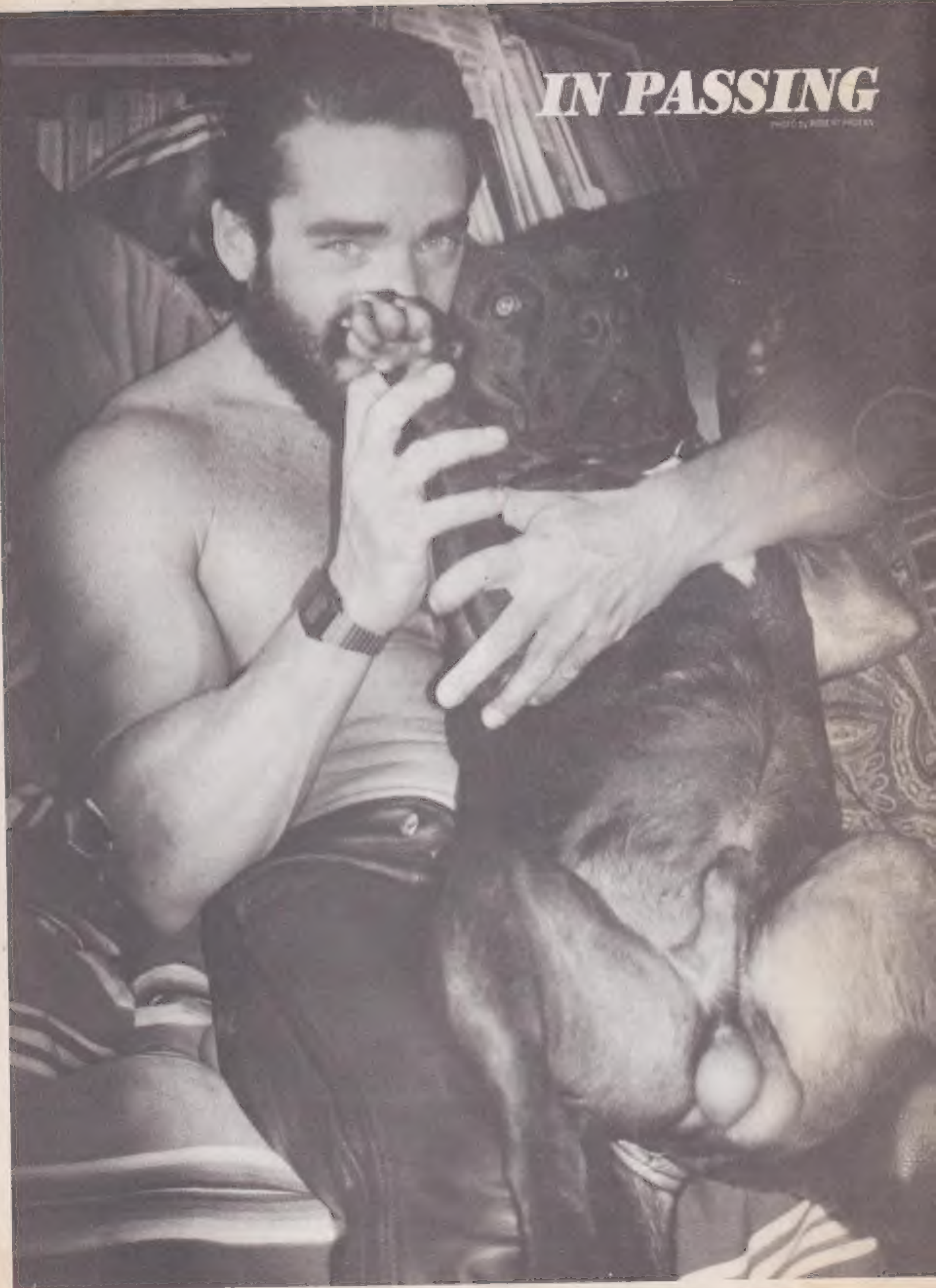
THINK YOU'RE A HOT DRUMMERMAN? CAN'T FIND THE RIGHT STUD OR THAT PERFECT BOTTOM?

Each month we pick the hottest candid photos for Tough Customers. Send your black and white photos (color photos are acceptable but do not reproduce well) with your name and address printed on the back, state that you are of legal age, sign your name and we'll assign you a confidential TC Box number. (Photos are not returnable.)

To answer a TC ad, put correspondence in an envelope, seal, apply postage and write (in pencil) the TC number on the back flap. Put this inside another envelope along with a quarter for handling and mail to Tough Customers, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.

IN PASSING

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